VOL · IX DECEMBER 1926 NO · 36

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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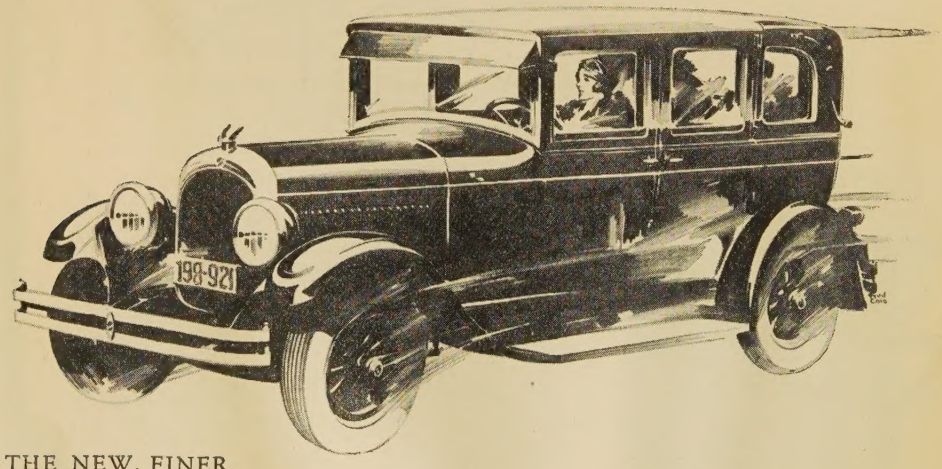

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 38 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury, W. C. 1, London, England. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1926, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

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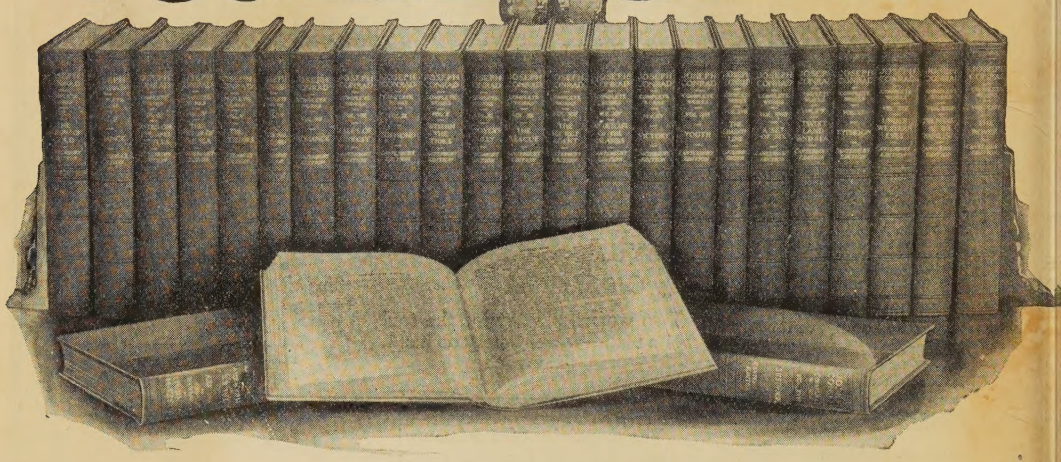

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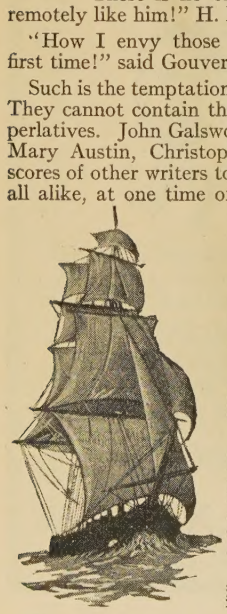

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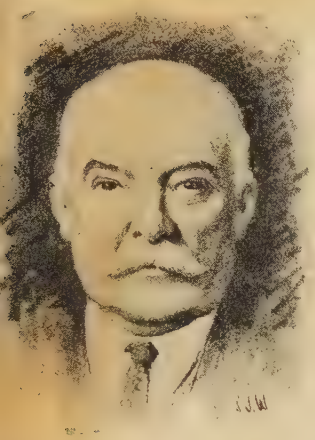

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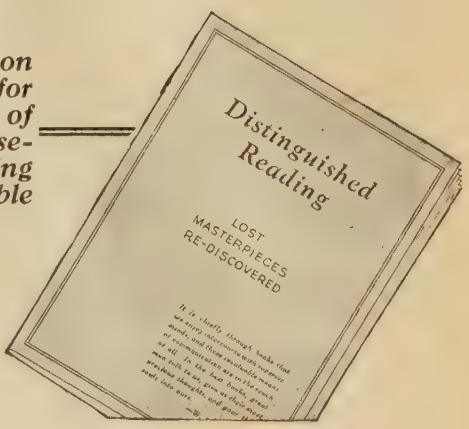

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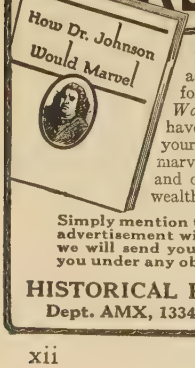

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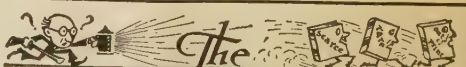

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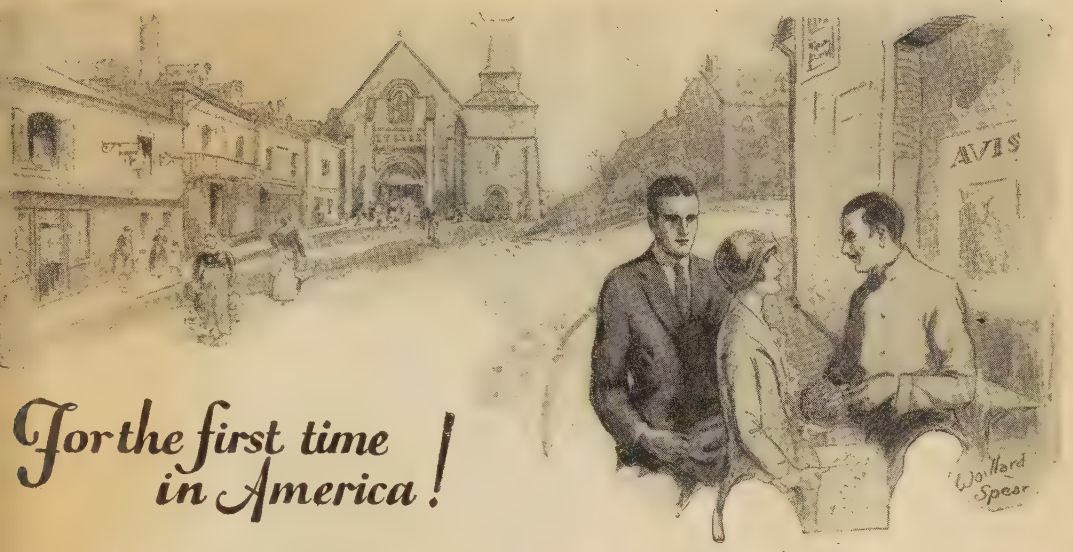

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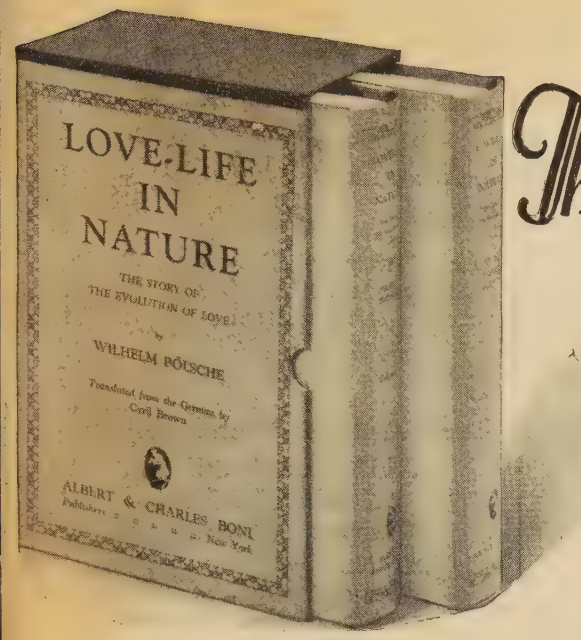

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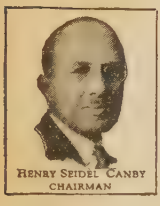

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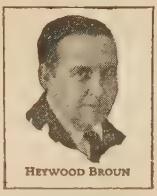

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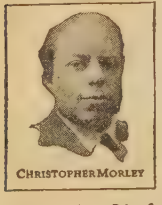

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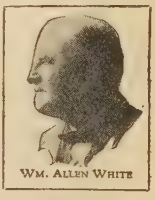

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Bishop Brown took to reading Darwin and Marx late in life, and was greatly shaken up. His trial for heresy followed, and, as will be recalled, he was deposed as a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His book shows him to be an amiable and honest, but somewhat innocent and moony old man. He is now a Bishop in the so-called Old Catholic Church.

THE FAMILY LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.
By Charles Moore. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 250 pp. *Boston*

The author, who is head of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress, has got together a great mass of interesting and unfamiliar matter about Washington, and sets it forth in a clear and orderly manner. A chapter of unusual value is the one on the migrations of the Washington family. There are scores of illustrations.

LINCOLN'S PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.
By Louis A. Warren. *The Century Company*
$2.50 7⅞ x 5¼; 366 pp. *New York*

The author's thesis is that Lincoln's father, Thomas, was not actually the loafer of legend, but an industrious and highly respectable man. To the support of it he brings forward an immense mass of hitherto unavailable evidence, largely dredged from the county court records of Kentucky. He has unearthed no less than 550 court records showing the names of Lincoln or Hanks, and 1000 other documents.

BILL NYE: *His Own Life Story.*
Continuity by Frank Wilson Nye. *The Century Company*
$4 9 x 5⅞; 412 pp. *New York*

This, the first biography of Nye, who died in 1896, is made up mainly of extracts from his own articles and letters, with explanatory bridges between them by his son. There are many illustrations.

A SON OF THE BOWERY.
By Charles Stelzle. *The George H. Doran Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 335 pp. *New York*

Mr. Stelzle was born of poor parents on the East Side, and after many hardships achieved success. He is now a well-known and respectfully listened to social worker, Prohibitionist and evangelist. His wide experiences have taught him a good many things. For example, he is convinced that "slowly but surely the masses of the people are coming into their own. No human power can stop their onward march, and no divine power will." Again, he thinks that there are a lot of unsolved problems that *must* be solved, and that the Church is the only agency that can lead the way to their proper solution, for, among other things, it "offers a freer platform for a man with a real message than he can find anywhere else." Of this last he has a "strong conviction."

THE LIFE, WORK AND EVIL FATE OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.
By Robert Harborough Sherard. *Brentano's*
$4.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 399 pp. *New York*

This is a good job. The author sets out to present a picture of the extraordinary man, de Maupassant, and not a critical evaluation of his work—though his fugitive criticisms are all shrewd—, and he accomplishes his task very well. He is not obsessed with a desire to "explain" things. He simply tells the story—and it is a most engrossing one, indeed. There are numerous excellent reproductions of photographs.

THE SCIENCES

PROBLEMS OF HUMAN REPRODUCTION.
By Paul Popenoe. *The Williams & Wilkins Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 218 pp. *New York*

Chapters on embryology, the determination of sex, the hygiene of pregnancy, sterility, impotence, circumcision, and the secondary sexual differences between man and woman. There is little in the book that is new, and that little is dubious, but in the main it is sensibly written, and should have some value.

WORDS ANCIENT AND MODERN.
By Ernest Weekley. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 163 pp. *New York*

Seventy-four interesting and instructive notes upon the etymology and later history of as many words, most of them native English, but a few of them loan-words. Mr. Weekley's authority as an etymologist gives even his speculations a high value; here he is mainly on the firm ground of precise knowledge. Among the words discussed are *bloody*, *democracy*, *gossamer*, *haphazard*, *Philistine*, *quince*, *sergeant*, *soviet*, *uproar*, *yeoman* and *yon*.

Continued on page xxvi

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Continued from page xxiv

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By James George Frazer. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅜; 672 pp. *New York*

The subjects treated are the worship of the sky, the earth and the sun. In a later volume the discussion of sun worship will be continued, and there will be chapters on the worship of other natural objects, animate and inanimate. The book contains the Gifford lectures delivered by the author in 1924 and 1925, but with much additional matter. It sadly lacks an index.

PHYSICO-CHEMICAL EVOLUTION.
By Ch. Eug. Guye. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.40 7⅜ x 5; 172 pp. *New York*

An attempt to apply the mathematical doctrine of probability to physical, chemical and biological phenomena. The book is full of original and often very striking speculations, but will be difficult to most laymen. The author is professor of physics at the University of Geneva. The translation is by J. R. Clarke, of the University of Sheffield.

RELIGION

CHURCH HISTORIANS.
Edited by Peter Guilday. *P. J. Kenedy & Sons*
$2.75 8 x 5¼; 430 pp. *New York*

Fourteen Catholic historians, from Eusebius in the Fourth Century to Ludwig von Pastor, who is still living, are discussed here by as many authorities. The essays were presented at the last annual convention of the American Catholic Historical Association. In his foreword the editor points out that not "a single American name is among those who have forwarded the general study of Catholic Church history."

THE NEGLECTED BOOK.
By M. M. Mangasarian. *The Truth Seeker Company*
$2.50 8 x 5; 270 pp. *New York*

This is a book for infants and other such budding atheists. The author labels as nonsense everything in the Bible, including the Sermon on the Mount. He sees no beauty whatever in it.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD.
By E. Frances Boulting. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 8¼ x 5¼; 238 pp. *New York*

A modernized account of the childhood of Jesus, written especially for children. The tale is told reverently, and there is nothing in the text that would jar even the most rabid Bryanite. The illustrations, however, may bring a little uneasiness to Georgia Baptists and Cumberland Presbyterians, for in some of them Mary seems to be taken directly from the advertising pages of *Vogue*.

THIS BELIEVING WORLD.
By Lewis Browne. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5½; 347 pp. *New York*

In the words of the subtitle, "A simple account of the great religions of mankind." That immense field is covered with sound knowledge and sure skill: the book is interesting, accurate and valuable. The author is (or has been) a Jewish rabbi, but there is no sign of it in his writing.

MOHAMMED.
By R. F. Dibble. *The Viking Press*
$3 8⅞ x 5½; 257 pp. *New York*

The first realistic history of Mohammed in English. Mr. Dibble's account of him is very instructive and amusing, and in it there are many illuminating sidelights upon the ideas and careers of other prophets.

MAN CREATED DURING DESCENT.
By Morris Morris. *Marshall Brothers*
3/6 7¼ x 4½; 111 pp. *London*

The author, who is a geologist turned clergyman, argues that the sharp break separating Neolithic Man from Modern Man is proof that the evolutionary process, at that point, was helped by special creation. He is otherwise a thoroughgoing evolutionist, and shows an extensive acquaintance with paleontological and archeological evidences. His little book offers small comfort to Fundamentalists, but the Modernists who try to reconcile faith and science will find it very valuable.

THE STORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.
By Cuthbert Wright. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$2.50 7⅞ x 5¼; 315 pp. *New York*

This book is sketchy and of little solid value, but readers unfamiliar with the history of the Catholic Church will probably find it interesting. The author discusses the errors and corruptions of the Church very realistically, but closes with an eloquent plea for Christianity.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

DISARMAMENT.
By P. J. Noel Baker. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4 9 x 5¾; 352 pp. *New York*

Professor Baker is an optimist, and believes that, with England taking the lead, disarmament in fact as well as in theory is a possibility, but his discussion

Continued on page xxviii

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By Bertrand Russell. *Boni & Liver*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅜; 319 pp. *New*

Mr. Russell is a great believer in education an extremely optimistic about its possibilities. "If ex ing knowledge were used," he says, "and te methods applied, we could, in a generation, produ population almost wholly free from disease, male lence, and stupidity." He adds somewhat cautiou "I do not mean these statements to be taken in absolute sense."

PLATO'S AMERICAN REPUBLIC.
By Douglas Woodruff. *E. P. Dutton & Comp*
$1 6¼ x 4¼; 116 pp. *New*

As the title implies, this book is written in form of a Platonic dialogue. It is full of shrewd merciless comment on this land of the free, the br and the prosperous, but there is very little of usual blather in it about our lack of idealism our love of the dollar. The author actually has so thing to say, and he can say it concisely and sharp The only thing that will save him from a pub hanging at the hands of the American Legion the K. K. K. is that they will think he is joking.

PARTY CAMPAIGN FUNDS.
By James K. Pollock, Jr. *Alfred A. Kn*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 296 pp. *New*

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Continued on page xxx

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ENGLAND.
By W. R. Inge. *Charles Scribner's*
$3 8⅞ x 5⅝; 302 pp. *New*

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HISTORY

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By Wendell P. Dabney. The Dabney Publishing Comp
$3.25 9 x 5¼; 440 pp. *Cincin.*

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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. *A History.*
By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Charles Scribner's Si
$5 9 x 6; 486 pp. *New Y*

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CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS UNDER LI COLN.
By James G. Randall. *D. Appleton & Compa*
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WARFARE. *A Study of Military Methods from the Ea liest Times.*
By Oliver L. Spaulding, Hoffman Nickerson and John W Wright. *Harcourt, Brace & Compa*
$5 8½ x 5½; 601 pp. *New Yo*

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Dictionary of Modern English Usage. *By H. W. Fowler, joint author of the Concise Oxford Dictionary.*
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LOYALISM IN VIRGINIA.
By Isaac Samuel Harrell. *The Duke University*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 203 pp. *Durham, N*

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By Walther Fischer. *B. G. Teu*
M.8 9¼ x 5¾; 256 pp. *Lei*

This is a volume of selections from recent Ameri prose for the use of German students. The auth represented run from Lowell and Abraham Linc to Hergesheimer and Sinclair Lewis. The selecti are intelligently made, and there is an excell critical introduction by the editor, who also p vides many useful notes. He was recently called the University of Giessen from Dresden, where had been professor of English philology in Technical High-School.

CANADIAN POETS.
Edited by John W. Garvin.
McClelland & Stewart, Limi
9½ x 6; 536 pp. *Toro*

In this book the editor attempts a representati selection of the best poetry written in Canada fr the time of the Confederation down to the prese Seventy-five poets are quoted. Preceding each gro of poems there is a portrait, a brief biographic note and a short critical comment. All the Canadi Parnassians seem to run to the orthodox forms, a their products leave one with a feeling of staleness.

Continued on page xxxiv

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$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 171 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

The principal contents of this volume are Conrad's Congo diary, his well-known essays on John Galsworthy and Stephen Crane, and a number of papers on the sea. His last essay, "Legends," left incomplete at his death, is printed as it was found on his desk.

FALLODEN PAPERS.
By Viscount Grey of Falloden.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$2.50 7¾ x 5½; 169 pp. *Boston*

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THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.
By Bulwer Lytton. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 9½ x 7¼; 425 pp. *New York*

THE HOLLY-TREE *and other Christmas Stories.*
By Charles Dickens. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 9 x 6¾; 192 pp. *New York*

HANS BRINKER *or the Silver Skates.*
By Mary Mapes Dodge. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 9½ x 7; 329 pp. *New York*

THE TREASURE SHIP.
Edited by Cynthia Asquith. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
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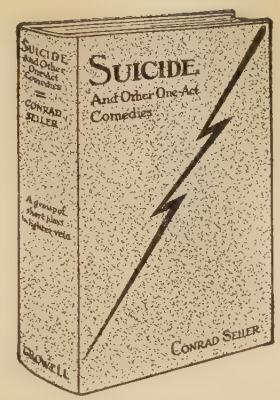

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THE NEWGATE CALENDAR.
Introduction by Henry Savage. *Edwin Valentine Mitche*
$3.50 9¼ x 6¼; 265 pp. *Hurtford, Conn*

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Edited by Manuel Komroff. *Boni & Liveright*
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By L. Johnston Abraham. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
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Continued on page xxxviii

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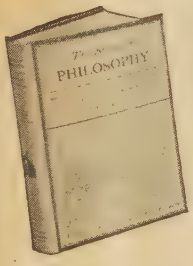

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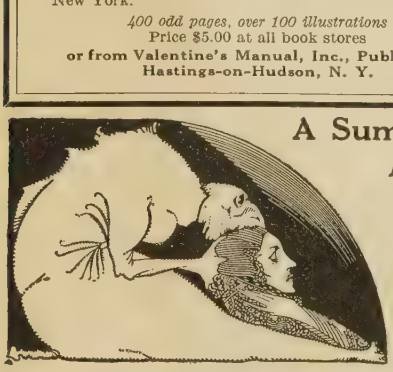

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This is exactly what a travel book should be. Mr. Gosling, who has spent the greater part of his life in traveling over practically the entire globe, not only has a keen eye for the picturesque, but also a thorough understanding of the historical backgrounds of the lands he visited. His chapters on the Spanish bull fights of thirty years ago are exceptionally well done.

THE FINE ARTS

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF PIANO TOUCH AND TONE.

By Otto Ortmann. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 8⅝ x 5½; 189 pp. *New York*

This book describes the first scientific inquiry ever made into the nature and production of the sound made by a piano. Mr. Ortmann finds that they may be analyzed into relatively simple components, and that even the most delicate and beautiful tone is made up of these elements. His study is original and very valuable. There are numerous diagrams and other illustrations, and a bibliography.

IN QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOOK.

By William Dana Orcutt. *Little, Brown & Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 316 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Orcutt is well known for his connection with the University and Plimpton Presses. Here, in a charming volume, lavishly illustrated, he tells some of his adventures as a maker of fine books, beginning with his acquaintance with Dr. Guido Biagi, of the Laurenziana Library at Florence. The memory of Biagi, in fact, dominates his narrative, though there are entertaining reminiscences of other friends, including especially Charles Eliot Norton.

FICTION

SABBATICAL YEAR.

By George Shively. *Harcourt, Brace and Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 200 pp. *New York*

A young Presbyterian minister inherits over a million. A fair parishioner of his gets word of it and spreads her net for him, and before long he goes the way of all flesh. Worse, he becomes a Modernist.

THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH.

By Alan Sullivan. *The Century Company*
$2 7½ x 5⅛; 332 pp. *New York*

Paul Rennet dies, and leaves a widow and three children. Mrs. Rennet marries again, but we shall

Continued on page xl

FOUR JOHN DAY BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS . 1926

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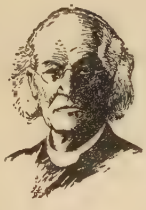

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Continued from page xxxviii

be very unjust to her if we think for one moment th she is faithless to the memory of Paul, who, thoug dead, knows all that's going on and is influencin his late family for good. The children marry, a before long a male child is born to one of them. the last page Mr. Sullivan leaves us with this pictu of the infant: "There must have reached him som thing from somewhere, because he turned his hea in the direction of the window, and, loosening o fist, extended his hand, crumpled palm upward an fingers slightly curved." The book will be a godsen to the followers of Pope Oliver Lodge.

AND THEN CAME SPRING.
By John Hargrave. *The Century Compa*
$2 7½ x 5; 311 pp. *New Y*

The aged and respectable Gordon Birtwhistle t a bit of his family life, goes to London, and the meets Leeta, a parson's daughter and a young w widow. They make each other happy, but soon ha a quarrel, and Gordon rushes back to his family a vows a strong No More.

JANET THURSO.
By Alexander Moray. *Harcourt, Brace and Compa*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 288 pp. *New Yo*

Janet is born with an angelic kindness toward a mankind. Her father and husband are beasts, but sh loves them both to the end. Her death produces great change in the latter—he becomes very swee and charming.

HERE COME SWORDS.
By Coutts Brisbane. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2 7½ x 5⅜; 302 pp. *New Yor*

This is the tale of the military and more persona adventures of a gay rascal of medieval Italy. With change of names the story might just as well have been placed in Arkansas or Vermont.

MISCELLANEOUS

SKAZKI. *Tales and Legends of Old Russia. Translated by Ida Zeitlin.*
The George H. Doran Company
$5 9⅞ x 6½; 332 pp. *New York*

The Russian *skazka* corresponds to the fairy tale of Western Europe, but is full of Oriental color. The first collection of *skazki* was made by A. N. Afanasiev in 1855. Miss Zeitlin presents thirteen stories, some of them from Afanasiev and the rest from Pushkin and Zhukovsky. They are sumptuously illustrated with drawings by Theodore Nadejen, some in black and white, some in gold and black, and some in full color.

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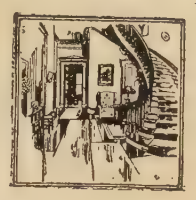

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By Louis Untermeyer. *Harcourt, Brace & Compa*
$2.75 8¼ x 5½; 324 pp. *New Yo*

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PHILOSOPHY FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.
By Maurice M. Kaunitz. *The Adelphi Compan*
$3 8 x 5½; 394 pp. *New Yo*

Mr. Kaunitz apparently has learned most of h philosophy from second-hand sources. On page 38 in fact, he confesses that Frank Thilly's "History c Philosophy" has served as a guide for him. In h discussion of Nietzsche's best thoughts, such as h ideas of slave morality, he says that "it is highl probable that our philosopher was not quite san when he expressed such views." And on page 38 he actually quotes, and with great respect, fro Elbert Hubbard! The last nine pages are a hymn t Ethical Culture, wherein "Reason is enthrone highest."

TRANSITION. *Essays on Contemporary Literature.*
By Edwin Muir. *The Viking Pres*
$2 7¼ x 4⅞; 218 pp. *New Yor*

These essays have a great solemnity, and reading them thus does not qualify as a dissipation, but there is much sound and excellent criticism in them. The authors discussed are James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Stephen Hudson, Lytton Strachey, T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell and Robert Graves.

READINGS IN CIVIC SOCIOLOGY.
By Edward Alsworth Ross and Mary Edna McCaull.
The World Book Company
7¾ x 5; 398 pp. *Chicago*

As such books go, this is an excellent one. The selections are brief but highly instructive, and the scientific and political authorities quoted are among the leaders in their various fields. The high-school authorities, however, in whose hands will lie the choice of this book as a text for their classes, will be a bit disturbed by some of the readings. There are, for example, some quotations from Professor Zechariah Chafee's "Freedom of Speech" which would cause a revolution if read at a national convention of the American Legion.

THE GYPSY PATTERAN.
Edited by Joseph Ellner. *Bernard G. Richards Co., Inc.*
$2 7½ x 5; 302 pp. *New York*

A collection of twelve tales of gypsy life in Europe and America. Among the authors represented are Maxim Gorki, Cervantes, Jean Richepan, William Sharp and Louise Rice. The introduction by the editor is short but useful. There is a brief glossary of gypsy words.

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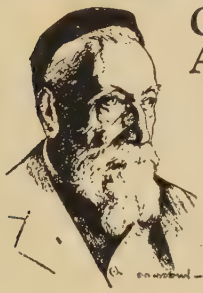

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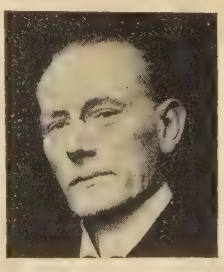

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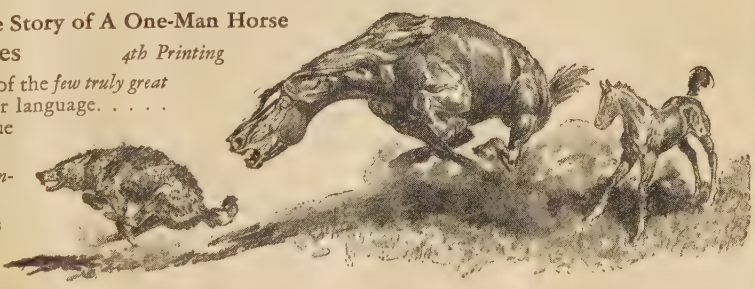

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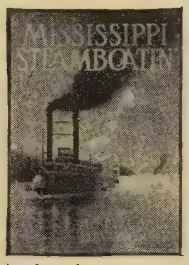

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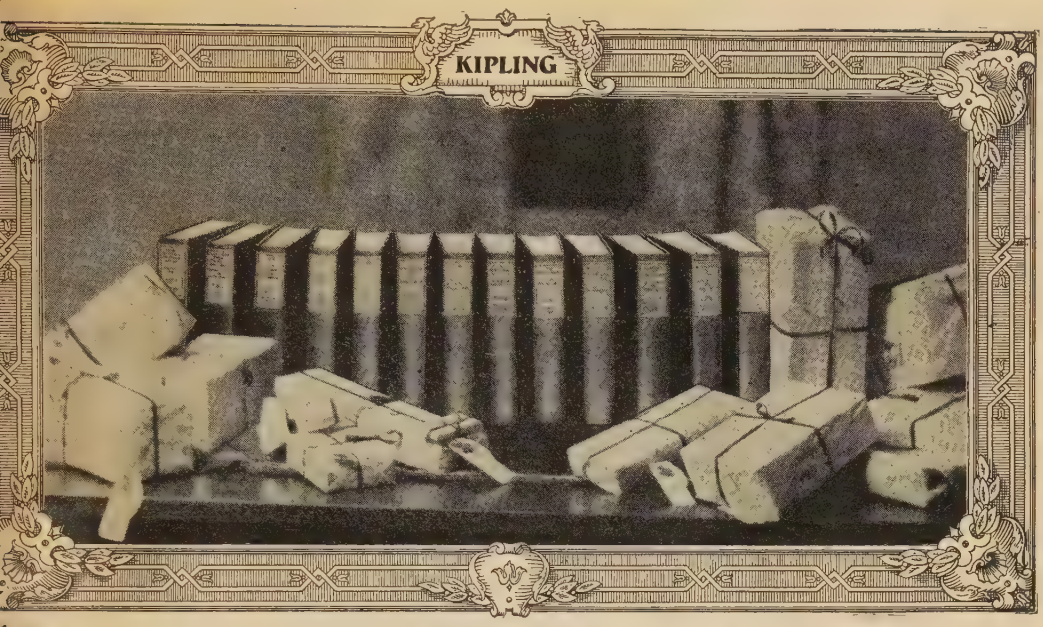

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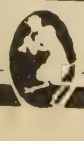
Albert & Charles Boni  66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

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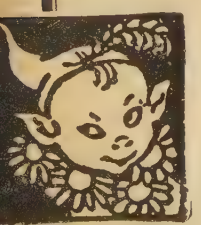

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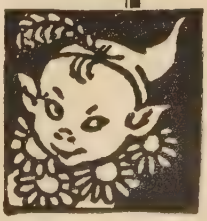

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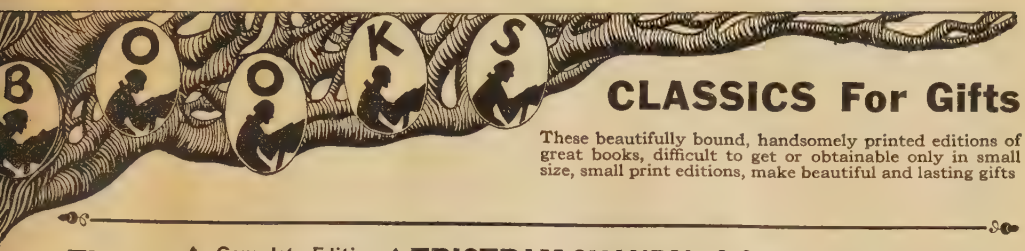

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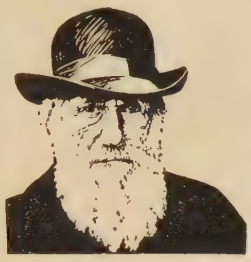

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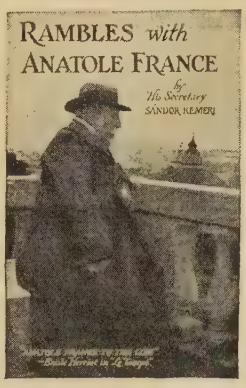

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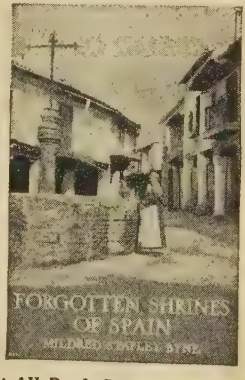

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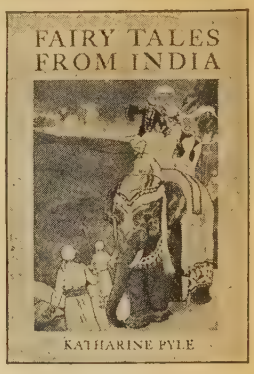

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The American
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BORAH OF IDAHO

BY RAY T. TUCKER

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH'S first noteworthy appearance on the American scene, as brilliant prosecutor of three Western mining leaders who had found dynamite more effective than collective bargaining, was contemporaneous with the homicidal outbreak of Harry Thaw and the evolution of a type of newspaper which seized upon both men as equally good copy. Borah's forensic feats in that remote Idaho court-room were pictured in great and colorful detail by a swarm of metropolitan reporters, and so his star was high in the firmament when he hung his black wide-awake hat on a Senate office peg on March 4, 1907, combed back his shaggy brown mane, and looked around for new worlds to astound, if not to conquer.

His part in prosecuting Big Bill Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone had made a deep impression upon the Old Guard leaders of the Senate. They rubbed their hands at the accession of this solid and serious Republican from the Mormon State of Idaho, for their ranks were in sore need of recruits in those muck-raking, panicky days of 1907. The Old Guard envisaged Borah as a stalwart reinforcement in the holy work of resisting the new movement for reform, and stifling the awakening class-consciousness of the American working man. He was immediately made chairman of the Committee on Labor and Education, an unheard-of-trust for a first-termer, for any attempt to translate the rising clamor of the downtrodden into legislative reality would have to have its beginnings in that committee. To certain cynical colleagues who expressed alarm at the bestowal of such a key post on an untried man, Senator Aldrich, the Republican boss, replied with a cloak-room wink: "It's all right. I've looked him up. He's an anti-labor man and a corporation attorney."

But Aldrich, for once, was wrong. He was the first of the long line of Senators to grapple unsuccessfully with the enigma of Borah. For almost immediately the newcomer took to disconcerting, and, in the view of the Old Guard, grossly immoral practises. Far from guarding valiantly the Senate citadel of capitalism, he proceeded, with full steam, to make a wreck of it. Soon his committee was reporting out, and getting passed, the most radical proposals an astonished and horrified Senate had ever been asked to consider on the labor question. There were bills establishing the eight-hour day on government contracts, bills for the creation of a new and highly dubious Department of Labor, and subversive resolutions for the investigation of the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week in the sacrosanct iron and steel in-

dustries. Borah and labor became articulate together, and began to sing the same appalling tune. It was good business for a young Senator trying to get upon the first pages, but in Aldrich's view it was sheer spoils and treason. His protégé was striking mighty blows at everything the Aldrichs held to be sacred. No more disastrous treachery had ever been heard of on Capitol Hill.

From that painful perfidy dates the conviction of all the Republican stalwarts that Borah is an untrustworthy fellow. His doings since then, stretching over a score of years, have only confirmed this judgment. To the Old Guard of to-day, as to that of 1907, he is a puzzle and a plague. As the years have rolled on, indeed, he has puzzled the safe and sane men more and more, for sometimes he has been violently against them and at other times he has been amazingly with them. There are many facets, it appears, to his character. At times he has stood forth as a soaring Liberal; at times he has been more conservative than Mr. Coolidge. The public, long since despairing of understanding him, or reconciling the conflicting manifestations of his personality, now views him, it would seem, as *sui generis*—a courageous but incomprehensible figure, one who voices his convictions unexpectedly and boldly, no matter how adversely they may affect his party standing or his political security.

His enemies call him an obstructionist, a dreamer, a prima donna, and say he prefers the fame which flows from strutting the political peaks in solitary grandeur and obstinacy to solid accomplishments shared with his peers. When his Senate colleagues discuss him among themselves, they use very plain English: he is a faker, a trimmer, a false alarm. His admirers are just as intemperate; to them he is the foremost exponent of practical idealism in American public life today and the perennially prospective messiah of a third party dedicated to righteousness. Meanwhile, Mr. Borah himself appears to know precisely what he believes, and why. Hi one and constant boast is that he is an old fashioned American who patterns his be liefs and conduct after the Constitutio and the—to him—obvious purposes of th Founding Fathers. He can justify—to him self at least—every act of his mystifyin career by constitutional precedents. Befor the heroes who founded this best of al possible governments his abasement i absolute.

But necessity often compels him to resor to curious personal interpretations and species of revelation to satisfy this passion for following in the Fathers' footsteps. As the social and political order has grown more complex his divinations have had to become more numerous and arduous, and to many it now seems that his divining-rod has been overworked and warped. But to all entreaties that he discard it, or lay it up for repairs, he remains deaf, for he believes that he cannot go wrong if h clings to the Constitution, or to his understanding of it. With the thunderous asser tion that "the Fathers understood the science of government as no other sing group of men ever understood it," h annihilates his opponents, and he will continue to do so as long as his colleagues in the Senate let pass without challenge his highly dubious citations of precedent, and his clairvoyant glimpses into the minds of Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson.

II

To those who still look upon him as a Liberal it may come as a surprise that in his calendar of saints he places Hamilton above the "masterful" Washington and "wide-ranging" Jefferson. He concedes, of course, the contributions of Washington and Jefferson to the young Republic, but we have his word for it that "in his complete mastery of the problems of that extraordinary era Alexander Hamilton stood alone." With all the Hamiltonian doctrines, to be sure, Mr. Borah does not agree —he agrees with no man, living or dead—

it his general veneration of the West idian orphan who would have trans- rmed the new Republic into a pseudo- ionarchy perhaps illumines some of the aradoxes and idiosyncrasies of his own areer.

It is not difficult to discover the bond vhich attaches him to Hamilton. Hamil- on was a stark egoist, brooking neither pposition nor peer; he was an indomitable ighter, though he did not always fight air; his ambitions were boundless, though ever satisfied. For the mediocrity of his ssociates and the judgments of the com- non people he had naught but disdain. Withal, he was a lonely, wistful figure, bereft in defeat or victory of the consola- ions and heart-warmings which are the ot of the public man who races with the crowd. Seen in this light Borah's eulogy of Hamilton assumes the aspect of a jere- miad against the neglect which a careless republic bestows upon its great men— those of the Twentieth as well as those of the Eighteenth Century. Speaking on the ack of a statue to Hamilton in the nation's apital some years ago, Mr. Borah ap- be ared as recorder and seer:

> Strange irony in the reward a republic gives her creators! What delays the hour when this government shall do honor to itself by honoring Hamilton? Is it because he never flattered nor turned aside from the clear vision of his intellect to court popular applause; that there is not to be found in all his writings or speeches a line or phrase to indicate he ever sought to arouse the passions, or enlist the prejudices, or win by sinister means the applause of the multitude? Out of the integrity of his intellect and the high purpose of his soul he led them. Is it because by searching the pages of bitter political controversy, and reviving and resuscitating the stale slander of another century, men are led to say that, while manifestly great, he was not divine? We rear monuments to men; not deities. . . . What a dismal place yonder Hall of Fame would be if great men had to be as perfect as the rules and demands of small men would make them!

What Mr. Borah means, obviously, and what he resents, is that the penalty of independence—such as Hamilton's and his own—is no statue. But there are cynics in the Senate who answer that the mere fact of remaining callous to obligations which other men acknowledge is no guarantee of a man's worth.

But regardless of the nature and results of this exemption from the "rules and demands of small men," Mr. Borah displayed it early. He had barely turned seventeen when he left a crowded household in Southern Illinois, where he was one of ten children, and set out to gain an education. This was an adventurous undertaking in 1882, though it did not seem so to his parents, who were the kind to encourage him. His father, though born in Kentucky, was of German descent, and the name was originally De Borah. The old man was an amateur Presbyterian preacher of power and originality. His mother was Irish, and it is from her, no doubt, that he derives his passionate sympathy for peoples oppressed. One need not look beyond his parentage to discover why Mr. Borah wavers between liberalism and conservatism, or why so many of his crusades for human freedom never get beyond a Senate oration. The hot Irish impulses and the phlegm of the Teuton stir within him conflicts which the world glimpses only as mysteries—as when he voices some novel proposal that gives the Administration conniption fits, and then lets it go at that.

Again, the spirit of persistence and concentration may have burned out, as it often will, in his student days, for he was a tireless scholar, an omnivorous reader. At preparatory school, and at Kansas State University, where he pursued the arts and the law, he was the same unsocial, unsmiling, preoccupied recluse that he is to-day. His only extra-curricular activity was debating, and then, as now, the unpopular side of a question held a terrible fascination for him. From the university he started for Seattle, but his funds gave out, so he got off the train at Boise. For all the industry with which the invading Mormons from Utah were taming Idaho, it was a frontier community when he arrived, and his immediate success at the criminal bar may have helped to delay the civilizing process. His eloquence capti-

vated juries and clients, and eventually he entered the more lucrative practice of corporation law, where Aldrich found him. As secretary to Governor McConnell, whose daughter became Mrs. Borah, the young lawyer turned to politics. By 1901 he was sufficiently well known to present himself to the Legislature as a Republican candidate for the United States Senate. Characteristically enough, this was but five years after he had voted for Bryan on the gold issue. His excuse for this heresy was that it had not been personal; almost all Idaho was for Bryan, and therefore he sinned only out of local patriotism.

His instinctive dislike of organized politics was deepened by this first effort to get into office. He was not the organization's favorite—he never has been—and though he led on the first ballot, the bosses knifed him. Unlike the three other contestants, Borah did not smile and shake hands. Before the crowd attending the session had dispersed he delivered an address after the manner of Mark Antony over Caesar, in which he declared that "King Caucus must go." This speech was a treat for the intellectually starved Idahoans, who were then far off the travelled path of itinerant actors and John Robinson's circus, and it made Borah a popular figure among them. Six years later he repeated the same speech at every crossroads, and so wrested the Senatorship from the bosses.

Thus he came to the Senate as a rebel. He came, too, without having served an apprenticeship in less august offices, wherein he might have learned the value and subtlety of the coöperative method. Moreover, he began his career at a time when Idaho was hardly conscious of Statehood, and chiefly concerned with local problems, so he took his seat as his own master, both a help and a handicap. It was during this first term that he achieved whatever reputation he still has as a radical. He championed labor's demands, it appears, not out of active sympathy for labor's abstract ideals or immediate wants, but because the Constitution guarantees freedom. Though, with Roosevelt, he denounced the old "tooth and claw" system he differed from Roosevelt on the cure for it, and the latter's idea of government with the Big Stick left him cold. He opposed the creation of that strong and omniscient Federal overseer which was then the reformer's remedy for all human ills. Monopoly, he maintained, could not be regulated; it must be destroyed. Here he was at one with Roosevelt, but it was about the last time he was at one with anybody on any subject.

For the easy-going Mr. Taft Mr. Borah has always exhibited an amused contempt. In his opinion Mr. Taft represents the old order, but with more of sentiment than of logic. The two were at odds all through the Taft Administration, and even more so after 1912. When Mr. Taft became head of the League to Enforce Peace, Mr. Borah grew almost savage in his contention that it would require an army of tremendous proportions—and of many American units—to make the League's decrees effective. But it was not long, characteristically, before he himself appeared with a plan for outlawing war which differed only in name from that proposed by the soft-hearted ex-President. As between enforcing peace and outlawing war, few neutral men could discern much difference in the number of battleships and battalions and boys that would be required. But Mr. Borah, with his gift of divination, apparently saw a difference.

In view of the irreconcilable differences between the two men, it is a ludicrous comment on the American political system, as well as upon the personalities involved, that the Taft backers intimated that they would like Borah as their Vice-Presidential candidate in 1912. Thus, perhaps, they indicated that they had not accepted at its face value the Senator's long fight on the Administration. But Borah could no more have gone on a ticket headed by Taft than on one led by Woodrow Wilson. Yet it might have gained him a more secure

niche in "yonder Hall of Fame" had he quiesced, for Washington is still unable to fathom his conduct at the ensuing Armageddon. He tramped along with the Roosevelt army to the very fringe of the skirmish line and then suddenly faltered. He handled the Roosevelt contests in the convention, and bitterly denounced the fraudulent manner in which Teddy's supporters were unseated. Yet in the same breath he announced that he could not join the third-party movement, and departed for Idaho to look after his own campaign. His presence there was needed, for both Republicans and Progressives were assailing him. The Progressives shouted the louder, feeling they had been the more betrayed, but the Republicans controlled the Legislature. But Borah somehow won, though, apparently recognizing some inconsistency in his position, he told the Legislature that "when I am no longer privileged to use my own judgment and opinion, I will quit the party, fumigate myself and return to the practice of law." He followed none of these courses; he remained in the party, and was reëlected.

III

With the inauguration of President Wilson, still more difficult days were to come. More and more Mr. Borah was called upon to exercise his "judgment and opinion" on questions which subjected his constitutionalism to a severe strain. For individuals as for nations there were then no precedents—save those of human nature gone stark mad.

The sonorous radicalism preached by Dr. Wilson in the early days was soon supplanted by the violent illiberalism of a nation engaged in war. Out of the struggle was to emerge a crazy universe of hates and cruelties and distortions. Against this sinister background Borah cut a futile figure. Prejudice, expediency, whim—these seemed to motivate him at an hour when even his best would have been all too scant. His kinship with every other politician since Adam became quite clear. "While manifestly great, . . . not divine." Unlike Mr. La Follette he did not brave the hysteria, and the strange new policy of vesting all of a Mussolini's power in the President brought no effective protest from him. Ever since then he has been expounding the theory that a republic should be able to wage war without the use of the repressive measures required in a monarchy, but during the actual war years he was one of the Senatorial mob which dashed this way and that as Dr. Wilson wagged his finger.

All this, it may be assumed, was gall and wormwood to him, though he acquiesced, and he was not long in having his revenge. The President opened the way for it with his demand for the ratification of the Versailles Treaty and the adoption of the League Covenant. Here Mr. Borah suddenly found himself on hallowed soil once more, with the earth dripping with oozings from the pens and tongues of the Founding Fathers. There was the hallowed warning against entangling alliances, there was the sacred Monroe Doctrine, and there was Borah, the sounder of alarms. It is a strange irony that from such a theatre he should have emerged with an admittedly diminished reputation and a smaller popular following than he had when the show began. Stranger still it was that the man who so loudly denounced Dr. Wilson's world dream should so soon thereafter become the instrument whereby the United States was plunged into the international mælstrom. For a time, however, he was on top, and it is with this historic struggle that the public still chiefly associates his name. It gained him his reputation as an obstructionist, and he glories in it. Yet he was actually little more than a trooper in the conflict. It was the late Frank B. Brandegee, of Connecticut, who sponsored the idea of that round robin against the League which sounded the tocsin of aroused nationalism, and it was Brandegee who mapped the battle. Borah was a willing recruit, but Brandegee drilled him.

Borah marched in the advance, but Brandegee directed the strategy.

With victory in the League fight in the balance as the Republican National Convention of 1920 approached, Mr. Borah resorted to a dodge he had toyed with so gingerly in 1912. That is, he threatened to organize a third party if the Republicans did not adopt a plank pledging opposition to the League. But apparently his threats, by this time, had lost their terror for the bosses, for the platform gave him no comfort, and neither did the candidate. The platform was evasive on the League, and so was Mr. Harding. As in 1912, Mr. Borah soon took the path of least, or no, resistance, and was presently stumping the country against the League but for Harding. Thus he was in the victorious but motley crew which moved on Washington in March, 1921. But he spoiled the plan of the Ohio gang to make the inaugural the maddest, merriest carnival since Jackson's day. His resolution calling for bald and simple ceremonies was a tough blow to the pierrots and harlequins in the party, but the precedent has been since followed by the unmerry Mr. Coolidge.

This trimming away of the Hon. Ned McLean's gaudy decorations and dousing of the red light came near being Mr. Borah's last great triumph. He saw President Harding choose a Cabinet dominated by internationally-minded men—Mellon, Hughes and Hoover—and he saw Coolidge retain them. The Old Guard and the White House could hardly be blamed if they had come to the conclusion by this time that Mr. Borah's bark was worse than his bite. But there soon came additional evidence that he could and would play the political game in accord with the "rules and demands of small men." Though he had broadcast his intention of voting against Boise Penrose, the Old Guard chieftain, for chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he lined up with the reactionaries when the test came, receiving in return a pledge of organized Republican opposition to the League. It may have been a good piece of political bargaining, but his support of the man who epitomized everything he himself professed to despise—privilege, machine politics and the public be-damned philosophy—shattered the lingering faith of many idealists who still looked to him for leadership.

Mr. Borah's ideas on the League prevailed, but that was soon seen to be a hollow victory, largely because of the mental obfuscation which beset him during the Harding Administration. As if that Administration were not involving America in European affairs speedily enough through its advocacy of the World Court, Mr. Borah proposed a more direct route. He demanded that the United States call a conference for the reduction of naval armaments. Mr. Harding frowned upon it, and Henry Cabot Lodge called it "Borah's dream." For six years the resolution had been introduced in the House or Senate in one form or another, but this time, for some occult reason, it took, and the nations were duly invited to Borah's party. But he was left out. He became a mere onlooker, and not a happy one. He was disturbed by what he saw and heard. He saw that the super-government he had once striven to destroy was arising anew on a firmer foundation, for which he had laid the cornerstone. So he voted against the pact born of his resolution, ostensibly because it did not ban submarines. His protests came too late, and the treaty making the United States one of three armed policemen in several spheres of highly probable wars was ratified.

Mr. Borah soon tried again, this time with a proposal for an international conference to solve all the social, political and economic ills of the universe, but again he allowed the Administration to buffalo him. At a hint that overtures for such a conference had actually been made, he hastily withdrew his resolution, but meanwhile Mr. Hughes, then Secretary of State, had hopped a train for New Haven, and there made the reparations

oposals which led to the European pil-
image of Owen D. Young and Charles
. Dawes. Too late does Mr. Borah seem
have learned to regret these victimiza-
ns. The arms agreement and the Dawes
an, as events have shaped themselves,
pear to have won us no friends abroad.
t to Borah the isolationist, more than
y one else, is due our "involvement."

IV

he feverish period of 1919–1923 was fol-
wed by one of comparative calm. In
resident Harding's grand crusade to
ring the nation back to normalcy Mr.
orah was a factor, but only in a vocal
ay. Even before the guns of the war had
eased firing, he was demanding economy,
nd soon he developed a perfect mania for
educing expenditures. He led the fight
gainst the Adjusted Compensation Act,
naking eloquent pleas for the soldiers but
lenouncing the bonus. He was one of three
enators to vote against higher pay for
he underpaid postal clerks, but he made
p for this by voting against the bill to
ncrease the pay of Congressmen. But
conomy was a passion with Mr. Borah
ong before Mr. Coolidge gave up his
$35-a-month flat to move to the Willard
Hotel. The fact, indeed, may serve as well
as anything else to explain a friendship
which in all other respects passeth under-
standing.

From such mundane matters as finances and the tariff the nation was summoned to a consideration of more spectacular problems shortly after Mr. Coolidge entered the White House. Teapot Dome was gushing forth scandal. But during this oleaginous period Mr. Borah seemed fettered by his constitutional chains, and his great accents were not heard as they had been on lesser occasions. He was not precisely silent—tongue-tied would best describe him. But for this strange failure to condemn those responsible for the corruption of the time he more than made up when the tumult died out. If the Republican party did not reform, he then gave warning, the people would rise in revolt and crush it. So thoroughly did the party take this wisdom to heart that Mr. Coolidge wanted Mr. Borah as his running mate in 1924, and asked him, so the story goes, to "accept a place on the ticket." "Which place?" rejoined Mr. Borah. It was a rare spark of humor in a grim man—so rare that it seems a shame Mr. Coolidge did not enjoy it. Mr. La Follette, then preparing for his death-bed bid for the Presidency, knew Mr. Borah too well to make the same request, but there were many romantic Liberals who expected the Idahoan to express his dissatisfaction with both the old parties by going with the insurgents. It was still another example of his talent for fooling folks who don't know him.

Unluckily for his reputation as a swashbuckler willing and eager to walk the plank as a third-party candidate, such demands have always come in years when he was up for reëlection back in Idaho, and party fealty was essential to his success. Both in 1912 and in 1924 he had to cling to his post as petty officer aboard the Republican ship of state in order to remain on deck in any capacity. In consequence the piratical craft captained by Roosevelt and La Follette were not for him, no matter how longingly he may have gazed over the side at their black flags. In 1924 he had even more cogent reasons for standing by, for if he had gone with Fighting Bob he would have forfeited all claim to the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which had become vacant through the death of Senator Lodge.

If his prestige has suffered a great decline in recent years, it is probably due to three causes: his accession to the chairmanship of that committee, Mr. Coolidge's amiable neglect of the highly polite and constitutional antagonism that he exhibits toward the President's policies, and his amazing outbursts on the tender subject of Prohibition. Mr. Borah's academic opposition

to certain of the Coolidge major policies does not worry Mr. Coolidge into making a scene, for Mr. Coolidge, in point of fact, has obtained almost everything he wanted from the committee over which Mr. Borah presides, and in the face of Mr. Borah's opposition. Thus the Idahoan has come to appear to political Washington as an ineffectual individual, a Prometheus bound to a rock, the rock being his chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee.

So he has not received his accustomed editorial fanfares of late; the old flourishes and ruffles have been strangely missing. Senators who have winced under his sharp tongue for years now take a fierce delight in nagging him. The Old Guard, still doing business, has led in this Borah baiting, with Senators Wadsworth of New York and Reed of Pennsylvania snapping the whips. Mr. Borah, however, is a fox of many artifices. While his critics were beating the bushes sheltering the rebel, the irregular, the irreconcilable, the prima donna, the Senate gadfly, the headline seeker, he was calmly heading for safer hiding places. It was not long, indeed, before his pursuers quite lost the scent—and Borah himself sniffed a new one. He discovered, one rainy Sunday, and related it to a startled world from a Presbyterian platform out in the Maryland Free State, that advocates of a modification of the Volstead Act were Nullificationists, and hence wicked and abandoned men. He immediately armed himself with his ancient weapons, the Constitution and historical precedent, and sallied forth to put them down. His armor seemed a bit rusty from long disuse, but with some polishing by Wayne B. Wheeler and Pussyfoot Johnson he soon rode forth a fine figure for the fray.

For an ardent States' rights man and champion of enslaved minorities overseas this new rôle seemed a trifle puzzling, but Mr. Borah, with all his old facility, lifted it above the vulgar and controversial plane by announcing that it was the Constitution, and not Prohibition, which was in danger. Another piece of news that gave out was that the wets do not actua want light wines and beer, but plan onslaught on the Constitution in order bring back hard liquor. Though position was comprehensible in its pure legalistic phases, there were few, ev among the drys, who accepted his ch acterization of a referendum as Nullific tion. To all arguments that the Constit tion, as amended during the turmoil of t war period, should now take cognizan of certain inescapable legal and physi logical facts he has shown himself inse sible, as he is to the contention that h beloved Founding Fathers would hav been horrified by the embodiment of sumptuary statute in the fundamental law The practicality of his idealism, in fac appears to have vanished completely fro his latest venture, for in the face of th widespread corruption brought in by Pro hibition, he maintains that nothing can b done until the Eighteenth Amendmen has been formally repealed. Certainly h must know that only 13% of the popula tion can keep the amendment in the Con stitution, and thus hold the remainin 87% in perpetual bondage.

Mr. Borah's views on Prohibition wil probably not affect the eventual settlemen of this problem. The chief harm he will do will be to help defer the day when it can be disposed of without prejudice and without bigotry. Meanwhile, his speeches will fan the flame of fanatic passion whether he means them to or not, and he himself will depart further and further from the record. For once he has attacked a subject, he has a tendency to neglect the facts so lured is he by the magic of his own voice. It is a common failing, but in him it amounts to a disease. He is a great believer in oratory. Perhaps no other man in American public life to-day would so sincerely deplore the passing of the spoken word as a political and parliamentary weapon. Fortunately for him, he believes that this will come "only after selfishness and sensuality shall have imbruted or de-

oyed all the nobler faculties of the nd."

The conventional method of describing Senate combat in which Mr. Borah kes a hand is to liken it to a bullfight. orah, as the careless and imaginative pen cords it, leans back easily in his seat, emingly taking no interest in the subject nder discussion. A faintly cynical smile ccasionally appears on his lips. Finally e climbs to his feet, still smiling and aning slightly forward. And then, ur-anely, effortlessly, he becomes the pica-or, hurling jibing darts into the hide of he poor Senator who has aroused him. The victim, squirming, eventually flings ack with an angry retort. Then Borah ecomes the mighty matador. His dimpled hin juts out, the vertical lines in his fore-ead deepen into a frown, his eyes flash, e tosses his tremendous mane, and his vords pour forth torrentially. They be-ome rapier thrusts, seeking straight the eart of his antagonist, who presently alls. Borah then tosses aside his rapier ightly and resumes his seat. His colleagues tare in admiration; the galleries rock with pplause.

What the correspondents fail to see is hat Borah's rapier is sometimes tipped with poison. He often bests an opponent ecause the poor fellow is not sufficiently versed in history to controvert some of his most devastating and inaccurate asser-tions and allusions. A check-up reveals a Borah mistaken in his facts, but unless the error is detected while the combatants are on their feet, he gets the headlines, and his rival gets the ha-ha. During a debate, for example, on the French debt Senator Bruce of Maryland essayed to defend France by citing its generosity to the struggling colonies, while Mr. Borah con-tended that France had assisted the col-onies merely to embarrass England. A sneer was Mr. Borah's retort to the Mary-land Senator's assertion that France had given Benjamin Franklin 6,000,000 livres for which no repayment was asked. But as the debate continued, the plodding Bruce seemed to have the better of it in his authorities and facts. The great mata-dor was about to be worsted. But no! Out flashed that famous rapier.

"Mr. President," appealed Borah, "I object to the Senator putting incorrect history into my speech!"

The galleries shook with applause and Senators chuckled at the discomfiture of the pedestrian Mr. Bruce. It was another Borah triumph. But meanwhile it is a fact that France *did* advance the 6,000,000 livres as a gift.

In much the same way, Mr. Borah has gained certain strategic victories in his demand for a more liberal policy toward Russia. As precedent, he cites the Wash-ington Administration's recognition of a France as bloody and disorganized as Russia is supposed to be today. Washing-ton's Cabinet faced the same problem, he declares, and *unanimously* decided to accord recognition. The Senator apparently for-gets, or slurs over the fact, that his hero, Alexander Hamilton, proposed to so hedge around recognition that it would have been a meaningless gesture. Nor does he point out that it was Jefferson's honest mind which prevailed over the views of Hamilton and his clique in the Cabinet.

These seem trifling things, and they are, as politics go. They are done almost daily by Mr. Borah's more obscure fellows. But in the great Idaho seer they seem somehow incongruous and discreditable. His many failures, though sometimes more magnifi-cent than his lesser colleagues' successes, loom large because of the high expectations he arouses. If he has come to be regarded throughout the country as the foremost trimmer in American public life today he has only himself to blame.

FIVE PORTRAITS ON GALVANIZED IRO

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

James Branch Cabell

THE Watteau of ironists. The Bœcklin of romancers. The Debussy of prose. One day an Intellectual Faun found Cinderella, the Little Girl That Was Always Pushed in the Corner, moping near the American Outhouses of Realism. He took her by the hand and walked straight up to the Wall of Excluded Facts and disappeared with her Beyond Life into the Magic Country of Poictesme, where he became Jurgen and she the Lady Ettarre. It was a strange land, full of witches and demons, virginal kobolds and scatalogic monks, blasé Lohengrins and Doll Tearsheets in royal doo-dads, swineherd kings and Knights of the Holy Lingam, queens sitting-for-company and Norns weaving patterns of Life and Death. And the Censors peered through the Wall of Excluded Facts and saw they could do nothing in the matter and also wished they were Intellectual Fauns and could find a Cinderella. But so it was, and thus it remains to this day.

Cabell hardly seems to write above a whisper. The footfall of his sentences hardly resounds at all in the corridors of my skull. He weaves with closed eyes. He talks with a closed mouth. He is like a man who seems to create while listening. He has never learned his art. It is the mood of his genius—cold, serene, aloof. His emotions are purely cerebral. I often think of him as the Spinoza of word-magic.

Manuel the Redeemer may turn out to be Cabell the Redeemer in disguise. The minds of literary America must be turned toward the heavens—the heavens of Imagination and Irony. Even Sinclair Lewis b lieves photography is satire, while Dreis believes that reporting is creating. Ameri cannot live by Pulitzer and *Dial* priz alone. Sherwood Anderson and Carl San burg have got Kleig eyes from observir the obvious too closely. The whole bar of American realists is infected wit movie psychology—recognition, the boob fear of the unfamiliar, "tell us what w know something about." "To hell wit that!" Cabell has said as he picked up hi Cinderella and made off for Poictesme, a hereinbefore mentioned.

In this sense he may be the redeemer— the redeemer from seriousness, "humani tarianism" and stupefying sincerity. Ca bell's tongue is always in his cheek Madame Maya, alias Make-Believe, is the gorgeous wench who rules things mundane. Play in with her, not against her, advises Cabell. All redeemers are romantic liars. Whether they are called Buddha, Shakespeare, Christ, Mark Twain, Mrs. Eddy, Victor Hugo, Krishnamurti, Balzac, Mahomet, Lord Dunsany or James Branch Cabell, they all come to purge the world of facts, to cover up with gorgeous counterpanes the filthy mattresses of reality.

Catch them while they're young! This has always been the slogan of Mother Church. Sound psychology. So I would get right to work on the geographies in our schools and substitute on the maps where the United States and England appear, for instance, maps of Dunsanyland, Alice's Wonderland and Cabell's Poictesme. If Emmanuel Swedenborg could blue-print Heaven—all but naming the theatres and speak-easies in its principal cities—why

ven't we Romantics the same privilege? Poictesme are many mansions also. The pital of the Benighted States may be ashington, but Bellegarde is a far more lectable place for the imaginative so- urn of our children. We teach that Loose iewing is President of the country and at some non-Wasserman-tested egoma- ac is dictator of another. But in Poic- sme there are Jurgen, Dom Manuel, Coth, naïtis, King Smoit, Yolande, Guenevere, awr and a thousand other mirific beings far more interest than the long line of oundrels and oafs that my children are ught to look upon as heroes (Racca!). atch them young, I say—and dose their ttle brains with Lewis Carroll, Lord unsany and James Branch Cabell. Un- t them for life? Yes, but fit them to ive!

It may be that Cabell is the Prometheus f an American Renaissance—which will e the triumph of the Chimera over the ull.

II

Edgar Lee Masters

Some one once said that De Maupassant had cut down the giant oak Flaubert and made walking-sticks of it. So Edgar Lee Masters, in "The Spoon River Anthology," has taken the vast panoramic canvas of Balzac and reduced it to exquisite vest-pocket etchings.

"The Spoon River Anthology" is one of the most original pieces of imaginative literature that I know of. Implacable iron- ist and realist, Masters, Prospero of a Middle Western graveyard, struck with the wand of creation upon the lidded skel- etons of the dead and made them tell (as all things must out) their secrets to the world.

Yoricks, Hamlets and Ophelias, Hulots, Cousin Bettes and De Rastignacs, Quilps, Micawbers and Lady Deadlocks, Bovarys, Moreaus and Saint Anthonys, Raskolni- koffs, Karamazoffs and Bazaroffs, Romeos, Don Quixotes and Long John Silvers, Lorna Doones, Becky Sharps and Maud Mullers exist externally in flesh and blood wher- ever a thousand people live and weave and interweave their passions, dreams, loves and ambitions. They all live in Spoon River under the names that Masters has given them, and his great art consists in portraying their lives, their tragedies and comedies, and the vast inutility of it all, in the most condensed and vivid form conceivable.

The vulgar, uninteresting, commonplace being does not exist for the dramatist and the poet of high breed. He will sense drama, poetry, an epic, in three men sur- rounding a young girl who laps an ice- cream soda. The ironic imagination is the resurrection and the life. It glows and transfigures in all the splendor of its ma- lign power in the Masters of the An- thology. After that his work lives in the reflected light of that first fresh burst of genius.

I would rather have been the author of "The Spoon River Anthology" than of any other book of American imaginative liter- ature except Cabell's "Jurgen." I do not know of any poetic fiction that gives me such an odor of reality, such a raw, rank taste of broken hearts and battered brains, such a sense of inexorable fatality. Mas- ters does not describe; he creates, and his only ethic is the ethic of all great creators, pathos and irony, which are implicit in the pictures he evokes like overtones be- tween his lines.

The formula of Masters is the formula of life itself. His creations rise from their graves as we rise out of the womb, tell their story, as we enact ours, and then re- turn to their sleep, as we shall return to ours.

Ultimate judgment of all things plane- tary must be written, *In re:* Mankind against the Gods. Spoon River is the planet. The Author of Life must answer for His work to the Soul of Man. Masters holds a brief for Man, is an attorney, as it were, for the prosecution.

He is not a great poet in the narrow

sense of the word. But he is a great poet if by great poet we mean one who sees the particular, the individual under the aspect of Eternity or Law. "The Spoon River Anthology" is our Comédie Humaine.

I met Masters many years after reading "The Spoon River Anthology." It was in the Players Club and he wanted to ask me about the motion-picture possibilities of another one of his books. I could discern nothing in him, in our short talk, that was extraordinary. He was matter of fact and looked matter of fact. I did not mention that I had ever read his Anthology. It is curious how two creative natures, when they are brought together for the first time, examine each other, spar silently with one another, each fearing to hear an adverse judgment on his work. Artists are the greatest moral cowards, I think.

But I know of no man in English literature who has put so much in so little as Edgar Lee Masters has in "The Spoon River Anthology."

III

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, the jazz Blake. Saint Francis of Assisi playing the saxophone at the Fireman's Ball. Gabriel grinding a barrel-organ as General William Ballington Booth and William Jennings Bryan drag into Heaven John L. Sullivan, soused to the thatch.

The foundation of jazz lies in the dithyramb. The saxophone was immanent in that passionate hymn to the glory of Dionysius chanted by the midnight sons and sun-kissed daughters of the ancient world to the accompaniment of crapulous flutes. Ecstasy, dithyramb, mænadic choral fury, jazz: that's the genealogy of our present musical "immorality." Further transvaluations and degradations of the wild Bacchic dithyrambs: the American camp-meeting, Negro spirituals and Billy Sundayism. Further transvaluation but not degradation of the dithyramb: the colossal egomania of Walt Whitman, my own prose style and the poetry of Niche Vachel Lindsay, celestial jazzite, dit rambic wastrel-singer, the one origi authentic soil-poet practising the most cient and honorable profession in the wo in America today.

I return to Lindsay's seven or eight v umes of poetry and prose (and all his pr is a series of picture-poems) with incre ing pleasure each year. He lifts me out my boots of Dreiserian realism. He p thunder-beating wings on my shoulde bowed down by the massive weight Sherwood Anderson and the clumsy rhym chopped prose of Carl Sandburg. How d this nightingale Vachel ever get into t monkey-house of American poetry? To a swer that one must answer that pr Devonian wheeze: What is Genius? Whic I leave to Irving Babbitt.

I could take, say, twenty poems of fi American "imagist" poets, the same nun ber of five free-verse realists and the sam number of Walker's rhymsters, juggle the in three bags and have a drawing. I def one sharp in a hundred to tell me whic from which, what from what, or who fro who so far as the author goes. Only Lind say's poems, if he got into the bags, woul be instantly recognizable. Because he is a individual—the rarest thing in life and th arts; because he is elemental *de facto*—no by profession; because, above all, he ha the rarest gift, vouchsafed also to Blak and Whitman, of compressing the eterna in the matter-of-fact. "The Daniel Jazz," "John L. Sullivan, the Strong Man o Boston," "To Mary Pickford," "William Jennings Bryan," "General William Ballington Booth Enters Heaven" and "Euclid," for instance, are done *sub specie æternitatis*. I fear that Lindsay, avowed Prohibitionist, will some day write a poem on my most fascinating vice and lure me forever into the embattled ranks of Volstead!

What is essentially American today? I ram my Aaron's rod into this Melting Pot and tap the abysmal underground waters.

out forth: Camp-meeting, circus, the egro croon, and pioneers! O Pioneers! We e the Beethovens of Dissonance. Cul- red clowns. Size! size! size! Moody and nkey, Barnum, the Dollar, Kingdom ome. All this is in the work of Vachel ndsay, whimsically, grotesquely, some- mes ethereally transfigured, as in those perb poems, "The Chinese Nightingale" id "The Golden Whales of California." ll things go into the fennel-rod of our ringfield Prometheus, even some of the eat Old Testament rant. He is both child id Titan—which is America. He is both alist and idealist—which is America. He both raw and sentimental—which is merica.

I am a good enough American to believe hat my country 'tis of thee is going raight to perdition unless we soon get a amned good licking. We must make the escent to Avernus before we achieve the lysian Fields of art and culture. Our pride s now jay-walking before a fall.

But it's good to meet on the way a care- ss, saintly-Nietzschean soul who chants 'Boom-boom-boom-a-laddy-boom—let us elebrate our descent with song. We are oing to hell—but so did Orpheus! Bing- ang! The Going is the thing. Some of us re going on Pegasus, some on Rosinante, nd some on wooden rocking-horses—but, nyhow, boom-boom-boom-a-laddy-boom! Here's my Handy Guide for all you beg- gars. Carry the flame of Beauty in your Volsteady breast—that is all ye need to know!"

That's about the way, I take it, Lindsay eels about the more or less important mat- er of this wreck of liberties and crush of dictators. It is tonic. It is uproarious. Let the heavens fall in—but Vachel will sing! There is no good; there is no evil. What- ever is, is poetry.

Can anything more childlike and bland be conceived than this poem, "To Reform- ers in Despair:"

'Tis not too late to build our young land right,
Cleaner than Holland, courtlier than Japan,
Devout like early Rome, with hearths like hers,
Hearths that will recreate the breed called men.

I quote this piece of rigmarole merely to show what happens to a great poet when he gets snared in Tolstoy's whiskers. This sort of stuff does not belong to the Hobo of Beauty.

Does any one recall the Cocaine Buddha, Slick-Slack Kopensky and the Edgar Lee Masters Tower of Truth? "The Golden Book of Springfield" is an almost forgotten work of Lindsay's. It is his "Wild Duck," his book of auto-satire. It is Springfield, Illinois, a hundred years from now, and the Cocaine Buddha has succeeded Bacchus. Slick-Slack Kopensky, the Mayor of every American city today, is still doing business. From the Edgar Lee Masters Tower of Truth one can see all the soda-water stands in the city—for those who do not patronize the Cocaine Buddha. In a word, America has become the Athens of Bunk. It is ruled by a Soda Fountain King and cocaine bootleggers. If this Golden Book of Irony is not the finest work on my country 'tis of thee ever done in silent Gargantuan belly-chuckles, then may my brain turn to Methodist mush and may my gullet wither of its thirst.

Speaking of thirst, I know only one personal fact about Nicholas Vachel Lindsay: he is a member in good standing of the Illinois Anti-Saloon League. And that is the sole reason why I have refused three times to meet this heaven-anointed enemy of the great Fundamentalist God, Bacchus.

IV

Sadakichi Hartmann

A GROTESQUE etched in flesh by the drunken Goya of Heaven. A grinning, obscene gargoyle on the Temple of American Letters. Superman-bum. Half God, half Hooligan; all artist. Anarch, sadist, satyr. A fusion of Jap and German, the ghastly experiment of an Occidental on the person of an Oriental. Sublime, ridiculous, impossible. A genius of the ateliers, picture studios, gin-mills and East Side lobscouse restaurants. A dancing dervish, with graceful, Gargan-

tuan feet and a mouth like the Cloaca Maxima. A painter out of Hakusai, Manet, Monet, Whistler. Result: fantastic realism. A colossal ironist, a suave pessimist, a Dionysiac wobbly.

Hartmann has the gift of elusiveness in all he writes. Ironic elusiveness is the hardest thing to achieve, even if one is born to it, or, rather, if it is born unto one. With Sadakichi it is a gift. His "The Last Thirty Days of Christ" is a superb piece of work, glowingly vivid, elusively ironic, and conveying such a sense of reality, of plausibility, that it carries with it, to me at least, the aura of inspiration, of a piecing together of some remembered adventure. He has put the veritable Jesus on paper as the rationalized, civilized, messianic-free mind conceives Him: an itinerant mystic with the thunders of evangelical propaganda locked in His subconscious nature; a hobo yogi who occasionally went into trances; a pantheist who passionately loved with a mystical furor whatever was alive; a man of vast humor and vast pity; a little of the mountebank, sincere by autosuggestion.

Hartmann in his book pictures to us the disciples of Christ with quick strokes of his brush—raw, human, ignorant wastrels, bums, pick-plates and rustic go-getters. So long as Jesus can show them where a free meal is to be had or a few pennies picked up they will believe in His mission.

They stand out in all their naked, everyday vulgarity and *terre-à-terre* humanity on Sadakichi's canvas like the persons in the pictures of Frans Hals. The humor of "miracles"—the humor of the rationalization of the most incredible credulity of which we have any knowledge—provokes an enormous satisfaction in the brain of the reader because of their plausibility.

Out of this book a Goya or a Daumier could make a series of pictures that would forever blow the Christ-myth on to the rubbish heap of human stupidities as effectively as Cervantes blew chivalry to atoms in "Don Quixote"—if it is ever advisable to destroy a beautiful myth, which is an open question in my mind so far as the masses are concerned. In the minds of artists there is no conflict between an ironic fact and a gorgeous fiction.

Three A.M. in a private room over a saloon-restaurant (Mrs. Hoburg's) at Third avenue and Fourteenth street. Sadakichi dancing for an hour his grotesque, obscene, maniacal dances. Unforgettable hour.

Or Sadakichi in Jack's at 4 A.M., ordering lobster and beer for six of us and walking out as the check is presented. Unforgettable bilk.

Or Sadakichi doing his dervish dances in Joel's at 5 A.M., passing around the hat among the boozers, one of whom kicks the hat full of cash in the air, Sadakichi throwing a tableful of glasses in our faces. Unforgettable rough-house.

Sadakichi Hartmann was born out of his age. He was a man who belonged in Cellini's gang or with the rowdy geniuses of the Mermaid Tavern.

V

Edwin Markham

EDWIN MARKHAM is the Blessed Damozel of American poetry. He is decent, flawless, virginal. He is an artist, a craftsman *sans reproche* but not *sans peur*.

Can you conceive of Mrs. Grundy astride Pegasus? No more than you could conceive of Lohengrin riding on the horn of Satan. Well, Edwin Markham has achieved the inconceivable. For he is really Mrs. Grundy riding Pegasus, the veritable Pegasus, for Edwin Markham is a real poet, sometimes a great poet, but always a poet.

Markham, with all his defects of platitudinous idealism, puritanical sex-prudence, sentimental metaphysics and dedication flap-doodle, is steeped in the ecstasy of eternals. There is a touch of crazy beauty in him, too. And he has caught the wild music of the Angel Israfel. But he is hopelessly of America, with its paste humanitarianism, its paste optimism, its paste culture.

He is productive but uncreative. He cks to the old forms, the old metaphors, e old lilts, the old griefs, with suddenly line or simile of mirific magic leaping rth from the page like a dazzling dragon- out of a New England mince-pie. Many, ny of his poems are the products of an ldie Guest who has read Shelley—sheer bbish. He is preoccupied with the dream mediocre minds—Social Regeneration. is Muse is half the time on a soap-box. he poison of Jesus is in his blood and ts up the red corpuscles of unregenerate n and lyrical *diablerie*. The syphilis of heology is in his veins. The pox of re- emption disfigures his Endymion.

There is in Markham's poetry a gor- eous music—sometimes Miltonic, some- imes Swinburnian as in "The Crowning Hour":

> I saw you there with the sea-girls fleeing,
> And I followed you fast over rock and reef;
> And you sent a sea-fire into my being,
> The lure of the lyric grief.

And he has the magic of the great line:

> We are caught in the coils of a God's romances.

Or:

> A spider bars the road with filmy ropes
> Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

It is the fashion to make light of "The Man with the Hoe." Aside from its sentimentality, it is technically, to me, a great poem. There are vastness, power and passion in it. It is Markham on his soap-box, but his soap-box is a star.

Markham at seventy-four is a great big, back-slapping, bawling boy. He praises every one indiscriminately. The man, personally, is incapable of an evil thought, an evil act. He is the gushing, love-thy-neighbor Christian.

He hasn't the slightest doubt in his own mind that he is the greatest American poet, the Voice of the Age, the Light-bringer, the Anointed One. He used to pride himself on his resemblance to Victor Hugo; but I have never found in Markham any of Hugo's pomposity. And withal shrewd, for I doubt whether he would ever write a poem that did not have a market value.

Edwin Markham has proved that Demos and Prometheus are not enemies.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

BY WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

IN 1808 Father Gabriel Richard, later territorial delegate from Michigan, and, as such, the only Catholic priest ever to have a seat in the House of Representatives, paid a visit to Baltimore. His chief purpose was to report to Archbishop Carroll on religious conditions in the wilds of Michigan, but while he was in the metropolis of the Free State he purchased a printing-press and a font of type. Back over the Alleghenies, across river and prairie, and through wilderness and swamp, this equipment was carried to Michigan, and Father Richard set up his plant in Springwells, a village near Detroit. It was from his press that the first Catholic newspaper printed in the United States was produced, on August 31, 1809.

There was only one issue of the *Michigan Essay, or, Impartial Observer;* probably the name was too heavy a burden. But from that beginning has developed one of the most powerful agencies for controlling opinion in the United States today. Ayer's Newspaper Directory for 1926 lists 851 American religious publications, and 160 of them are Catholic. The Catholic Press Directory, published by Joseph H. Meier, of Chicago, enumerates 104 more, or 264, but this list includes many parochial weeklies, local sodality organs, and similar trivial publications. So far as I have been able to ascertain by a rather thorough-going check-up, Ayer lists all of the Catholic newspapers of any real importance except Col. Patrick H. Callahan's organ, the *Record* of Louisville, of which more later.

Ayer's list includes two dailies, 110 weeklies, two semi-monthlies, forty-one monthlies, one bi-monthly, and four quarterlies. Of the weeklies, seventy-six a published in English, nine in German, s in Polish, five in Italian, five in Bohemia five in Spanish, two in Hungarian, and tw in Lithuanian. The dailies are the *Dai American Tribune* of Dubuque, and *Nar* (Bohemian) of Chicago. As to circulatio *Our Sunday Visitor* of Huntington, Ind with a sworn statement claiming 503,06 leads the field by many thousands, save f *Columbia*, the official organ of the Knigh of Columbus, a monthly published at Ne Haven, Conn. *Columbia* has an A.B.C. ci culation of 750,000. The greater part of th circulation is, of course, among the Knigh themselves, since every member of t order is *ipso facto* a subscriber to its ma azine. Among the weeklies and dailies t leaders are: the Providence *Visitor*, wi 28,449; the *Pilot* of Boston, with 50,00 the *Catholic News* of New York, wi 50,000; the Catholic *Standard and Times* Philadelphia, with 35,000; the *New World* Chicago, with 67,000; the *Catholic Revie* of Baltimore, with 24,000; and the *Dai American Tribune* of Dubuque, with 17,78

The last named, however, is the on one in the group offering A.B.C. figure In fact, of all the Catholic publicatio listed by Ayer, only five give such figure The four others are *Columbia;* the *Katolic* a Bohemian semi-weekly of Chicago, wi 8,133 circulation; *Extension*, a monthly Chicago, with 319,169; and *Truth*, monthly of New York, with 60,298. Th curious refusal to supply advertisers wi reliable circulation figures is responsib for the conspicuous absence of nation advertising from the greater part of t American Catholic press. Of the 264 pu

.tions listed by Meier, thirty-nine failed supply any circulation figures at all. e remaining 225 claimed a combined culation of 6,414,613.

All of the Catholic publications which ke any pretense of supplying their ders with news—as distinguished from terial of a purely pietistic character—e subscribers to the National Catholic elfare Conference News Service. It has ng been the theory of that organization at a story sent out by it and printed by ery subscribing paper will reach approximately 7,000,000 readers. Some of this rculation, it is true, would be outside of ie United States, but at least 95% of it ould be among American Catholics and r the most part, English-speaking Ameri-n Catholics. The estimate sounds rather igh, but it can be demonstrated statistically, if that means anything. Thus the N. C. W. C. News Service constitutes n almost ideal agency for influencing pinion. Imagine a potential audience of o,000,000, all bound tightly together by ertain fundamental beliefs, and then picure an agency able to reach all of its more iterate members every week, and you ome very near to describing a propagandist's dream of perfection. True, this potential audience is divided, to an extent eldom realized outside the Church, by acial animosities, by petty parochial jealousies, and by bickerings over prerogatives. But on issues touching fundamentals there s a common background which makes for quick and definite mobilization of opinion. The late Pope Pius X was well aware of the fact when he said: "In vain will you found missions and build schools if you are not able to wield the offensive and defensive weapons of a loyal Catholic press."

In that frank sentence the Pope summarized the Church's conception of the function of the Catholic press. It must be "the offensive and defensive weapons" of the Church—not, primarily for the dissemination of information or the stimulation of intellectual and literary activity, but simply for the uses of the Church. He who writes or talks about the Catholic press without a realization of that fact simply wastes his time on superficialities. Herein lies the justification for the criticism, frequently and plausibly made, that the editorial pages of Catholic publications do not give evidence of any independent thinking. The reason is that, under the existing scheme of things, they deal almost exclusively with subjects bearing directly on the faith—and the Church, as everyone knows, employs methods other than editorial discussion—particularly by lay editors!—to settle questions of faith.

II

An extremely talented and somewhat eccentric priest, now dead, who formerly edited a ragged-looking Catholic weekly in the Far West, once declared on his editorial page that "most of the present day Catholic papers were founded as Irish political journals and got religion in seasons of drouth and depression." His statement was not entirely accurate, but it is a fact that some of the journals that have now "got religion" were once almost purely political publications and engaged violently in twisting the British lion's tail. A few of their early fellows remain unsaved to this day, and whatever else they may be, they are not dull or lacking in independence of viewpoint. It is thus the purely religious character of the present Catholic papers, rather than any feebleness of intellect in their editors, which gives so much dull sameness to their editorial pages. Let us analyze a few typical specimens.

There is, for example, the *New World* of Chicago, which at times prints as many as twenty-four pages and during the Eucharistic Congress last June printed an edition of seventy-two pages. Normally, it presents a dignified and pleasing typographical appearance. In times of stress, however,—as during the Eucharistic Congress —it makes the mistake all too common among its weekly colleagues and adopts a

florid Hearstian type-dress. Thus the issue which coincided with the beginning of the Eucharistic Congress bore a flaring page-line in letters two inches deep announcing "The Great Congress Opens."

In New York there is a paper that runs to the other extreme. It is the *Catholic News*, one of the anomalies of Catholic journalism. Published in the greatest Catholic news center outside of Rome, it is the dullest looking of any of the Catholic weeklies. In size the same as the current tabloids, it is anything but tab-like in appearance; indeed, it suggests nothing else so much as a strayed magazine section from the Sunday edition of some particularly dull daily. If a reader is persistent enough, he can find the important items in the *News*—probably tucked in between the accounts of parish sodality meetings on Page 25. It habitually prints more than thirty pages, liberally garnished with advertisements. Its editorials are well written and, perhaps a trifle more independent in tone than the average in Catholic weeklies. Its news is buried, but when found it turns out to be set forth in decent English.

In Boston there is the *Pilot*, for many years the unofficial Bible of the Irish Catholic immigrant, wherever he might be. With the rise of other diocesan organs it has lost some of its national following, but is still one of the outstanding Catholic journals of the nation. And it is close to the top of that select list of religious papers which really make money. A part of this success is due, no doubt, to the operation of a circulation system whereby every pastor in the archdiocese is made responsible—and billed—for a definite number of subscriptions, based on the population of his parish. The system evoked terrific, though discreetly muffled, howls from priests and faithful when it was put into effect, but it has worked. Since that time it has also brought results in other dioceses. The columns of the *Pilot* are well filled with advertisements and, on the whole, it presents a prosperous front.

The *Pilot* is carefully edited in its news columns, and, as the personal organ
Cardinal O'Connell, ranking prelate of
Catholic hierarchy in the United Sta
its editorial columns frequently point
way to more timid contemporaries w
controversial issues are under discussi
With its masthead legend, "Established
the Second Bishop of Boston in 1829,"
takes issue with the Catholic Encyc
pedia, which says that the Cincinn
Catholic Telegraph, established in 1831,
now the oldest surviving Catholic publi
tion in the United States. As a matter
fact, the paper established by Bishop F
wick in 1829 was called the *Jesuit, or, Cat
lic Sentinel*. In the same year it became
Catholic Intelligencer, but soon resumed
original name. In 1834 that name w
changed again to the *Irish and Catho
Sentinel;* in 1835 to the *Literary and Catho
Sentinel* (probably the first stirrings of
desire to please the Brahmins) and in 18
to the *Boston Pilot*. Subsequently the *Bos*
was dropped.

Philadelphia is the home of the prospe
ous but dull *Catholic Standard and Time*
edited by John A. Gallagher, one of t
really competent newspaper men in Cath
lic journalism. One cannot avoid the fee
ing that if prosperity were less gracious
competition more keen, Mr. Gallagh
would make his paper far more interestin
than it is. Typographically, it is probabl
nearer to perfection than any other Catho
lic weekly newspaper and its news column
show only good English. Editorially, it
stodgy, save on the rare occasions when
takes umbrage at some anti-Catholic stor
in the secular press. On these occasions th
Standard and Times shows what it might b
if there were more obstacles in its way. I
has forced retractions from even the
haughty Curtis publications. Together with
the *Pilot* it is addicted to the amusing mon
archism of always referring to the local
Cardinal Archbishop simply as His Emi
nence or His Eminence, the Cardinal. One
might read the *Standard and Times* for
all eternity without discovering that the
Archbishop of Philadelphia is Monsignor

nnis J. Dougherty, or the *Pilot* for a nilar period without being apprised that lliam Henry O'Connell, A.B., is Arch-hop of Boston.

One of the liveliest of the Catholic week-s is the *Indiana Catholic and Record*, offi-l organ of the diocese of Indianapolis. is edited by Joseph P. O'Mahony, for-erly a political writer for Indianapolis wspapers and before that a reporter in ltimore. O'Mahony's connection with ous journalism has in no whit lessened s interest in politics nor his curiously dent devotion to the Republican party—a evotion equalled, but not surpassed, by his nglophobia. Even during the World War, hen the hands-across-the-sea buncombe as sedulously fostered, his paper was vio-ently acrimonious in all its references to ritain, the accursed enemy of his native reland. It is a rare issue of the *Indiana atholic and Record* that does not contain catalogue of the iniquities of the League f Nations, the World Court, and the Democratic party. O'Mahony has long been an ardent admirer of the Hon. Jim Watson, currently a Senator from the State of Indiana and an aspirant to the Presi-dency. During Jim's hide-and-seek with the Klan in late years, and particularly at the time it was trying to nominate him for Vice-President at Cleveland in 1924, this devotion has been somewhat embarrassing to O'Mahony. At one time he went to the extreme length of publishing an editorial intimating that he was somewhat disap-pointed by the Senator's limber maneuvers. But that was only another "Maggie and I are out" affair.

Of all the Catholic weekly newspapers, the two which most nearly approximate the secular dailies are the Providence *Visi-tor* and the *Tablet* of Brooklyn. They are well-edited, newsful sheets, carefully printed, and showing evidence of editorial discrimination in their display of news. The *Tablet* is edited by a layman; the Providence *Visitor* by a priest. *Our Sunday Visitor* has been alluded to heretofore. It is one of the mysteries of American journal-ism, and its immense circulation can be explained only by assuming a gift for super-salesmanship in its founder, Mon-signor Noll, now Bishop of Fort Wayne. It is produced in one of the finest printing establishments in the United States, but its type-dress and general appearance con-ceal that fact very successfully. Occasion-ally, it prints news items but only to give point to the eloquent expository articles that fill its four meagre pages. Take a typical number:

Page 1 bears a page-line such as the New York *American* might use to announce the solution of the Hall-Mills murder, reading "The Primacy and Infallibility of the Pope." There are nine stories on the page, with headlines reading respectively: "St. Peter Was Certainly First Bishop of Rome," "A Good Exegesis of St. Matthew xvi, 19", "What Protestant Theologians and Leaders Confess", "A Brilliant Confuta-tion of an Anglican Divine", "Scriptural and Patristic Proofs of the Petrine Claim", "Where the Body of St. Peter Now Re-poses", "The Primacy of Peter", "Papal Infallibility—What it Is and What it Is Not", and "The Words 'Peter' and 'Rock' in Six Languages." The story headed "Papal Infallibility—What it Is and What it Is Not" develops on closer inspection to be an address delivered by the late Very Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., before the Young Men's Society Conference, at Shef-field, England. But it is accorded the place of honor on Page 1, as being spot news, so to speak.

Page 2 contains a two-column editorial on "The Pope and His Enemies," which turns out to be an explanation of the theory of the Temporal Power. There are also continuations of two of the articles started on Page 1, and a coupon soliciting offerings "to help lift the debt on the Catechist Mission School." Page 3 is de-voted to one of the familiar question-box departments labeled "Bureau of Informa-tion," and contains also continuations of three of the articles started on Page 1. Page 4, save for two short fillers aggregat-

ing less than half a column, is devoted to continuations of two more Page 1 articles and to a short continuation of the Bureau of Information. There are approximately three columns of advertising, including patent medicines and a classified section. Yet this paper, according to its publishers' sworn statement, has a circulation of more than half a million copies weekly! Certain it is an exceptional Catholic Church door anywhere in these United States at which *Our Sunday Visitor* is not sold after masses on Sunday. It has even penetrated dioceses from which solicitors for other Catholic papers have been chased with bell, book, and candle for daring to poach on the territory of the diocesan organ.

III

Of the weekly reviews, probably *America*, published by the Jesuits in New York, is the best known. Its literary standards are high and it presents a very dignified appearance. According to gossip in circles which should be well informed, the members of the American hierarchy read *America*, and particularly its editorials, far more faithfully and with much greater attention than they read any other publication, Catholic or not. In consequence its editorial favor is widely sought by persons harboring plans needing Catholic support. *America* has been an enthusiastic advocate of the movement to combat bureaucratic centralization at Washington and its editors were denouncing Volsteadism at a time when other Catholic ecclesiastics were prudently watching the weather vanes.

The *Commonweal*, established about two years ago by Michael Williams and a group of Catholic intellectuals calling itself the Calvert Associates, has made a brave effort to build up a review of the arts, literature, and public affairs which will stand comparison with G. K. Chesterton's weekly. There is no official connection between the *Commonweal* and the Catholic Church, the theory being that the publication should be Catholic in philosophy and tone but not a religious journal in the usual sen This lack of official status is both advantage and a handicap. It enables paper to speak its mind more freely th the other Catholic weeklies—although has been rather discreet for the most part but at the same time it robs its utteran of the authority which those of an offic publication would have. The *Commonwe* has demonstrated that there are capab writers on things Catholic in Amer outside the clergy. If it is able to surv the diseases of infancy and become safe self-supporting, it will serve also to pro the existence of a Catholic reading pub in the United States capable, intellectuall of appreciating what it has to offer.

Aside from *America* and the *Commonwea* both commentators on current happe ings, comparable to the *Nation* and *N Republic*, there are numerous other Cath lic publications in the non-newspaper clas There is, for example, the *Catholic World*, monthly edited by the Paulist Fathers New York. It prints fiction occasionall but most of its space is devoted to expos tory articles of rather high merit. The *Sig* published by the Passionists at Union City N. J., has been making strides as a monthl within the past few years and now main tains a literary standard on a par with tha of the *Catholic World*. Then there are such publications as the *Homiletic and Pastora Review* and the *Ecclesiastical Review*, clerica trade journals as their names imply, bu carefully edited and surprisingly interest ing for lay readers. In fact, certain parts o the *Ecclesiastical Review*— for example, th section in which questions relating t dogma and pastoral duties are propounde by priests and answered by learned theo logians—supply the nearest approach t spice or lively controversy in the whole range of the American Catholic press. But unfortunately for Catholic flaming youth, much of this section is printed in Latin.

The primate of Catholic journalism in the United States is the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which had its golden age

the time of Orestes A. Brownson and aintains high literary standards to this y. Changed taste, indeed, has made it a aint reminder of a more profound and utious culture. A glance at its contents ge shows articles entitled "Phases of the cturesque", "Mulier Fortis", "Notes of Pilgrim to Cascia", "The Inspiration of ripture", "The Price of Peace", "Lisieux the Present Day", "In Nature's Realm" nd "Education, Freedom, and Democ-cy."

From these austere heights we descend the *enfant terrible* of American Catholic ournalism, the *Fortnightly Review*, published at St. Louis by Arthur Preuss, a ember of a family which was prominent the early history of Catholic newspaper-om in America. Formerly his paper was alled the *Catholic Fortnightly Review*. The hange was made several years ago, so it is aid, at the urgent request of the Most Rev-end Archbishop of St. Louis, for satisfac-ory archiepiscopal reasons. The *Review*, in s present unchurched form, intersperses nort articles of a really scholarly nature n dogmatic and ritualistic subjects with he most dyspeptic of attacks and criti-isms—levelled impartially at its non-German Catholic contemporaries and at he Masonic order. It is the Jersey mos-uito of current Catholic journalism.

At the other extreme is *Thought*, described as "a quarterly of the sciences and etters", which made its bow last June. The first number was well up to the stand-rd forecast by the selection of the brilliant esuits who make up its board of editors. ts editor-in-chief is the Rev. Wilfrid Par-ons, S.J., who is also editor of *America*. The style of the new quarterly may be sur-nised from the titles of some of its articles: 'The Catholic Church in the United States", a "sesquicentennial essay" by the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday; "Miguel Molinos, Spanish Quietist", by Montgomery Car-nichael; "Fine American Silver of the Sev-enteenth and Eighteenth Centuries", by Marie T.-M. Marique; "Christianity at Lausanne", by William H. McClellan; "The Practical Hygiene of the Church", a rather startling interpretation of the Liturgical Year as a glorification of some of the ideas currently disseminated through Mr. Macfadden's brood of publications, by Richard A. Muttkowski. There is a lengthy and scholarly book-review section and no editorial page. This last lack is an example of artistic restraint probably without precedent in ecclesiastical journalism, Catholic or non-Catholic.

Columbia, the Knights of Columbus magazine, has been mentioned before. Until Myles Connolly took charge of it about two years ago it was a rather scraggly affair, inclined to be overly pietistic and with dubious literary standards. Under the present régime, however, it has blossomed forth amazingly. Occasionally it prints fiction of real merit; its feature articles, while always safely orthodox, are interesting; and its editorials are far above the average. Being the only K. C. publication of national circulation it exercises a far-reaching influence among the Knights.

IV

The majority of the Catholic editors repudiate Volsteadism and all its works and pomps, but most of them are somewhat cautious. The *True Voice*, of Omaha, presents a typical viewpoint, as follows:

> Opponents of the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment now speak of nullification as an easy way to escape the results of the law. Nullification, however, is a rather dangerous way out of a bad situation. It is true that other constitutional amendments are now a dead letter through abandonment of attempts at enforcement. This may happen with Prohibition; but we scarcely expect it. It would leave the liquor traffic without control and this would be worse than our condition before the Volstead Act. Some may say that it would be no worse than our present condition; but that could be disputed. We want no nullification of our Prohibition laws. Modification may be in order, but surely it would be folly to throw away all the restraints that experience has shown to be necessary to lessen the dangers of the traffic in intoxicants.

A more hostile attitude is voiced by the Providence *Visitor*, which thus comments

on the crumbs of encouragement to be gleaned by the wets from the public indignation that greeted President Coolidge's ukase authorizing the appointment of municipal and State officials as Federal agents:

> It's too bad the public wasn't on to its job eight years ago. A little clear thinking about the whole Prohibition business at the start might have prevented the constitutional tangle that we have got into. As a matter of fact, the better instructed lawyers knew that the Prohibition Amendment never would fit into the then existing plan of American government. It was bound to create the situation that it has done, wherein its enforcement means violation of the American civic creed. The time has come when something must be done to break up a situation that is wholly intolerable. Prohibition is a colossal failure. Its enforcement has begotten evils that will be felt long after this generation has passed away. Every day of its existence adds to and aggravates the evil. Let's have an end of it.

When the Hon. William E. Borah, of Idaho, went into the Realm of Georgia and addressed the Protestant Ministers Association of that State on Prohibition Enforcement, he aroused the ire of the *Catholic Union and Times*, which is published by a company of which Bishop Turner is president. It declared that "one may believe that the Senator from Idaho is merely working up sentiment in behalf of himself for the day when the American people will have to choose the twenty-ninth President of the United States," and went on:

> Like all drys, Senator Borah makes the Eighteenth Amendment the Constitution of the United States. Why did he not, we ask, tell his audience that the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Amendments, which have been nullified by the action of the South, are just as important a part of the same Constitution as the Eighteenth? Why did he not call their attention to the fact that in all probability the North, which is asking for the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, has been spurred on by the Southern States that have rendered the enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments impossible?

And from the capital city of the Hoosier Satrapy of the Invisible Empire comes the following in the *Indiana Catholic and Record:*

> According to literature issued by the dry forces, Prohibition is probably the livest question in the country today. It hasn't been more than two years since the same dry forces were telling the nation that the liquor question was as dead as slavery. We, too, believe in the resurrection of the dead.

Such are some typical expressions Catholic editorial opinion on Prohibiti A slightly different viewpoint is p sented by the *Messenger*, official organ the diocese of Belleville, Ill., which quo with approval an excerpt from resoluti adopted by the German Catholic Cent Verein, as follows:

> In no wise do we advocate the return of what ha been termed the American saloon. Nor do we cor done the evils which have grown out of the nor observance of the law, while we would wish t see the vendors of poisonous potions prosecuted vigorously and punished severely. Nor should an citizen abet their actions or condone them.

But broadly speaking, it may be sa that the Catholic press of the Unit States is opposed to Prohibition. Th opposition is reflected in countless edit rials, ranging from the well-written on of *America* to the ungrammatical protes of the humble parish bi-weeklies. There a two important reasons for this oppositio In the first place, Prohibition does violen to Catholic philosophy, which fixes ind vidual responsibility far more definite than does that of any of the so-called pr vate-interpretation denominations. It is th Catholic viewpoint that all of man's natu ral appetites may be gratified within lim its, but that each individual is responsibl to the Almighty for abuses. The secon reason is the extremely practical one tha the Church has learned by bitter and costl experience that attempts to enforce mora laws through the police won't work. Thi latter reason may be only subconsciousl in the minds of some of the Catholic edi tors, but it is important. Furthermore, th Church has never catalogued gloom as a virtue. These factors, and not the multi plicity of Irish Catholic saloon-keepers in pre-Volstead days, are responsible for the coolness of the Catholic papers toward Prohibition.

As I have said, there are exceptions. One is afforded by the *Record* of Louisville. This paper is the official organ of the diocese of Louisville and of Col. Patrick H. Callahan, an eminent manufacturer of varnish and amateur publicist. It was Colonel Callahan

ıo rushed to the Fundamentalist *auto-fé* at Dayton, Tenn., in 1925 to assure s friend, the late William Jennings Bryan, at American Catholic opinion supported e latter's theology. A year before that olonel Callahan, through the courtesy of r. Bryan, had appeared before the com-ittee on resolutions of the Democratic ational Convention in New York to sure it that the Catholics of the United ates did not want the Democrats to nounce the Ku Klux Klan. And he has en active more recently, as is evidenced y an editorial in the *Catholic Observer* of ittsburgh:

> Three different persons have written in to ask us if we had seen a recent article in the Louisville *Record*, official organ of the diocese of Louisville, in which it was stated that a priest in Governor Al Smith's party to the Eucharistic Congress "attempted to stage a demonstration" in behalf of the Governor in Chicago, but that the affair "fell flat". The *Record* is edited by Benedict Elder, close friend and associate of Col. P. H. Callahan and a highly capable gentleman, and if he printed such a story it is safe to assume that he considered its source trustworthy. Colonel Callahan, in the voluminous correspondence with which he favors this office and several hundred others, has frequently made the statement that there is more intolerance and bitterness between the wets and drys than between Catholics and anti-Catholics. The Smith story in the Colonel's own official organ would seem to bear him out. Frankly, we would like to hear Colonel Callahan's opinion of Governor Smith. Everybody already knows that the Colonel prefers William Gibbs McAdoo to Governor Smith—a preference which he has every right to own or display whenever or wherever he chooses—at National Democratic Conventions, for instance. Does the Colonel prefer Wayne B. Wheeler to Smith, or "Honorarium" Upshaw from Georgia, or "Pussyfoot" Johnson, or Richmond Pearson Hobson, who cashed in handsomely to the tune of $171,000 for his work on behalf of the great cause of the Anti-Saloon League? Do not the Wheelers, Upshaws, Johnsons, Hobsons, etc., occupy a warm spot in the Colonel's heart at the same time that a paper which is undoubtedly close to the Colonel's control prints the above story about Governor Smith and the supposed priest who tried to "stage a demonstration" in behalf of the Governor? Who was the priest, Colonel? Who were some of the other witnesses? Had a priest attempted to stage a "demonstration" in behalf of the ultra-dry Senator Walsh of Montana, and had the demonstration fallen flat, would there have been room for that "news" in the official organ of the Diocese of Louisville?

The Catholic press has progressed immeasurably during the past decade and most of that progress has coincided with the existence of the N. C. W. C. News Service. This organization—a department and subsidiary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference—now serves eighty Catholic newspapers. Its sixty-seven subscribers in the Continental United States include every English language Catholic publication which pretends to supply news to its readers. The service is not intended for the literary reviews, the monthlies, and the other publications which do not class themselves as newspapers, although some of them subscribe for purposes of current information. The news service is not a "hand-out" or publicity organization. Its subscribers pay for what they get.

V

More than 35,000 words are sent out by the organization to its papers each week. The great bulk of this matter is in the form of mimeographed copy and of a clip-sheet, but there is also a supplementary daily wire service—embryonic as yet. Each week headquarters in Washington receives approximately 1000 words by cable from its correspondents in Rome, Paris, London, and Dublin. From Washington this cable service is distributed through an ingenious combination of mail and telegraph to the fifteen or twenty papers which subscribe for it. On special occasions the volume of news carried runs much higher. Prior to and during the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, the N. C. W. C. Service sent out more than 85,000 words on this event, and more than 50,000 of the total were sent out of Chicago during the week of the Congress.

Supplementing the strictly news features of the service are a monthly editorial service of about 5000 words, made up of feature articles, editorials on national topics, book reviews, a bi-weekly dramatic letter by R. Dana Skinner during the Winter months, a bi-weekly motion picture letter, and a weekly Washington letter, purporting to give an authoritative analysis of all governmental doings of

interest to Catholics. Fortunately for the service, the administrative committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference selected the Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg, as chairman of its press department. He is a man of learning, great sincerity and sound judgment.

So much for the merits of the N. C. W. C. News Service. Its weaknesses are those forced upon it by the character of its clién-tèle. At the outset, the rule was laid down by those who founded and endowed the service—the members of the Catholic hierarchy composing the National Catholic Welfare Conference—that only such news as had a direct Catholic interest could be carried. Many of the evil results which might be expected from such a rule have been avoided because of the wisdom used in selecting the director of the service, Justin McGrath, a capable newspaper man of wide experience, and in addition an executive of ability and tact. This last named attribute has been one which has been called into play many times since he assumed his position. For the gentleman between the devil and the deep blue sea was in no more ticklish position than that occupied by a newspaper man who tries to run a news service for employers who know next to nothing about newspapers and to sell his service to editors who, in the vast majority of cases, knew less. But Mr. McGrath has made good progress in the face of indifference, non-coöperation and thinly veiled hostility, coupled with petty carping and ignorant criticism that have moved several of his associates to throw up their hands in disgust. He has been rewarded by seeing among his subscribers a gradual growth in the ability to distinguish between a news story and an editorial. When the service was organized in 1920 there was hardly a Catholic newspaper whose make-up and general appearance did not excite the contempt of newspaper men. But for six years, now, the Catholic editors have been seeing news stories written in news form, carefully edited copy, and balanced headlines in the N. C. W. C. clip-sheet, and results beginning to appear.

However, the handicap imposed by prescription of "Catholic interests" mains and until it is removed the Catho papers cannot be more than supplements the secular dailies. Thus the question ari among their editors whether they sho change their fundamental policy and tempt to supply their readers with secu as well as religious news—as do the re gious dailies abroad and the Catholic f eign language dailies in the United States or remain as they are. As things stand, th are obviously somewhat lopsided. A p son relying for his knowledge of pub affairs upon his Catholic weekly exc sively might well conceive a revision of t tariff as an attempt to change the duties church bells or prayer-books; he might vi ualize Prohibition enforcement as an a tempt to regulate the distribution of alt wine; and to him, a Presidential inaugur tion might be an account of the doings Catholic nuns or priests who happened t view the procession.

Of course, the dissemination of gener news cannot be effected by weekly paper If the present policy is changed it mean just one thing—Catholic dailies in all the larger centers. That this possibility i in the minds of some editors is indicated b an article by Kevin Gavan in *America* Here are his concluding paragraphs:

> If the influence of the Catholic newspapers in the United States is to become what it could become, we will see Catholic dailies in several cities within the next decade or so. A brave start has been made by the *Daily American Tribune* of Dubuque, in a territory relatively poor in opportunities for such enterprise. That this paper has been able to exist at all indicates that a Catholic daily is not chimerical and could be profitable in some sections of the country. Possibly there are weighty and just reasons why Catholic dailies would be undesirable in the United States. If the authorities of the Church do not desire them, undoubtedly they will not be established; or if established they cannot prosper. Perhaps American conditions of life are not deemed adapted to a daily religious press.

This is very cautious stuff. But the idea will not down.

EDITORIAL

One of the crying needs of the time, in this imperial Republic, is for a suave and soothing burial service r the admittedly damned. I speak as one ho has of late attended the funeral orgies several such gentlemen, each time to y æsthetic distress. The first of them, aving a great abhorrence of rhetoric, left rders that not a word was to be said. The sult was two gruesome moments: when x of us walked into his house in utter lence and carried him out, and when we oved him, in the same silence, into the ematory. The whole business was somew unnatural and even a shade indecent: seemed a brutal thing to dispatch so harming a fellow in so cavalier a fashion. he second funeral was even worse. The eceased was a Socialist of the militantly nti-clerical variety, and threatened, on is death-bed, to spout obscenities from is coffin if a clergyman were admitted to he house of mourning. His widow accordingly asked two of his Socialist friends o address the assemblage. Unluckily, both f them were in their cups, and their harangues, in consequence, were very painful. One of them traced the career of Karl Marx in immense detail; the other, after first denouncing Dr. Coolidge, read half a dozen cantos of dreadful poetry out of the *Freethinker*. The third funeral was conducted by the Freemasons, who came in plug hats and with white aprons over their cow-catchers. Their burial service was long, and full of pseudo-theological fustian. As for me, I'd rather have been planted by a Swedenborgian, whiskers and all. Or even by a mullah of the Ethical Culture Society.

What is needed, and what I bawl for politely, is a service that is free from the pious but unsupported asseverations that revolt so many of our best minds, and yet happily graceful and consoling. It will be very hard, I grant you, to concoct anything as beautiful as the dithyrambs in the Book of Common Prayer. Who wrote them originally I don't know, but whoever did it was a poet. They put the highly improbable into amazingly luscious words, and the palpably not-true into words even more caressing and disarming. It is impossible to listen to them, when they are intoned by a High Church rector of sepulchral gifts, without harboring a sneaking wish that, by some transcendental magic, they could throw off their poetical character and take on the dignity and reliability of prose—in other words, that the departed could be actually imagined as leaping out of the grave on the Last Morn, his split colloids all restored to their pristine complexity, his clothes neatly scoured and pressed, and every molecule of him thrilling with a wild surmise. I have felt this wish at the funerals of many virtuous and earnest brethren, whose sole sin was their refusal to swallow such anecdotes as the one in II Kings II, 23–24. It seems a pity that men of that sort should be doomed to Hell, and it seems an even greater pity that they should be laid away to the banal chin-music of humorless Freemasons and stewed Socialists.

But, so far as I know, no suitable last rites for them have ever been drawn up. Between the service in the Book of Common Prayer (and its analogues, nearly all of them greatly inferior) and the maudlin mortuary dialogues of the Freemasons, Ku Kluxers, Knights of Pythias and other such foes to beauty there is absolutely nothing. Even the professional agnostics, who are violently literary, have never produced anything worthy to be con-

sidered: their best is indistinguishable from the text of a flag-drill or high-school pageant. Thus the average American skeptic, when his time comes to return to earth, is commonly knocked off with what, considering his prejudices, may be best described as a razzing. His widow, disinclined to risk scandal by burying him without any ceremonies at all, calls in the nearest clergyman, and the result is a lamentable comedy, creditable neither to honest faith nor to honest doubt. More than once, in attendance upon such an affair, I have observed a sardonic glitter in the eye of the pastor, especially when he came to the unequivocal statement that the deceased would infallibly rise again. Did he secretly doubt it? Or was he poking fun at a dead opponent, now persuaded of the truth of revelation at last? In either case there was something unpleasant in the spectacle. A suitable funeral service for doubters, full of lovely poetry but devoid of any specific pronouncement on the subject of a future life, would make such unpleasantnesses unnecessary.

We have the poets for the job, and I incline to suspect that their private theological ideas fit them for it. Skepticism, in fact, runs with their trade. Most Americans, as everyone knows, give their ecclesiastical affiliations in "Who's Who in America"—especially Congressmen, pedagogues, bank presidents and uplifters. But not the poets. The sole exception, so far as I can make out, is Vachel Lindsay, who reports that he is a member of the "Christian (Disciples) Church," a powerful sect in the No-More-Scrub-Bulls Belt. Even Edgar Albert Guest is silent on the subject, though he mentions the fact that he is a 33° Mason. Frost, George Sterling, Robinson, Sandburg and Masters keep suspiciously mum. I suggest that they meet in some quiet saloon and draw up the ritual I advocate. Let Masters be chairman of the committee: he is a lawyer as well as a poet, and may be trusted to keep within the statutes. And let Sterling be the boss consultor.

II

There is some need, too, for a marri service for the damned; and at diffe times attempts have been made to sup it. But all such works seem to emar from Radicals showing a characteri lack of humor—and humor is as necess to a marriage service as poetry is t funeral service: a fact that the ass authors of the Book of Common Pra did not overlook. However, the need H is not pressing, for in most Ameri States civil marriage is sufficient, heretics may be safely united with going before a rhetorician at all. Co clerks and police magistrates perform job, mumbling unintelligibly out of mysterious book, perhaps only a sto Gideon Bible, hollowed to hold cigarett The main thing is to pay the fee. Marria after midnight cost double, and if t bridegroom has the fumes of wine in head he is apt to lose his watch as well his liberty.

There are, as I say, marriage servic drawn up by antinomians for the use unbelievers, but they are full of distressi defects. Their lack of humor I have me tioned. Still worse, they are full of i dignation—against the promise to obe against the common theory that a wife bound to give some supervision to h husband's household, against the co vention that she shall adopt his surnam It is hard to give serious attention to suc grim notions at a time immemoriall viewed as festive and jocose. One hear frequently of wedding guests getting tigh not long ago a Methodist pastor in Mis souri was protesting against it publicly But when they are drawn into sociologica controversy it is too much. Such revolu tionary wedding services, in point of fact have never gained much popularity. Nov and then a pair of Socialists resorts to one but even Socialists appear to prefer th harsh, mechanical offices of a court clerk

Nor is there any active demand for non-theological christening service. I an

istantly amazed, as a bachelor, by the mber of children growing up, in these noclastic modern days, without any mal naming at all. Not only do heretics irn the ceremony; even professing Chris- ns often neglect it. In my own nonage ictically all babies, at least of the more pectable tribes of the race, were chris- ied. There was a general feeling that ling to put them through was, in some scure way, a tort against them—that it ould bring them bad luck, and perhaps id to legal difficulties in after life. It is believed to this day nearly everywhere Europe, and for sound reasons. When- er a citizen in those decaying lands mes into contact with the state, which very often, its agents demand his bap- smal certificate as well as his birth certifi- te. So far, the imbeciles at Washington ave not come to that, but it must be plain iat they will come to it soon or late, and hen the time is finally upon us there will e trouble for all those Americanos whose aming is now trusted to acclamation. hey will have to dig up senile aunts and ncles, and produce affidavits that they ere known to everyone as so-and-so at me date far in the past, just as they now ave to get such affidavits, more often than ot, when they want passports. The ureaucracy grinds slowly, but it grinds xceeding fine. Recruited from the men- ally deficient, it runs to circular insanities. et it be proved tomorrow that some John oe, suspected of favoring the recognition f Russia, was actually baptized Johannes, nd it will be sufficient excuse for requiring ll of us to prove that we are legally en- itled to the names we sign to checks.

III

But all these are side issues. The main thing is that the poets, though most of them seem to have departed from the precincts and protection of Holy Church and her schismatic colonies—since when has a first-rate American poet written a hymn? —have failed, so far, to rise to the occasion when, even among heretics, poets are most pressingly needed. I have suggested that they meet in one of their temples and remedy the lack gloriously, but I don't insist, of course, that their service for the doubting dead be wholly original. The authors of the Book of Common Prayer, though they were poets of great talent, certainly did not trust only to their private inspiration. They borrowed copiously from the old missals, and they borrowed, too, directly from Holy Writ. What they concocted finally was a composite, but it was very discreetly and delicately put together, and remains impregnable to this day, despite many furious efforts to embellish and undo it.

All I propose is that the committee of poets imitate them, but with an avoidance of strophes objectionable in doctrine. Isn't there material enough in the books? There is enough, and to spare. I point to the works of Walt Whitman, now at last passing freely through the mails—to those parts, of course, of a non-erotic and non-political nature. I point to certain memorable stanzas of William Cullen Bryant. I point to Blake, Tennyson, Milton, Shelley, Keats, even Swinburne: what gaudy stuff for the purpose is in "Ave Atque Vale," "Tristram of Lyonesse" and "Atlanta in Calydon!" There is here a sweet soothing, a healing reassurance, a divine booziness —in brief, all the stuff of A No. 1 poetry. It would bring comfort, I believe, to many a poor widow who now groans as the Freemasons intone their balderdash or blushes as a Socialist orator criticises Omnipotence for permitting stock dividends—it would bring her a great deal more comfort, certainly, than the positive statement, made defiantly by the unwilling rector of the parish, that her departed John, having been colloidal and imperfect, has now become gaseous and immortal. Such a libretto for the unescapable last act would be humane and valuable. I renew my suggestion that the poets fall upon it at once. H. L. M.

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

Floyd Oberholzer was just opening up the drug-store when Gerald came.

"Hello, Gerald. Want something?"

"I come to start in working."

"This morning!" Floyd was startled. "Why, school can't be over yet, is it? What is this—Wednesday?"

"Yes, but we got done with our tests yesterday, all but arithmetic, and I didn't have to take that."

"Oh, you didn't have to take that?" Floyd repeated vaguely. "Well, you come into the store and we'll see what there is for you to do."

Gerald followed him into the drug-store.

Floyd looked around somewhat helplessly. It was only a few months since he and Lois had bought this little business in Independenceville. They knew what to do themselves, but it was a different matter setting someone else to work. They hadn't expected Gerald so soon, or wanted him. Two or three months ago, he had come into the store to ask if he couldn't have a job, and because they hated to turn the kid away—it wasn't very long after the accident in which his father had been killed—Floyd had told him: "Well, you come around when school's out. Maybe we can find something then." And now he was here.

"Well, you're starting in early," Floyd said to him. "You've beat my wife—she isn't in the store yet. Well, I don't know, Gerald—I guess you might as well sweep out, the first thing." He remembered then that Lois had swept the store before they closed last night; the boys had left so many cigarette stubs around. But he guessed it could stand it again. It would keep Ger busy while Floyd decided what to h him do.

"All right," Gerald answered sober "Where do you keep your broom?"

"Right out there in the back, Gera See—I'll show you. Then you'll kn where it is."

Gerald started in to sweep the wood floor with awkward, scowling concentr tion. His back was stooped and inte He took long hard strokes, trying to d good job of it. Floyd looked at him, a then turned and went scuttling up t stairs.

"Hey—Lois!" he called softly.

"'Smatter, pop?"

Lois, still in her bungalow apron, ca to the door of the kitchen. The Oberhol ers were living over the drug-store.

"Say, that kid's here."

"What kid?"

"Gerald Rayburn. He's come to start i working. Seems awful anxious to begi What in the dickens shall I have him do?"

"You're a fine boss!" Lois began t laugh. "What's he doing now—standin in the middle of the floor and sucking h thumb?"

"I've got him sweeping."

"Why, I swept last night, you idiot!"

"Well, I know you did, but I forgot it I didn't want to tell him to stand around He goes at it like a little beaver. Yo ought to watch him. Oh, I suppose th kid *is* anxious to start in earning."

Lois didn't know what to say.

"You come down," said Floyd, "an tell him about the soda-fountain. That' your end of the business."

"Oh, it is, is it? All right, I'll come own and give the boss's orders since he oesn't know what they are himself," she plied with mock commiseration, and nched Floyd's ear.

"Well, gosh, I didn't expect that kid ie minute school let out! Most kids aren't iat anxious to go to work. Isn't this the ay they have the school picnic? Why, ire—that's why we got that pop."

He started down the stairs and then vent back to the next-to-the-top step and tood frowning uncertainly.

"Think we can really use him, Lois?"

"Well, I guess we've got him, anyway!"

"I know we'll have to have somebody, out he's such a kid. I don't know——"

Lois said hastily: "Oh well, let's try im. You told him he could come. I feel o sorry for that family."

"Well, so do I. But then . . . Well, all ight. . . ."

Floyd left it at that, and scuttled down he stairs again. Lois went back to the kitchen which she herself had painted blue and white, with figured curtains, changing it from the gloomy old hole that the Tewkesburys had left it, to a gay new room. She hated to leave this beloved little place to go and help Floyd in the store. Now that they had hired just a little boy to help them for the Summer, she supposed she would have to be downstairs most of the time. She almost wished she hadn't told Floyd to keep Gerald. Well, if Gerald couldn't do the work, he'd have to go, that was all.

"All right, Gerald," Floyd went into the store saying loudly and cheerfully. "Finished that? Well, then, I guess you'd better——" His eyes, quickly roving, caught sight of the magazine rack. "I guess you'd better straighten up those magazines. Folks take 'em out and read 'em all through and then put 'em back."

"All right."

Floyd whistled as he took the long gray cambric covers off the tables in the middle of the room, where boxes of gilt-edged correspondence cards and leather-bound copies of the works of Edgar Guest had to be displayed until the graduating exercises were over. Gerald went at his work with such silent concentration that it almost embarrassed Floyd.

"What do you want I should do next?"

"Oh, well . . . Guess maybe I better show you about these cigarettes and tobacco. That's probably what they'll be after first. I'll show you how we've got things marked."

"All right."

Lois came down. Floyd gave her an expressive look and nodded toward Gerald. "He's right at it!" Certainly the boy seemed to be trying hard. His freckled face with the crop of red hair was surly with concentration. Floyd couldn't help remembering that he was just a kid and too young to be starting in to work in earnest. He was quite willing to give up his charge and let Lois initiate him into the mysteries of the new white soda-fountain which they had installed in place of the cracked, lugubrious onyx splendor of an earlier day. Gerald stood silently beside Lois, bashfully aware of her bobbed hair and her plump white arms, answering dutifully: "Yes, ma'am."

"You can watch me this morning, Gerald, and run some errands, maybe. Wash up the glasses. Do the dirty work—how's that?"

"Yes, ma'am."

He was a little clumsy, partly out of bashfulness, but so serious and determined that Lois thought: "Goodness, I wonder if it'll last!" She wanted to give him all the help he needed, but she didn't quite know what to make of his surly little face. He hated to ask her questions, and several times she had to say, "Oh, not like that, Gerald!"

II

"Gee, that was an awful thing to happen to that family!" Floyd said to Lois in the back room of the store, where he had gone to look for a special package of hog medicine ordered by old Gus Reinbeck. "I

think this kid kind of realizes, don't you?"

"Have they got anything, do you suppose?"

"A little insurance, they say, and that house, but not much more than to keep them until this boy can start earning."

"The mother can earn something herself, I should think," Lois said rather defiantly. *She* worked.

"Yes, but with three kids to look after. . . . And anyway, what is there for a woman to do in a burg like this except take in washing?"

"Well, maybe."

Back door and front of the store were open, and through the shimmery blackness of the back screen the garden was green and fresh. A tin cup hung on an old-fashioned pump under the vines. Gerald looked longingly at the boards of the platform, wet with spilled water. There was city water in the soda-fountain, but the pump looked so much cooler out there. "Run out and get a drink if you want to, Gerald," Lois told him. "I always go out there for my water. It's fun to work the pump." Boys never could see a pump or a drinking fountain or even a hydrant without being consumed with thirst, she knew. Lois liked boys. Gerald made her think of her kid brother. It was a shame he had to go to work. She wanted to reassure him somehow, to rumple his red hair or pat his shoulder. But she must remember that they were hiring him. They couldn't afford to keep him out of pity. Beside, he seemed determined to evade all personal advances and stuck doggedly to work. Maybe the kid was miserable at missing that picnic.

It was getting hot in town. Cars began to rattle and whir down the street, and in a few moments Louie Grossman's big red truck drove up to the side door of the drug-store.

"Hey, Floyd! Got the pop?"

"Got the pop? You bet I've got the pop. You want it now?"

"Sure do, if it's goin' on this picnic."

"All right, sir! Want to come and help me take it out, Gerald?"

"All right."

Gerald went with Floyd into the bar room of the store, bright and cool a scattered with light from the green leav outside. He tugged at one end of the b pop case, and helped Floyd carry it outsi and shove it into the truck.

"Now, another one, Gerald."

"All right."

"Well, the kids oughtn't to get thirs today," Floyd said.

"No, they sure got plenty. What a you doing, Gerald?" Louie asked. "Ain you going to the picnic?"

"I got to work," Gerald answere He went back into the store. The tw men looked after him.

"He workin' for you now, Floyd?"

"Guess so. It looks like it. He came th morning."

"Goes at it pretty good, don't he?"

"Yes, he seems to be willing. He pretty young, but then . . . Where the going for the picnic today, Louie?"

"Out to Bailey's Creek. You ever bee there?"

"Not yet. Mighty pretty place, I guess," he added.

"Yes, but it ain't much of a road."

"Well, don't tip 'em out, Louie."

"No, I'll try and keep the old bus i her tracks."

Louie started the noisy engine of th big truck. It went roaring up the stree between green lawns and white houses an pink peonies, to where the school chil dren, boys in freshly ironed blouses an girls in summery dresses, waited in a flock under the elms of the school-yard . . . ther out, spinning down the graveled highway between freshly planted fields, turning into the little woods road, narrow and rutted, where the children had to bend their heads under the switch of honey locusts that left small white petals in their sun-warmed hair . . . on into the depths of green woods through the heart of which the shining creek was flowing . . .

Lois had come to the doorway to watch the truck leave.

'I wouldn't mind going to a picnic my- on a day like this," she murmured.

When she went back into the store, she oked curiously at Gerald. It gave her a ilty feeling, wholly unreasonable, to ve him at work in their store today ien it was a holiday for all the other ildren. But he had come of his own cord. They hadn't told him to do it.

"Did your sisters go on the picnic, erald?" she asked.

"Yes, *they* went," he answered, rather ghtingly.

"How many have you, Gerald? Just anita and Betty?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you're the only boy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You could have started in tomorrow st as well, Gerald."

He did not answer.

III

he bright morning grew hotter and hot- er, until to enter the drug-store from the laring cement outside was like going into cool, clean-scented cavern. The regular et of loafers drifted in, asked for tobacco, nd stayed, sitting on the white-topped tools at the soda fountain and trying to e facetious with Gerald. "Well, you got new clerk?" everyone who came in de- anded. It was a new joke every time. n an interval of no customers, Lois tooped down and drew out a pale green ottle frosted over with cold moisture rom the case under the counter. It was till a treat to her to think she owned a tore.

"I'm going to try some of this new lime tuff," she said. "See how it tastes. Don't you want the other straw, Gerald?"

"No, I guess not," he answered bash- fully.

There was a glint of longing and reluc- tance in his eyes. But Lois thought: Maybe I oughtn't to start offering him things and being too easy with him. After all, Floyd was paying him to help them, and it wasn't her fault that his father had been killed. They were doing the best they could for him by letting him have a job. When, later, she decided to try one of those chocolates Floyd had ordered from a new traveling man, she turned her back while she nibbled it and wiped her fingers on the scrap of oiled paper in which it had been wrapped. Running the business all by themselves was still an adventure to the young Oberholzers; but even now they had run up against the fact more than once that it wasn't just a game. They had halfway discovered the meaning of that term—"If you want to do business——" Lois couldn't pick out from the traveling man's stock the delicately scented toilet waters that she herself liked, but had to choose the red and green brands with big gaudy flowers on the labels that the girls here in town would buy—the kind that "went." She had had to freeze out old Bart Bailey who came in every morning to read the paper and the detective magazines he had no money to buy, and left dirty thumb marks on all the pages.

Noon came with the shriek of the whistle from the power-house, with the noise of cars being started and of the men driving home to dinner.

"When does your mamma expect you home for dinner, Gerald?" Lois asked.

"Oh, I guess it don't matter," Gerald mumbled bashfully.

"Didn't you tell her when you'd come?"

"No, ma'am."

They let him go; but if they kept him in the store, he would have to go later and let them have their dinner at noon. That was one reason why they wanted help. He was back in good time. "Well, didn't take *you* long to eat your dinner!" Floyd said. But maybe it wasn't a good thing to act surprised at his promptness. It would wear off soon enough, if they could infer anything from their experiences with Marcelle Johnston, who had pre- tended to work for them for three weeks in the Winter.

At intervals during the afternoon, Floyd

and Lois reported to each other. "We're going to have an awful time teaching him to make a decent sundae. He doesn't catch on any too fast, but he seems to be willing to do whatever you tell him." Whether they wanted to keep him or no, it was evident that he meant to stay. He wanted the job. His surly little freckled face scarcely relaxed into a smile even when there was a dog fight outside and Miss Angie Robinson's little poodle sent that big hound of Ole Swanson's off yelping. He went at whatever he was told to do with dogged earnestness, although he didn't see things for himself. He said "Yes, ma'am" with sober respect; but he would ask: "What's the price of this here kind of tobacco, Lois?" and say to customers: "No, Floyd ain't in just now, he went over to the depot." As the afternoon wore along, his freckled face grew flushed. "Does it seem like a long day, Gerald?" Lois asked him once. He admitted: "Kind of. Not so very."

Late in the afternoon, the picnic trucks came rattling into town with all the children disheveled and shouting. A few moments afterwards, a group of girls came bursting into the store. Their bright-colored Summer dresses were wrinkled, their bobs were wildly rumpled, their tired eyes were shining.

"Oh gee, but we're thirsty! We're just dying! Oh, look at Gerald Rayburn! Are you working in here, Gerald?"

"Yes, didn't you know he was?" his young sister Juanita asked. "We want six bottles of pop, Gerald," she ordered airily.

"Have you got any money?"

"Yes, I have!"

"Where'd you get it then?" he demanded suspiciously.

"None of your business, Mr. Smarty! I guess it's not yours, is it?"

A bright pink flared up in Juanita's cheeks. Her eyes sparkled angrily. She was a pretty child, with red hair, like Gerald's, blazing out in a fuzzy aureole around her freckled face. She flounced down into one of the white chairs. "We want a table, don't we, kids? We don't want to sit the fountain, like the boys." When G ald brought the six cold red bottles ca fully toppling on the tray, she lifted little chin and disdained to look at hi

"You needn't think because I'm wo ing here, you can come in and order wh you want," he told her.

"Shut up!" she whispered furiously

Her eyes were brighter still with tea Mamma had given her the nickel for he ing with the ironing yesterday afterno instead of going off with the girls. S had given it to her for ironing Julie Bro son's pink chemise, with all the lace, beautifully. It was none of Gerald's bu ness what she did with it! She said to t other girls, with flashing eyes and quiv ing lips:

"He thinks he's so smart now just B cause he's starting in to work and Bett and I aren't. You'd just think he *owned* to hear the way he talks. I don't care. guess he isn't the only one who does an thing. I guess I do lots of things. I'd lik to see Gerald Rayburn ever wash th dishes!"

She stuck two straws into her bottle strawberry pop and sucked it all up def antly. Maybe she ought to have saved he nickel, but Gerald had no right trying t boss her in front of all the girls.

He told her, when she was leaving th store:

"You needn't go running around now you can go home and help mamma."

"You keep still!" She threw her nickl down with a ring on the white counter the soda fountain. "I guess you aren't m boss *yet!*"

"That's all right, I know what I'm talk ing about."

"That's right, Gerald," old Hod Brum skill shouted, with humorous approval "You make the womenfolks mind you Ain't that so, boys?"

"You tell 'em it's so!"

They laughed loudly; and then, clus tered together with their arms on the glass counter, that had a sign in red letters "Do

t lean!", they tore open their packages bitter-scented tobacco and began to k in lowered voices about the Rayburn nily: how it had been "left," how it t along, about the tragic death of Frank yburn, still disputing over the minutiæ that event which they had never yet en able to settle, although nearly a year d passed since the thing happened. Well, I never could understand how a lla like that, that was used to climbin' l over everywhere, come to fall off that dder like that——." "Why, he just nda stepped backward-like—I s'pose he rgot maybe where he was at——." Some says the ladder broke and let him own." "Naw, the ladder didn't *break*." Well, was it true he'd been out drinkin' ie night before? That's how I heard it." Naw, he hadn't been out drinkin' the ight *before*." "Well, I can't figger ut——." "Why, he just kinda stepped ackwards——" It was terrible, they all greed with solemn faces, to think that oor little woman should have been left ith those three children, although there as dispute again about how much they ad been left *with*. Some said they "had omething," some said they "had noth-ng". She was a nice woman. Yes, and he was a good-looking woman, too . . . nd then they drew closer together, and ne of them said something about "Art ox," and their voices broke into a laugh nd a snicker.

Gerald was washing glasses at the soda-ountain. His freckled face flushed a dull ed, and when they snickered he looked ver at them furiously. He had a notion f what they were saying. When they assed him, leaving the store, they praised im loudly and self-consciously.

"Well, Gerald, you're all right, ain't ou? Takin' right a-hold!"

"You bet he's all right."

"Well, Gerald's the man now, ain't that o, Gerald! He's the one."

"That's right."

The six o'clock whistle blew.

Gerald looked about hesitatingly for Floyd. Finally he went out to the back room of the store to find him.

"Shall I go now? The whistle blew."

"Yes, sure, you go along now, Gerald. I wasn't paying any attention."

Floyd was busy over some boxes on the floor. Gerald hesitated. His face was red. He wanted to ask if he had "done all right." But he was ashamed. Finally he blurted:

"Do you want I should come back tomorrow morning?"

Floyd was still busy over the boxes. Gerald waited.

"Yes, you come back in the morning, Gerald," Floyd answered cheerfully.

IV

Gerald got out of the store as fast as he could. How bright the street seemed outside, and how fresh the air was! He felt as if he had been smelling camphor and perfumes all his life. He had a job! It seemed to him that everyone must know. He wanted people to ask him what he had been doing, it made him feel proud and important; although when Mr. Baird, the minister, who had been in the store earlier in the day, greeted him with: "Well, is the day's work over, young man?" he was suddenly too bashful to do more than grunt in answer. He walked soberly down the main street, and broke into a run as he cut across the corner.

His feet burned. It was hard to stand all day like that, although he had told Lois he didn't mind it. He grew hot all over when he thought of the mistakes he had made. But the ache that had seemed lodged in his chest somewhere, ever since the day when his father was buried and all the relatives had all told him: "Well, you'll have to look after your mamma now, Gerald, won't you?"—when his mother cried and clung to him that night—that ache was strangely eased. He was earning money. He could take care of his mother. It humiliated him that his mother should have to be doing the washing for other

people, although it was only some of their neighbors; but she wouldn't have to do it always. He had not heard more than a few words of what those men in the drug-store were saying. But at the thought—the very suspicion of it—his mind felt hot and sore. If they'd been saying anything about his mother, they'd be sorry for it. He'd—he didn't know just what—but anyway, they'd better look out!

The new little semi-bungalow house looked bleak and desolate. It had been that way ever since his father died. No new flowers had been planted this Spring, the clothes-line hadn't been fixed, the garage for the car they had been going to get this Summer stood unpainted just as his father had left it last Fall. But they would have things again. The relatives needn't say anything; he guessed he could take care of his own mother without their telling him. He loved her, but it was none of their business to know it.

She was standing in the doorway. Gerald evaded her kiss, ducked away from her and went tramping out to the kitchen. He was afraid she was going to make a fuss.

"I gotta wash my hands," he told her importantly.

She followed him and stood looking at him, pitiful and proud.

"Why don't you go up to the bathroom, sweetheart?"

"I druther wash down here."

It was what his father had done when he came home from work.

"Are you ready for supper?" she pleaded.

"You bet."

She touched his face, he couldn't avoid that. But he got into the dining-room as fast as he could and sat down with satisfaction. There were all the things that he liked—hot biscuits, and jelly, and strawberries. He demanded coffee, and his mother gave it to him. Betty's little mouth puckered up and her eyes were round with amazement.

"You don't let *us* have coffee," she said.

"Well, brother's been working. He has to have it."

The two little girls chattered eag about the school picnic. Gerald stuc the business of eating. He had never so hungry; hot biscuits had never taste good. He replied briefly to his moth fond questions about what he had doing all day.

"Were Floyd and his wife good to y Did they show you what to do?"

"Yeah, they were all right."

"Did you know how to wait on peop

"Sure."

"Didn't it seem terribly long to yo

"Naw."

"Well, you want to eat a good supp

It was over now, and he didn't wan talk about it. He wished she'd let alone.

The one cooky left on the plate given to Gerald. Betty followed her mo into the kitchen, weeping and compl ing. She was the baby, and the extra pi of everything were for her.

"I don't see why you gave it to Ger mamma. You didn't even make him g me half."

"Well, darling, listen—when men h been working they get hungrier t women and little girls do, and then have to let them have what they want eat. We don't get so hungry."

"*I* was hungry!"

"Were you, pet?" Her mother laugh half commiseratingly. "Then you eat t strawberry mamma puts into your li mouth."

"I don't want a strawberry. I had enou strawberries. And I was working," Be insisted. "I put on all the knives and for I *was* working, mamma."

"Were you? Well, you were helpi You're a nice little helper."

"Before I'd make a fuss about an c cooky!" Juanita said scornfully.

She flashed a quick indignant glance Gerald, remembering how he had talk to her in the drug-store. Let him ha everything in the house to eat if he want it, and if mamma wanted to give it to hi But there was an obscure justice th

nced her even while it made her resent-
Well, she wouldn't be here all her life.
'd get married some day—and then
'd do as she pleased.

Gerald went out and sat on the steps of
porch. This was the time of day when
father always used to come out here
l look at the paper. Gerald was ashamed
having eaten the cooky. He thought it
onged to him, but let that baby Betty
ve it! He would after this. He didn't
ow when he had had such a good supper.
: watched Bobbie Parker's yard across
e street so that he could shout across at
)bby the instant he came outdoors.
aybe they could go over and see those
rtles Bobbie's uncle had in his back-yard.
would be fun to see if they could really
: taught tricks. He could hear the girls
)mplaining about the dishes. "It's your
rn tonight." "It isn't!" Gee whizz, if
ey couldn't even do a little thing like
ashing dishes!

V

he evening came on cool and bright.
erald stayed on the porch steps, although
obby didn't appear in the yard. What he
ad really meant to do was to ask Bobby
bout the picnic, and try to find out, with-
ut saying it in so many words, whether
ny other boy had hung around Arlene
edderson. He didn't care, anyway. He had
hought about it in the store all the time,
ut it didn't matter so much now. His
nother was the one he had to look after.
Again he felt a fine, tired glow of satisfac-
tion. He had put in a good day's work,
all right.

Then he blushed. He remembered those
men at the drug-store. Here was that old
Art Fox coming up the walk with a pailful
of strawberries! Well, if he thought he was
coming here with those berries, he could
just go away again.

"H'lo, Gerald," Art Fox called out
cheerfully. He was a good-natured man, a
widower, with a red sunburned face and
grayish hair and mustache. He lived about
a block away from the Rayburns, in a
good-sized house. Gerald had always
thought he was a nice man, because he
never said any more than "'Lo, boys!"
when the boys ran across his lawn playing
run-sheep-run.

"H'lo," Gerald answered briefly.

"Your ma around anywhere?"

"I don't know."

Art Fox halted. "Oh, well. . . . She
aint gone out anywhere, has she?"

"I guess she has."

What did it matter whether that was
true or not? Art Fox had no business com-
ing here. He felt a sense of pain and outrage.

"That's too bad. I thought I'd drop
around and see if you folks couldn't use a
few strawberries. I got a bunch of 'em ripe
—too many for an old fellow to eat by him-
self," he added with a mild attempt at
jocularity. "Didn't know as you folks
had any."

"We got some."

"That so? Well, I guess you can use a
few more, can't you?"

"No, we got all we want."

"That so? Well, if you got all you
need . . ." Art Fox stood there awkwardly
for a moment. "Well, I guess I'll have to
try to dump these on somebody else."

Gerald was silent.

"Your ma be home pretty soon, will she?"

"No, she aint here."

"That so? Well. . . . goodbye, then."

Gerald said nothing. He could feel his
heart thumping. He looked away. Art Fox
was going down the walk with the straw-
berries newly washed and freshly red in the
bright tin pail. Just as he turned the corner,
Mrs. Rayburn came to the door.

"I thought I heard somebody. Have
they gone? Was anybody here, Gerald?"

"Art Fox." Gerald did not turn around.

"Oh!" His mother seemed a little flus-
tered. "What did he want? Has he gone
away?" she asked.

"He brought some of his strawberries."

"Why, Gerald, why didn't you call me?"

"'Cause I told him we didn't want 'em.
We got some of our own."

"Why, *Gerald*—"

"Well, we don't want him around here," Gerald said roughly.

He stared straight ahead at a little bird hopping about on the lawn, fighting down the childish tears that made his throat ache and his eyes burn. That sense of pain and outrage swelled in his heart. He thought of the unfinished garage standing bare and desolate in the back-yard—his father's old coat still hanging in the kitchen entry. If his mother couldn't take care of herself, he'd do it for her. He was the man of the house now. Art Fox could stay at home where he belonged. This was *their* home. She was *his* mother. Above that ache of unmanly tears he felt a hard exultance. They wouldn't laugh any more in the drug-store. They wouldn't talk about her.

She looked flushed and disconcerted. She stood in the doorway looking at Gerald. The back of his red head was like his father's. So was the set of his sturdy shoulders. She looked at them with unwilling respect that turned slowly resentment. All these last few weeks, secret girlish pleasure had been growing in her heart most surprisingly out of t blackness of her grief and loneliness. S knew that she was admired. She h thought it hidden from everyone. At tim she had laughed and called herself a fo and at times her eyes were dreamy and warmth settled softly about her. Now was shamed and trampled. . . .

She started to say something to Gera But she stopped, as she had always stopp with Frank. She felt her anger melti helplessly away from her. He was so pro of working for her. He was so proud of h strength. He was only a little boy, aft all—her little boy, sitting small and pitif and unapproachable in the twilight.

She turned, her face suddenly quiverin went back into the hot darkness of th empty house, and sat down there alon

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

DVERTISEMENT in one of the great Los ngeles journals:

WOMEN WITH GOITERS

WANTED—Women having large external goiters, and who wish to do some motion picture work. See casting director, Associated Studios, 3800 Mission rd., between 1 and 3 p. m., today.

ROM a learned speech before the Califoria Federation of Women's Clubs:

I studied Shakespeare for several years but really never enjoyed him until I purchased Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" and got the stories in a nut-shell. My motto is: cut out all preliminaries, all excess baggage, and the Amen.

CONTRIBUTION to the American language y the editor of the Hollywood *Film Mercury:*

The recent destruction of the old Century plant, which will never bloom again, furnished material for the opportunists of Hollywood, than which there is no town more plentifully endowed with which.

CONTRIBUTION to medical science from San osé:

When T. Castro's automobile collided with another machine, a woman passenger was knocked unconscious. Cold water was dashed into her face without effect. Castro rushed to the tonneau of his machine, where a sack of fresh, succulent garlic lay. He waved one bulb under the unconscious woman's nose. She breathed deeply and sighed. He waved it again and her eyelids fluttered. With the third flourish she jumped up in full possession of her senses.

HUMAN progress in Sacramento, as reported by the Associated Press:

From bank robber to chiropractor is the road of reformation William Crumm is traveling at the State highway prison camp near Crescent City. This road camp in the redwood country, in common with any modern community of prisoners, has its convict-students of scenario writing and other subjects; but Crumm, who was sentenced for robbing a bank at Woodland, is ahead of most of his contemporaries in that he already has made much of the office equipment he will need when he begins the practice of his chosen profession. He has transformed the steel cot on which he sleeps into a sort of combination bed and operating table, using the frame of the bed as a chassis for the backbone stretching machinery he built with the aid of the camp blacksmith's forge. The harness in which the patient's head and feet are to be encased while being drawn in opposite directions by Crumm's block-and-tackle device was made of odds and ends of rope and a pair of shoes. He says the machine will add six inches to a man's height by encouraging expansion of the vertebræ.

FROM the eminent San Francisco *Chronicle:*

A funeral for his own leg, in which he played the part of chief mourner, was held yesterday by Michael Rado, whose member was amputated at a San Francisco hospital because of infection. Rado was operated on three weeks ago and the severed member was embalmed at a funeral parlor. It was held pending instructions from Rado. When he was able to be about on crutches, he arranged the funeral. The leg was taken in a casket to the Church of the Nativity for requiem mass, and then to the Holy Cross Cemetery for interment, Rado on crutches accompanying the cortege. He had a wreath with the inscription "Rest in Peace, Dear Leg" placed on the casket as it was lowered into the grave.

FLORIDA

THE Hon. J. Fred Schofield, an eminent gospel singer of St. Petersburg:

The preacher is the master salesman.

GEORGIA

REPORT of a lamentable atrocity in the eminent Tifton *Daily Gazette*, the leading cultural organ between the Flint and Allapaha rivers:

Probably one of the dirtiest pieces of politics perpetrated in the present campaign was the attempt to accuse Editor W. R. Frier, of Douglas, candidate for Public Service Commissioner, of being a Republican. Mr. Frier promptly nailed the report as a lie, and submits his record and the endorsements of his home folks as proof of his life-long service in the ranks of Democracy, citing the fact that he has served as chairman of the Coffee County Democratic Executive Committee for three terms and also as member of the State Committee.

EXULTANT gloat of the distinguished Macon *Telegraph:*

> The election of H. L. MacEwen of Macon to the presidency of the Georgia Association of Civitan Clubs gives to this city a distinction that perhaps no other in the Southeast has had. Macon has had at least two district governors of Rotary; a district governor of the Kiwanis Clubs; two district governors of Lions Clubs; the district governor of the Exchange Club; the district governor of the Palladium Club, and now the district governor of the Civitan Clubs.

THE thrilling story of an Augusta Rotarian, as related by the *Chronicle* of that world-famed town:

> Mr. Virgil Hollingsworth started off by saying that 20 years ago he dreamed a dream so ambitious that he dared not confide it to a soul for fear of being ridiculed. This dream, Mr. Hollingsworth said, was a passionate desire to create confectionery that would be so perfectly made that there would be no jarring note, no equivocation with perfection but as pleasing to the taste as poetry and music are to the ear. Seven years ago, in a talk, Mr. Hollingsworth informed the Rotarians that he had perfected Unusual Candies—his dream was realized.
>
> The speaker at this point paid a tribute to Bob Lewis of Gardelle's, Mr. Lewis' firm being the first agency to handle the Hollingsworth candies. He paid his respects to the members of the Rotary Club, who, he said, gave him every encouragement to continue on with his work. The speaker then related the days when they went out to sell candy, stating that the druggist informed his salesmen that they knew the candy was good, but to the public it was not known of. These were the dark days, Mr. Hollingsworth said. He said that he remembered the many warnings that the candy field was impossible—that you could count the successes in this field on one hand. He said that he asked of himself "Shall I go on? Can I go on? How much would it cost to stop now?" For the lack of customers, the speaker said, he saw his life's ambition fading away. He said that the firm then turned to advertising, as a means of putting their goods before the public, spending every dollar they could in this way without going into debt. The speaker said that their sales began to increase and that they finished that year with about two per cent profits. The speaker said that since then the firm has gone forward each year until today Hollingsworth's Unusual Candy is the leading seller over a large area. Mr. Hollingsworth said that his firm today employs 24 salesmen and from two to three hundred people in their manufacturing plant. Mr. Hollingsworth was heartily congratulated by the Rotarians for his interesting talk, following the meeting.

IDAHO

RULES for the conduct of female students at Northwest Nazarene College:

> *Dress Regulations.* The dress regulations affecting students of the College, Academy, and Eighth Grade of the Grammar School, are as follows: Thin dress materials may be used provided suitable underslips are worn. Skirts must be of such length as not to expose the calf of the leg; sleeves must be not less than four inches below the elbow; dress necks are not to be low in front or back. Flesh-colored or extremely thin hose are not permitted. The wearing of jewelry for ornamentation is prohibited.

ILLINOIS

STATISTICS gathered by a learned reader of the Chicago *Tribune:*

> This afternoon from five to six-thirty I parked my car directly underneath the L steps at the south-east corner of University and Sixty-third streets, and made a survey of the clothes of the women and girls who came down the steps.
>
> Of 167 women and girls who came down the steps in such a way that I could see their underclothes, fifty-eight, or over one-third of them, had no bloomers, underwear, or other tight fitting clothes on. Forty-seven of them wore some kind of clothes which were tight at the bottom and the balance, sixty-two of them, wore garments which were partially closed. My fiancée, who was with me at the time, classified the undergarments of this last group as step-ins, combinations and so forth, which were only partially tight at the bottom.
>
> The women and girls covered by this investigation were better class office clerks and housewives home from shopping tours. They ranged from twelve or thirteen years old to over seventy, and seemingly the comparative nudity had nothing to do with their age.

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. Thomas H. Newland, D.D., director of field work for the Wesley Foundation at the State university:

> God's Preference For Polka Dots

EXTRACT from a religious leaflet circulated in Chicago:

> Shortly after I was saved, God healed me from pain in the head of ten years standing. . . . The pain was so intense one day at the shop that I said, "Lord, either heal me or have the boss let me go home." I felt something go through my whole body. Nearly four years now I've never had that pain any more. Had a boil on the ball of my foot, worked two hours that day, couldn't stand the pain. Doctor examined it and says, "Go home and stay about four days and come back and I will lance it." Went to my room and cried, shouted, praised the Lord and thanked Him for the boil. Told Him what the doctor said. "Now, Lord, please heal me, you know I don't want to stay in this room so long. I want to work. You promised to keep me well so I could get the gospel truck." The

next day I went back to work. Hallelujah, no pain.
6440 Parnell ave. ARTHUR E. SMITH, JR.
Phone Normal 8714

INDIANA

NOTE on the state of civilization in Marion:

Marion police today issued an edict that false teeth must be washed at home, or at least not in the drinking fountains in the public square. Lew Lindenmuth, chief of police, said he had received numerous complaints of men and women giving their store teeth a bath in the fountains, and he believes the public square is not a fit place for such attention to one's toilet.

THE Higher Learning at Taylor University:

A special course has been arranged for the development of evangelistic piano playing, which includes the ability to elaborate and embellish the ordinary hymn tune.

IOWA

FROM the annual bulletin of John Fletcher College, Oskaloosa:

The mastery of the arts and sciences is most easy under the anointing of the Holy Ghost. Here the school authorities and faculty yearn to see all our students reach the place of full salvation from all sin and 100% loyalty to Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

KANSAS

OCCULT news from the eminent Wichita *Eagle:*

Claiming to know the secret of the unfathomable Sphinx, William Estep, founder of the new super-mind science, has arrived in Wichita to deliver five lectures at the Princess Theatre. According to Professor Estep, he went into a trance recently to obtain the secret of the Egyptian mystery. He has the power, he declares, to remove his consciousness at any time, and utilize his mind to any advantage he wishes. Professor Estep is a native of Virginia, and has traveled since early youth. His knowledge of Oriental sciences is said to be the result of much study in India, at the same places, according to claims, where Jesus of Nazareth studied. In addition to having studied at the same places as the Saviour did, Estep is heralded as possessing a divine power.

KENTUCKY

PROUD boast of the Hon. William Clayton Bower, dean emeritus of Transylvania College and of the College of the Bible:

I'm glad to be a Babbitt.

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit at Junction City, as revealed by the alert Associated Press:

Members of the congregation of the Christian Church recently pledged themselves to put a nickel in little cloth bags every time it rained. Nickels thus saved are to go to the construction of a new church. Since the plan was inaugurated ten days ago rain has fallen daily, and the deacons have begun consultations with an architect.

THE LAW in Owensboro:

A tattooed design of an undraped woman on the arm of a witness in Police Court here was considered disorderly conduct by the judge. The wearer was fined $25 and given a lecture on nude art.

MAINE

THE worship of God in Saco, as described in an ecclesiastical notice in the Portland *Press-Herald:*

WE CHALLENGE
ANY THEATRE IN MAINE
To Put On As Interesting, Helpful and Varied a Program As
FIRST PARISH CHURCH—SACO
Great 7-Feature Service Sunday at 7.30

EDITORIAL: "Who Will Be Our Next Senator?" . . . DRAMATIC BOOK SERMON: "The Big House." —From a Novel by Mildred Wasson, a Maine Story That Everyone is Reading. . . . QUESTIONS: Who Was Charles W. Eliot? Can We Clean Up Our State Roads? Who Is the New Religious Leader Claiming to Be the Messiah? Why Does Maine Have a Special Election? And Others Not Published.

Morning Service at 11

EDITORIAL: "On the Other Side of the Mountains." . . . SERMON: "The Rank and File." . . . SOLOIST: Mme. Heloise Painchaud Renouf.

UNIFORMED OFFICER TO GUARD PARKED CARS

LAURENCE BREED WALKER, MINISTER
"A Church in a Class by Itself"

NEWS from Camden, a famous hive of Nordics:

Unique in this town's annals was tonight's reception given in the principal street and sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce in honor of a cow, Brownie. Visitors came from a radius of twenty-five miles, a brass band blared, prominent speakers waxed eloquent and the town cut loose generally.

MICHIGAN

REFRAIN of an exultation by Edgar A. Guest, the Detroit Shelley:

Lord, keep me from the sin of being smart!

GRAND RAPIDS joins the sublime sisterhood of pure municipalities:

It will cost an automobile driver $100, or ninety days in jail, to hug or be hugged by his or her companion in this city, a new ordinance provides. The companion is made equally guilty and liable under the act. The ordinance also prohibits more than three persons in the front seat of an automobile.

MISSOURI

STRANGE biological phenomenon reported from Kansas City:

Spencer Wood went to General Hospital the other day to greet his 17th child, a 12-pound girl. Mr. Wood gave birth to a baby a few years ago that weighed 17 pounds.

MONTANA

EDITORIAL note in the Townsend *Star:*

Owing to the lack of space and the rush of editing this issue, several births and deaths will be postponed until next month.

NEVADA

SCIENTIFIC note borrowed from the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

Professor of Electricity, Chicago Univ., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: I have taken sixty-five treatments of electricity for the Sciatica Rheumatism and have become overcharged with the same, and cannot get rid of it. For the last three years I have suffered from electric vibrations of all the parts of my body and it seems to grow stronger all the time.

I have purchased a medical electric battery and thought I might possibly use it with a ground wire to get rid of the surplus electricity. Will you kindly let me know what you would recommend for my case, and how best to use the battery. I am writing to you because I saw Prof. Loeb's name mentioned in a booklet that came with the battery.

If you know of any medical institution that makes a specialty of electrical treatments, I would be greatly obliged to learn of it. My rheumatism seems to be completely cured, so I do not need further treatment for that.

Very truly yours,
J. W. MEYERS

Gen. Delivery, Reno, Nevada

NEW JERSEY

NEWS note from Union City:

Hereafter the meetings of the Bergen County Republican Committee will be opened with the reading of the Bible and prayer. This was decided upon last night at the monthly meeting of the organization. It is proposed to have a minister present to pray and read the Scriptures at each session. In the event the clergyman selected fails to appear, that duty will fall upon Joseph Kinzley, of Teaneck, the present chairman.

SOCIOLOGICAL news from Bridgeton:

Cumberland county farmers are to hold a picnic next Saturday afternoon and evening at Tumbling Dam Park, and one of the features will be a screaming contest by the females of the species. An award of $5 is offered to the woman or girl who can scream the loudest and longest.

How the red-blooded he-men of the Riverside Kiwanis Club seek recreation from the burdens of Service:

Sol F. Pollack won the first prize for blowing a balloon the largest without bursting it.

NEW YORK

MARITAL news from Buffalo:

Stanley Welrzynski, 137 Krupp street, was placed on probation for six months by Judge McLaughlin on Monday when convicted of beating his wife, Augusta. The wife told the Court that her husband, an ardent lover of the Scriptures, allowed her just fifteen minutes each evening to clear away the supper dishes before his nightly reading of the Bible. She failed to get through with the dishes in scheduled time, she said, and her husband assaulted her, striking her and throwing her to the floor.

NET effect, to date, of Zionism, the Jewish Welfare movement, the Y. W. H. A., the Y. M. H. A., the Balfour Declaration, and the heroic labors of the Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise on the worshipers of Adonai, as revealed by an advertisement in the amusement section of the distinguished *World:*

LYRIC West 42nd st. Mat. Sat. 2.30
MUSICAL FARCE HIT!
THE BLONDE SINNER
Extra Mat. Thursday. (*Rosh Hashanoh*)

ECCLESIASTICAL notice posted in Harlem, the Paradise of the liberated Aframerican:

HOLY UTOPIAN TEMPLE
208 W. 134th st.
SERVICES
Sunday 11 a.m. Sanctilioquent Service *8 p.m.*
1 p.m.: Equity Exposition
Monday 8 p.m.: Inquisition
Wed. 8 p.m.: Ethical Development Class
BISHOP T. O. JOHNSON, D.D.T., of the Eureka Oasis Discipleship
President of the School of Christian Psychology

A NEW champion arises:

Viola Grey ate twenty-eight hot dogs in twelve minutes, winning a championship contest held at Coney Island.

NORTH CAROLINA

ECIMEN of literary criticism by the gifted ra Annette Harris in the pious Charlotte *server:*

. . . The conclusion that one would naturally assume, is, thank God for the rural districts in the South, for there, as proven by this author, lies the hope of Fundamentalism and the teachings of Jesus Christ without blemish or without shame. If the general acceptance of the Bible and miracles of God comes from an unintelligent and unenlightened group of backward Southerners, then the South has more to be proud of than she ever dreamed! In this case we shout, "Thanks to ignorance, and glory be to God!" Let us cease higher education, modern culture, and scientific knowledge if it inevitably causes disbelief and destruction of the Bible.

O WHICH the distinguished chief editorial riter of the same great journal adds:

It is difficult to understand how a man can have a conscience who does not believe there is a God or that men have souls.

OHIO

ERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. Henry James, f the Shiloh Baptist Church, of Canton:

God Shaves With A Razor

NOTE on the Higher Learning at Wittenerg College, Springfield, lifted from the nnual catalogue:

Harvey O. Portz, A.M.....105 E. First st.
Instructor in Boy Scout Leadership

A.B., Wittenberg, 1913; A.M., Columbia, 1915; Boy Scout Executive, Wheeling, W. Va., 1917–23, Springfield, Ohio, 1924–

OKLAHOMA

CIENTIFIC ad in the *Okfuskee County News*, ublished at Okemah:

I can locate oil, gas or salt water—in fact can honestly predict the outcome of any hole before it is drilled. God being with me. F. M. CASEY, *Route 2, Okemah.*

PENNSYLVANIA

TART political notice from the Riverton *Chronicle:*

Since the day that political conventions were first invented any one participating in such a convention has always been in honor bound to uphold the work of such convention and support the candidates nominated. Would-be County and Prosecuting Attorney Joel Fitch Longnecker is not bound by any such trivial consideration. He was vociferously and bumptiously present at both the Lander and Riverton meetings of the Republicans of Fremont county this year. He had both hands and feet as well as his snout in the political trough. He did everything but stand on his head to attract attention to himself. Now he is going about the county telling the dear people that those meetings were rotten and were gotten up to rob them of their lawful right to select their own candidates, and raising the old cry of bossism. Oh, Consistency, where is thy jewelry?

TEXAS

EXPERIMENT in Service by the San Antonio *Light:*

In order to stimulate interest in murders, arrangements have been made to print a series of Perfect Crimes. Note the circumstances, clues, etc., then try to arrive at the solution. Write your answers and send to ten friends, who in turn are asked to subscribe to the *Light*, and send solutions to ten others. Thus an endless chain will be started, just in the spirit of fun.

VIRGINIA

How spiritual problems wrack the brains of the pious of Richmond, as reported by the *News-Leader* of that flourishing burg:

At 8 o'clock tonight at the Ginter Park Presbyterian Church, there will be an open forum discussion of the relationship of the Christian Church, particularly the Presbyterian Church, to labor and the masses of mankind. This programme arises out of a sermon preached by the pastor last Sunday, in which people were asked to do some earnest, constructive thinking along this line, particularly with reference to two questions: First, would it be possible for the God of the Presbyterian creeds and traditions to incarnate Himself in a carpenter, or would He require at least a college professor? And, secondly, if Jesus returned to earth, could He deliver His message through the medium of the Presbyterian Church?

HAWAII

EXTENSION of the boons of the Higher Learning to the lovely islands of the anthropophagi, as reported by the *United States Daily:*

A course of training for mule keepers is to be instituted by the Hawaii Territorial Department of Education. It will be necessary for the instructor to employ three interpreters to assist him because Chinese, Japanese, Korean and Hawaiian workmen are employed on the territorial plantation.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

WANT AD in *El Excelsior*, of Mexico City:

AUTHOR desires typist; profit sharing or marriage. Discretion. Apdo. 2089.

THE FLYNN

BY HARBOR ALLEN

Late in the Summer of 1906 a reporter for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* turned up Jasper street near the junction of Front and Dauphin. It was a hot Saturday night. News was scarce. The editor had sent him out for a feature story to fill the yawning columns. Stocky workers from the Kensington mills strolled up and down the street in creaking shoes. Women in Summer flounces that swished about their shoe-tops loitered before lighted store-windows. Nowhere was there any sign of a feature story.

Suddenly a tiny knot of people near the curb caught the reporter's eye. A man with a lugubrious voice stood on a collapsible platform bawling at the crowd. They paid no attention to him. The reporter stopped. "The rights of the working class. . . . Socialism will solve . . . greedy, grasping capitalists . . .," he heard. He wasn't impressed. He didn't say "Bunk!" because the word hadn't been coined in those days; but he muttered its equivalent. Then the man with the lugubrious voice stepped down. The reporter thought he would stick around a while, anyway. Something might happen.

Something did. Up to the platform leaped a slim girl with blue eyes, soft brown hair parted in the middle, a wide-collared shirtwaist, and a flaming red tie. She couldn't have been over sixteen. The reporter moved closer. She was very pretty. Gravely she eyed the passers-by. Then she began to talk. The reporter reached for his wad of copy-paper. A yellow newspaper clipping, now twenty years old and much worn at the creases, still tells what he witnessed:

> As she stood there, giving utterance to the doctrine of Socialism, men and women flocked toward her. Corner loungers deserted their favorite poles. Perpetual inebriates left their posts outside saloons. A band of noisy children grew still and approached the girl. She had hypnotized the crowd. Soon they were laughing when she laughed, frowning when she frowned, growing terribly earnest when she grew terribly earnest. She quoted from the works of great men who had defied the existing order. Marat she gave by the ell, Mirabeau by the inch, Byron, George Eliot, Tom Paine, and Maxim Gorky by the acre and the mile. She told how the average workingman in the United States is earning only $9 a week. She said: "The State should provide for the maintenance of every child, so that the individual woman shall not be compelled to depend for support upon the individual man while bearing children. The barter and sale that go under the name of love are highly obnoxious." The crowd dispersed slowly and thoughtfully. The perpetual inebriate forgot the swinging doors. The corner lounger stood straight. The rest went their way in thoughtful moods.

The reporter pocketed his notes and returned to the *Ledger* office. The story made the front page. The next day there were rewrites in the New York papers. And that is how Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Labor's Joan of Arc, first broke into print.

Twenty years later I met her for the first time. She was no longer a wisp of a girl. Her figure had assumed matronly proportions. Her face, still handsome in its frame of dark hair, was lined and a trifle weary. Many things had happened in those twenty years. The yellow clippings had been pasted in a book together with hundreds of other clippings. There were whole books full of clippings, in each of which the name Elizabeth Gurley Flynn figured prominently in the headlines. Often there were pictures of a girl in a broad sombrero, with an oval face, large frank eyes, and a lithe body. Many of the clip-

ngs expressed amazement at her youth, :r beauty, the skill with which she led hole armies of battling workers. Some, ss polite, referred to her as "the Flynn oman." They intimated that she was ılgar and shocking, that nice, respectable merican girls didn't lead strikes and efy policemen. How often, in her day, urley Flynn has distressed an inland ditor's sensibilities!

For during those twenty years this Irish irl from the Bronx has led twenty trikes and labor movements between New ork and Seattle. She has been arrested ifteen times and has spent days and days n the jails of half a score of States. But ıot once has she ever been convicted of rime. She has wits that are too keen for hat. But twice she has been kidnapped ınd at least half a dozen times driven from errror-stricken towns by police grown panicky at the very mention of her name. Even today the blue-coats of this great ree Republic have no love for Gurley Flynn.

It was at a radical luncheon to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of her first speech that I met her. Men with lugubrious voices were speaking: perhaps among them the same man who twenty years before lured that Philadelphia reporter to his feature story. They spoke at great length with speech-hardened voices: capitalism, the rights of the working class, social legislation, the brutality of the New Jersey police. At last they called on Gurley Flynn.

"When I remember how seriously we people in the labor movement used to take ourselves!" she began—and then she told the story of her arrest with a group of wobblies in the West. Guarded by deputies with shotguns they were packed into a box-car and shipped across the State line: if not a legal, certainly an effective way of disposing of them. While passing through a stretch of majestic mountain peaks the girl turned toward the nearest wobbly, and pointing through the half-open door, remarked: "Just look at that lovely scenery, Bill." But Bill only grumbled: "Don't care to look at capitalist scenery."

The audience laughed. The stuffiness of the meeting was dispelled. Obviously, there was something to Gurley Flynn. Here, at last, was a labor agitator with a sense of humor!

II

She comes by that sense of humor and by her rebelliousness naturally. Paddy the Rebel, a Fenian who in 1798 joined the French expedition to Killalla, was one of her ancestors. Her mother's people were Gurleys, a family renowned for a wit which eventually went into the making of George Bernard Shaw. The Flynns left Ireland rather hastily after the English authorities, in a moment of extravagance, had placed prices on their heads. It appears that they had taken to poisoning the streams in which Irishmen were forbidden any longer to fish. They settled on an island off the coast of Maine, where, so the story goes, one of the women ran a bear out of the yard with her broom. Eventually, Thomas Flynn appeared upon the scene. He had worked his way through Dartmouth and become a civil engineer. After his marriage to the daughter of the Flynns he moved to Concord, N. H., where Elizabeth Gurley was born; then to Manchester, where he ran unsuccessfully for city engineer. Finally he became a Socialist and settled down in New York. Here he moved from one radical group to another until he became the local king-pin of the I. W. W.'s back in the early golden days when the words "One Big Union" spelled millennium. After organizing 10,000 New York laborers into twenty-eight locals, he saw other men, younger and shrewder, hornswoggle him out of his leadership. Disillusioned, he moved to New Jersey. "Every little radical," he now says, "has a movement of his own."

It was after Thomas Flynn had been defrauded out of a year's pay that Elizabeth Gurley turned to Socialism. She was four-

teen years old and zealous. An essay that she wrote on education, submitted in a contest at the Morris High School, in the Bronx, caused almost as much consternation among the teachers as the dropping of a hand-grenade in the faculty-room. Her masterpiece rejected, she delivered it in front of the school building while the more ingratiating winner was declaiming within.

"Huh! What do you know about education?" demanded an unwary heckler.

"What *don't* I know!" flashed the speaker. "*I'm* getting educated."

About this time the leaders of the Socialist and Socialist-Labor parties were burying their hatchets for a series of joint open-air meetings on the corners of Broadway. Would Gurley Flynn speak for them? She would. At her first meeting she saw the opening speaker yanked from the platform and arrested. Immediately she leaped up and began in a torrent of words to tell what she thought of a city wherein an honest Irishman couldn't talk as he pleased. Together with her father she was escorted to the police station.

"Do you expect to convert people to Socialism by talking to them on the corners of Broadway?" asked the magistrate.

"They listened to me, didn't they?" the girl replied.

The magistrate sighed in pity.

"Dismissed!" he said.

Thomas Flynn has never been arrested since. But for Gurley Flynn it was only a beginning. She was always in demand as a speaker after this. Her lithe little figure, her flaming red tie, her beautiful oval face with the broad, clear brow and the mischievous eyes: these were seen on many a makeshift rostrum; and wherever she went she drew people, held them as the ponderous philosophers and the thumping haranguers of the labor movement were unable to do. She shared the platform with Debs, Daniel de Leon, Jack London, and other Socialist celebrities. Then, suddenly, grown discontented with the pussyfooting of the Socialists, she left her compromising friends behind and marched out belligerently with the I. W. W. "I felt that direct action was needed," she explained, "not a concession wrung laboriously here and there, but a complete overthrow of the system under which the poor are exploited in the interest of the rich." Action: that was what she has ever craved. And though its tactics were often absurd, wild, and adolescent, the I. W. W. offered to the adventurous plenty of chances for action.

In those days the very mention of it threw pious and patriotic Americans into shudders of horror. It stood for all the wickedness which has since been represented in Southern and Western minds by Clarence Darrow and Moscow. There is no more madcap chapter in the whole history of American labor than that recounting the rise of the I. W. W. What a story it will make when it is written at last! The brains behind the organization in those days belonged to Vincent St. John, a quiet solid little man with the taciturnity of the true pioneer, a grim fighter and a dead shot. Talk about your Jesse Jameses and your Billy the Kids! There are wobblies still alive with careers quite as reckless and daring behind them. Full of strident adventurousness, singing and defiant, they swept through the West. The county sheriffs said they were lazy bums and arrested them at sight. Thus the movement took on the character of a mad crusade, fanaticism and naïve shibboleths clashing with smugness and entrenched respectability. Upon this gaudy battlefield with the glint of Irish pugnacity in her eye, soon emerged an eighteen-year-old leader. She confounded her enemies, the police. She laughed at them and played jokes on them. They put her in jail but they could not keep her there. Western editors combed the dictionary to find invectives against her. She remained irrepressible. No matter what they did she bobbed up again, fiery, fearless, clouting to the left and the right with her wit. Even when they triumphed over her she always saw to it that they went limping home

m battle. At the very heart of the bbly fight, revelling in the smoke and dust, stood Gurley Flynn.

In Missoula, Montana, they jailed her for king on the streets. Immediately she sed the cry of free speech and wired far d wide for help. Wobblies flocked into wn and crowded the jails. Every box-car ought more and more. Soon there was more room for them: even the fire-house as jammed. The city couldn't afford to ed them. In despair, the officials threw en the jails. The wobblies poured out, ld their meetings on every corner, and en returned to their cells for the night. hen they were refused admittance, they unded on the doors. The whole country-de flocked in the next day to see the obblies who wouldn't leave jail. After at there were no more arrests in Missoula r radical speeches.

Gurley Flynn found her next skirmish ont in Spokane. To envisage the recep-on the good burghers of the town ten-ered the I. W. W., you need only read the pinion of a substantial citizen of the day, ublished in one of the local newspapers:

> We are told in Holy Writ that about twenty centuries ago the man Jesus Christ sent His disciples into all parts of the world to preach the gospel of peace and good-will to all men—a gospel that has never wronged any one. And in all those centuries there has never been an emblem, banner, or flag devised or adopted by any country or nation that comes so near to carrying out the doctrines of Christianity as our own Stars and Stripes. I am one of those who firmly believe that Old Glory is a priceless gift from the Highest Powers in Heaven itself and woe to the nation or individual who attempts to destroy it, for there will arise in its defense the greatest army of God-loving, God-fearing, praying Christian men and women that this world has ever known.

Undaunted by visions of this army of he faithful, Gurley Flynn leaped nimbly nto the thick of the battle, her red tie apping. The I. W. W. rallied around her. hey were forbidden to talk on street orners, but Gurley talked. Five editors of *ndustrial Solidarity*, the wobbly newspaper, vere arrested at their desks. Gurley be-ame editor number six. The paper was uppressed. She revived it. She filled it full of impassioned editorials, full of satire, ridicule, wit. She laughed at the police and the courts and the substantial citizens. Before long they knew that this nineteen-year-old girl was the most dangerous wobbly of the crowd. They got her at last, just as she was about to deliver a speech. They charged her with conspiracy and held her in jail, demanding $5000 bail. None of her friends knew what $5000 looked like.

Depressed? Not on your life. The city jail, the county jail, even the school-house were crowded with fellow prisoners. Gurley became their spokesman. She issued statements shrewdly calculated to annoy her captors. Reporters, whom her humor and her charm always won over, interviewed her and photographed her. Somehow, it didn't look quite right, even to the army of "God-fearing, God-loving, and praying Christian men and women"—all this roar and thunder, all the weight of this ponderous artillery of justice aimed at one fragile little Irish girl. To cap it all, she exposed the fact that wholesale prostitution was being practiced in the jail with the connivance of the guards. So they rushed her trial and convicted her of conspiracy. But she fooled them again: on an appeal she won her case. By now the police were ready to cry quits. The ordinance against speaking on the streets was revoked and the wobblies released.

Gurley returned to her home in the Bronx, where, a month later, her son was born. She had been married to an I. W. W. organizer in Missoula and had left him six months later. "My marriage was a mistake," she said. "I blame nobody, but how can you know beforehand what it means to live with a person who is really a stranger to you?" The arrival of Buster Flynn ended her campaign in the West, in her memory the happiest of her life.

The big mill strike at Lawrence, Mass., broke in 1912. Strikes in those days were nothing like the somewhat polite affairs they have since, with one or two exceptions, come to be. Neither side asked or

gave any quarter. Strikes on a large scale were still new and so they were looked upon with alarm by the public. They savored of revolution. What if a bunch of foreigners in some little burg in Massachusetts *were* getting starvation wages? Hell, nobody has to work in a mill if he doesn't want to! "Don't you know," said a judge to an arrested striker, "that a strike against your employer is a strike against God?" To which Cousin Bernard Shaw replied by cable from England: "Delightful medieval America! Always in the intimate personal confidence of God!"

Lawrence was put under martial law. Soldiers with fixed bayonets paced all day long before the mills. Meeting halls were closed, crowds dispersed. Arrests were numerous, sentences harsh and pitiless. One boy was bayonetted in the back by a soldier who was never even arrested. "Arrest him?" replied the marshal of the city at the subsequent congressional inquiry. "Why, you can't arrest a soldier for doing his duty."

Amid all this chaos, amid the babble of half a dozen languages, Gurley Flynn, who assumed command with Big Bill Haywood, moved, a cool and tranquil figure. Her tremendous fire and energy she reserved for her three or four daily speeches. Indefatigably she worked all that Winter, endless speaking, endless raising money, endless sitting with strike committees. As a strategic manœuver, she and Margaret Sanger, then an unknown nurse, arranged to send the children of strikers to the homes of workers in other cities. The mayor and the chief banged down their fists. That would be a disgrace to Lawrence. The children of Lawrence were not starving. They would not let these wild-haired radicals put Lawrence in so ill a light. An attempt to stop the children as they were embarking at the railroad station resulted in a riot. The children themselves were jostled and trampled; women fainted. But presently Gurley Flynn was marching down Fifth avenue at the head of her diminutive army, placards bobbing in the air, shrill voices raised in strike songs. It was Heywood Broun who dubbed H Labor's Joan of Arc. The end of the stri was left-wing unionism's first victory.

When the New York waiters struck t ward the end of the same year, it did n take the *Times* very long to discover th "a girl of 22 is the real power behind t hotel workers. She has organized the cooll scullions, and waiters into an efficie fighting body and sees that their claims g the fullest publicity." It was a difficu strike to lead. The men were raw labo recruits, never before organized. They we torn by half a dozen clefts of nationalit hampered by lack of a common languag betrayed by panicky members, and hop lessly cut off from the sympathy of a publ long exasperated by the tipping syste Gurley Flynn's success in welding into fighting unit Greeks, Frenchmen, Italian Germans and Negroes startled the vetera labor leaders. "Don't be afraid of yo wife," she told them. "Tell her you rather go to work with a pick and shov than go back to the hotel-keepers witho winning this strike." She even attempte to abolish once and for all the odious ti After an impassioned appeal, she got the to vote against it on condition that th hotel-keepers paid them a living wag Had the strike been won Gurley Flyn would have achieved for the bourgeoisi she so heartily dislikes a rare benefit.

But the strike was doomed from th first. And Ettor dealt it its *coup de grâc* when he openly advised the men: "If yo are compelled to go back under unsatis factory conditions, go back with you minds made up that it is the unsafest thing in the world for the capitalist to eat food prepared by members of your union." The uproar was immense. What did he mean Poison? The editorial writers of New York gasped and sputtered. This was going too far. The police threatened him with in dictment. It was useless to explain that the poisoning was to be accomplished, not by dropping powders in the soup, but by "the withdrawal of labor." As for Gurley

ynn, she calmly announced she would rove by affidavits to the guest who sits wn to a dainty dinner in a hotel that daintiness rises out of a vile spot like a y out of a mud hole; and that his meal one-fifth poison anyway and one-fifth asoned sauces for covering tainted food." ut the editorial writers declared that she as only coarse and disgusting.

Toward the end of this uproar the newsapers began to announce in 36-point type: Law's Iron Hand Crushes Paterson Textile trike." But that was before Gurley Flynn rrived on the scene. Before another month ad passed there were 12,000 strikers icketing the factories; and when, by pril 1913, this number had increased to 5,000, it was reluctantly admitted that he "silk industry in Paterson is on the erge of complete paralysis." Mill owners ellowed "Reds! Reds!" City officials lamored about "subversive I. W. W. propganda." Chief of Police Bimson became he principal caryatid of law and order. ersonally, he liked the young Irish firerand at the head of the strikers; but he onsidered her friends dangerous or ignoant aliens and her opinions high treason.

Bimson closed all the meeting halls. He rrested defiant hall owners "for running lisorderly houses." He raided strike eadquarters. He taught the strikers to now the feel of policemen's clubs. He lrove from the city all outsiders, including oo persistent reporters. Arrests were made vithout warrant or reason. City Hall narchy prevailed. And when the chief nnounced that "we may be compelled to lo things which we would not have legal grounds for doing in normal times," the ewspapers of New Jersey sent up hosannas o God for an official "who has not a owardly hair in his head."

Praising God for the heroism of the chief's hair, however, did not altogether dispose of Gurley Flynn. She was still in Paterson, thumbing her nose at the police force, editing a scorching strike bulletin, talking to half a dozen strikers' rallies a day, and being loved and hated as only a leader in battle can be loved and hated. The chief ordered her to quit the city or go to jail. She went to jail. He soon had to admit that she was unlawfully arrested, and the Paterson news purveyors recorded with ill humor that "the Flynn woman was once more at large." Later she was rearrested and indicted for "preaching anarchy." The indictment, though quashed, was revived two and a half years later to stage a high farce in legal hocus-pocus.

When Gurley proclaimed that children were starving in Paterson even the mayor thumped indignantly on the City Hall tables. "We have a poormaster in the City Hall. Where are your hungry children? Bring them here." Gurley called his bluff. She brought them, 300 strong, and they marched round and round the Courthouse. But the mayor and the poormaster had skipped town. Gurley had scored again as a press agent.

The strike was lost. As in recent ructions, the American Federation of Labor played the traitor to left-wing unionism. Local leaders, some of them spies, came to terms with the manufacturers over the heads of the strike committee. Men and women stampeded back to the mills. There was nothing left for Gurley to do but send the loyal ones back too.

III

Unemployment hit New York like a blizzard in the Spring of 1914. Men, jobless, homeless, hunger gnawing at their vitals, sprawled in the open squares. Discontent fomented in their breasts. A young wobbly, scarcely twenty, went among them, leavening their rebellion with yeasty words, goading them into action. Suddenly, unexpected, they broke into revolt. Led by the boy, Frank Tannenbaum, they raided the First Presbyterian Church in Fifth avenue in search of shelter. They were turned out with $25. The money spurred them on. There followed the greatest revival of church-going recorded

since the Middle Ages. All the other fashionable houses of God were invaded. The wobblies marched brazenly into St. George's Church, to the horror of the worshippers, and managed to get some sandwiches and coffee. Nightly the raids continued. The men demanded to sleep on the cushioned pews. Protests filled the papers. Petitions rained into the City Hall. Wobblies sleep on Fifth avenue pews? It was intimated that they were unwashed, infested with vermin! Church pews, indeed! The police declared a ban, but the raids grew more frequent, more bold. Fifty Gentiles polluted a Henry street synagogue in the midst of the Purim Feast. Three hundred unbelievers in the True Church disrupted a mass at St. Alphonsus'. They were trapped and jailed by Secret Service men who had trailed them, sleeping and eating with them. But the next day they were released: it was discovered that even in New York you couldn't arrest a man for going to church.

Gurley Flynn, Big Bill Haywood, Carlo Tresca, Emma Goldman, and Alexander Berkman stepped forward to direct this tatterdemalion battalion of the unemployed. A thousand strong, they paraded up Fifth avenue, stopping all traffic, hooting at autos, cursing the homes of the rich, singing the song of the idle: "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!" One woman, the papers insisted, actually spat at a man in a motor-car! The parade ended in a riot at Union Square, where, after Gurley Flynn had cried that "coffee and doughnuts do not solve the unemployment problem," and inveighed against "a system which made starving and unemployment possible," the police had their inning with their clubs. The whole thing eventually sizzled down to a debate among the letter writers in the New York *Globe* on whether Christ would have wanted the I. W. W.'s to sleep in His churches. Frank Tannenbaum, after a careful trimming of edges at Columbia, developed into the most respectable of magazine writers.

Gurley Flynn now made her third entry into Paterson, and it was accompanied fireworks. Having learned that the mi were repudiating agreements wrested fr them in the strike of 1912, she attempt with Carlo Tresca to hold a worke mass-meeting. Chief Bimson, still on t job, cried nay. His officers cleared the ha Only Gurley and a reporter refused to g Taken to the chief's office, she quoted t Bill of Rights and threatened to sue hi for damages. "You may have the righ but we have the power," he replied; a he had her escorted to the railroad statio where she was forced to board a train f New York. Leonard Abbott, Lincol Steffens, and Thomas Wright now toc up her cause, but when they held a prote meeting in Paterson they were raided a ordered out of town. A woman's fr speech committee, headed by Mary Austi Margaret Wycherly, Mrs. Robert Bruèr and Mrs. Claire Mumford, were accede by Bimsonian authority the right "to ta on any subject except the labor question. A cordon of police allowed all but Gurle Flynn to enter the hall. She stood on t steps outside, unmolested by the now le aggressive arm of Jersey law, while h friends read her speech within. "Thes female radicals from New York," raspe the Paterson *Press*, mindful of the suffrag issue then before the country, "prove onc and for all how incapable women are t vote."

Who would hint at deliberate malic when the city of Paterson, hard on th heels of this episode, suddenly revived th indictment "for advocating violence" which, two and a half years before, ha been disposed of by a disagreeing jury To Gurley's counsel, pleading for post ponement of the trial because his clien was ill, the magistrate replied: "Then bring her in a stretcher." Gurley came on foot—but not unattended. About her, with offers of financial and moral support, had flocked society women, preachers, editors, teachers, reformers—a group o celebrities including Walter Lippmann, Amos Pinchot, Zona Gale, Percy Stickney

ant, B. W. Huebsch, Mrs. O. H. P. mont, Ellen Hayes, Paul U. Kellogg, bert Croly and John Haynes Holmes. ixteen policemen quoted without flaw omission a speech of eighty-six words erein, two and a half years before, rley had allegedly "incited to violence." itten record of the speech? There was ne. Gentlemen of the jury, the police cers of Paterson remembered that speech, rd for word, all those thirty months. e court-room burst into laughter when e attorney for the defense read eighty- words from a book and asked the testi- ng police to repeat them verbatim. The bsequent stammers were, upon the objec- n of the prosecutor, stricken from the cords. The next day Gurley Flynn was quitted. Perhaps the real reason was at, through the influence of political ends, she was tried before a hand-picked, lidly Irish, union jury from the neighbor- g county!

When, two weeks after, together with arlo Tresca and John Reed, she delivered untrammeled harangue before a large udience in Paterson, with never a police- an in sight, the Paterson *Press* wanted one thing made clear: it will not be ossible to make the newspapers of Pater- n the goat for anything that may happen a result of permitting I. W. W. agitators return here with the one idea of stirring p strife in the silk industry."

IV

fter the strike of the Mesaba Range iron iners in 1916, Gurley began to feel that er work with the I. W. W. was done. So ne swung her energies into the defense f free speech. She had already left the arty when, under the war-inspired Espi- nage Act, she and 166 wobblies were rrested, all charged with conspiracy. Gurley, like sixty-five of the others, de- anded a severance of her case, and she as never tried. The remaining 101, at he insistence of Big Bill Haywood, were ried *en masse* and served varied sentences in Leavenworth. Big Bill's accusations of treason against those who refused to pose in his martyrdom tableau, his own bail-jumping and flight to Russia, and the bloody fist fights that broke out among his jailed disciples, were death blows to the I. W. W.

So died one of the most militant bands of rebels America ever nourished. Its philosophy was impractical, its aims often absurd, its tactics still oftener childish. The only American-born labor movement, it carried all the earmarks of its birth: muddled thinking, noisy assertion, millennial aspirations. Yet the wobblies, at their best, were gallant and picturesque fighters, steadfast in the face of vituperation and danger, and it was these qualities which drew Gurley Flynn to them.

Since 1918 her major activities have been turned toward the freeing of political prisoners. Today she holds key positions in the Liberal and labor worlds: as a member of the national committees of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Labor Defense Council, as vice-chairman of the League for Mutual Aid, as secretary for the American or Garland Fund for Public Service. "The Flynn woman will leave Paterson in a few days with fat pocketbooks," it was said of her during her last strike campaign; yet few women in any cause have suffered hardship and privation so resolutely and bravely. She lives in a single room on the East Side, in a rear house at the end of a dark and littered alleyway. In one day friends have known her to dash from the Passaic textile strike to the striking cloak-makers on the East Side, and then up to the Bronx for a labor talk to the defeated Irishmen of the subway strike.

There are really two Gurley Flynns. One is rarely met in public. She is a quiet, almost shy little woman, well-read, feminine in her tastes, and possessing a vast capacity for friendship and a great flow of charming conversation. The other is an indefatigable fighter, a woman with a stinging wit and a resourceful mind.

PREFACE

BY ROBINSON JEFFERS

I DREW solitude over me, on the lone shore,
By the hawk-perch stones; the hawks and the gulls are never breakers of solitu
When the animals Christ is rumored to have died for drew in,
The land thickening, drew in about me, I planted trees eastward, and the ocean
Secured the West with the quietness of thunder. I was quiet.
Imagination, the traitor of the mind, has taken my solitude and slain it.
No peace but many companions; the hateful-eyed
And human-bodied are all about me: you that love multitude may have them.

But why should I make fables again? There are many
Tellers of tales to delight women and the people.
I have no vocation. The old rock under the house, the hills with their hard roots a
the ocean hearted
With sacred quietness from here to Asia
Make me ashamed to speak of the active little bodies, the coupling bodies, the mis
brainfuls
Of perplexed passion. Humanity is needless.
I said, "Humanity is the start of the race, the gate to break away from, the coal
kindle,
The blind mask crying to be slit with eye-holes."
Well now it is done, the mask slit, the rag burnt, the starting-post left behind: but n
in a fable.
Culture's outlived, art's root-cut, discovery's
The way to walk in. Only remains to invent the language to tell it. Match-ends
burnt experience,
Human enough to be understood,
Scraps and metaphors will serve. The wine was a little too strong for the new win
skins. . . .

THE PALMY DAYS OF METHODISM

BY HERBERT ASBURY

When Dr. Thomas Coke returned to England after the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church Baltimore in 1784, Bishop Francis sbury was left in sole command of Ameri- n Methodism. With no one to interfere question his authority, he began to anipulate the itinerancy as a military rategist manipulates his troops. Selecting definite objective, generally a newly- ttled area in which there were only a w families with Methodist leanings, he filtrated the territory with missionaries ho encouraged the Methodist men to be- ome local preachers and exhorters, and egan the preliminary organization of Methodist societies. Soon afterward, es- pecially if the people were backward n their enthusiasm, he himself invaded he field, often accompanied by other reachers, all of them noted for their vangelistic ferocity. These were the shock troops; they charged valiantly into the very jaws of Hell. Their disregard of hard- ship became proverbial; in the frontier settlements beyond the Alleghenies there was a saying describing the worst con- ceivable weather: "There is nobody out today but crows and Methodist preachers." After these heroes had thrown the whole terrain into an uproar they were relieved by preachers who possessed organizing and administrative abilities. These were the mopping-up troops; they consolidated the positions won, encouraged the build- ing of chapels, put the area under Method- ist law, and prepared it for acceptance by the conferences as an organized circuit and working unit of the Church.

The result of this system was that revivals were soon in progress throughout the country, but especially in the South and along the edges of the wilderness. The first of the great series began in Brunswick county, Virginia, about the middle of 1787. More than a hundred were converted, after great travail, at a two-day meeting in Mabry's Chapel during the latter part of July, and many of the rescued rode into Sussex circuit early the next week for a great service in Jones's Chapel. This was a very uproarious gathering. Hundreds did not wait for the preachers to arrive, but began to weep and shout of their own accord as soon as they reached the chapel. Some trembled so violently at the mere sight of the temple that their hats were shaken from their heads. The pious screaming and groaning could be heard half a mile away, and when the preachers arrived they found the whole congregation on its knees. Scores fainted or had fits.

"Some were struggling as if they were in the agonies of death," says a Methodist historian. "Others lay as if they were already dead. . . . While the society was collected in the house some of the preachers went into the woods to preach, and while they were preaching the power of the Lord was felt among the people in such a manner that they roared and screamed so loud that the preacher could not be heard, and he was compelled to stop. Many scores of both white and black people fell to the earth, and some of them lay in the deepest distress until the evening."

This celestial frenzy was no respecter of persons; it attacked both the rich and the poor. Many of the wealthiest residents of

the district were sweating and rolling on the ground in their fine silks and broadcloths. A few days later another great meeting was held in Jones's Hole Church, and again the howling and lamenting were so loud that the preachers could not be heard. However, they could make signs, and from all parts of the church and the adjoining woods rose groans, grunts and shrieks as sinners struggled against the divine power. Some of the stricken crept about on their hands and knees, weeping and wailing; others were held unconscious in the arms of their friends; others were stretched on the floor or the ground as stiff as so many sticks; others foamed at the mouth and writhed in fits and convulsions, their arms and legs twitching spasmodically; others stood still and uttered blood-curdling shrieks; others went dancing about, inviting each other to go to Heaven; two noted converts became involved in a bitter argument as to who should precede who through the gates of Paradise. At the height of the orgy the sleepers of the church gave way, and the side wall collapsed. Several persons were hit by bricks and falling timbers, but they accepted the accident as no more than a sign of the presence and power of God. One man went prancing through the church screaming in pride that God had hit him personally with a brick.

This boiling over of divine grace occurred not only during the meetings, but also at other times. It was not uncommon for a man at work in the fields to suddenly exhibit twitchings, grunts and other occult signs, whereupon he would shout, pray and sing hymns. Other toilers would soon join him in shouting, dancing, weeping, and prancing. The inhabitants of several villages were brought into the fold *en masse*, and abandoned all secular employment to sing and have fits until hunger drove them back to work. The revival continued in Southern Virginia throughout the Summer, and there were 3500 conversions. In Brunswick 1800 got religion, in Sussex 1600, and in Amelia 900.

II

News of this working of the Method Holy Spirit in Virginia soon penetrated the North and East, and there were ma similar revivals, all accompanied by i pressive vocal and muscular phenomen The largest was staged in Baltimore 1789. Baltimore had always been Asbur favorite city, and in that year he prouc recorded that it housed more Methodi than any other place on the continen Nelson Reed was sent in as presiding eld and Ezekiel Cooper, Francis Spry a James Hagarty were assigned to shake the faithful. Cooper and Spry, finding t people alarmed over the prevalence smallpox, told them at once that the Lo was preparing to wipe out the town. February, 1789, this warning bore fruit a terrific outbreak at Fell's Point, an thereafter meetings were held every nigh Scores of scoffers, attending for no oth purpose than to laugh at the writhin saved, were themselves cast to the floor b the magic of the pastors. One night mo than 4000 persons filled the church i Light street and jammed the streets nearb and every day the preaching and singin and shouting continued until long aft midnight.

The libido for salvation abated some what during the hot Baltimore June an July, but was renewed with redouble vigor early in August. On the morning o August 10 Ezekiel Cooper was summone to the home of one W. Buchanan, wher he found a daughter of the house laborin under great distress; many believed tha she was possessed of a devil. She lay in th arms of a sister who had only recently been converted, moaning faintly. "She had slept none all night," wrote Cooper, "bu spent the hours mourning and sobbing My heart was sensibly touched at her situation; her sorrow was truly penitential I exhorted her to believe, and with con fidence to venture her all upon Christ; I strove to press on her mind the all-fullness which dwells in Jesus, and His willingness

t she should receive out of that fullness ce and pardon. I sung and prayed twice, l pointed her again to a bleeding iour."

But it was noon before the spell sucded. Then, of a sudden, Miss Buchanan ped to her feet with a whoop. She eamed that she saw Heaven and God l Jesus Christ and all the angels, proph-, cherubim, etc. Her yells were heard a at distance, and the report spread that e Buchanan home was on fire. The fire-ll was rung and people came running m all parts of Baltimore. When they ached the house they found the Buchans and their friends leaning out of the indows shouting that the daughter had en converted and that everybody was eing God. Miss Buchanan's nine-year-d sister, identified by Cooper as "Little B.," ran hither and yon, upstairs and wn, shrieking and laughing. She finally imbed upon the porch railing, and reamed: "Oh, how merry I am! Sister is appy! Sister is happy! I got happy on nday and Sister on Monday!"

So many Baltimoreans were attracted y these proceedings that half of them ould not get into the house; many limbed on piles of stove wood and peered nto the windows. All yelled encouragngly when they saw the young woman itting in a chair, her body shaking with oly laughter while she clasped her hands nd described what she was seeing, which vas a great deal. She was finally exhausted nd the excitement subsided. However, efore the crowd dispersed a report was eceived that similar miracles were being erformed at the home of one N. Jones, vhere a group of Methodists had gathered t ten o'clock in the morning for prayer. Thither the crowd sped, and soon the ones house was filled with marvelling pectators. Preachers arrived and began to exhort, and the crowd continued to come nd go between the Buchanan and Jones houses all day. When dusk fell Cooper mounted a table in the street and preached to a crowd that constantly grew larger. "It was, in truth," he wrote, "a most awful scene."

Night came on finally, and Cooper got down from his table and announced that the services would be continued in the church. Singing and shouting, he started through the streets. Scores of wailing mourners followed, but many were unable to go more than a block before they fainted; their friends then picked them up in their arms and plodded on. All Baltimore was in an uproar. In widely scattered sections men and women suddenly ran screaming from their houses and began dancing and prancing up and down the cobblestoned thoroughfares. All converged upon the Methodist church, with a great shouting, singing and laughing. They filled the church and jammed the streets near it, and until two o'clock in the morning the work of salvation went on. Every available preacher throughout the district was rushed into Baltimore and hurried to the church, and there, with the aid of experienced Methodist laymen, they proceeded to push and prod the sinners until they gave up.

The next day there was a monster service that continued without interruption for more than fourteen hours. All the while the sweating preachers neither ate nor slept, and some of them preached with such vehemence that they lost their voices. The effect on the citizens of Baltimore was tremendous. "Religion had now become the common topic of conversation," wrote the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper. "You could scarcely enter a shop, walk the street or market, but that you heard people on the subject of our shouting meetings, and the numerous conversions among us. A panic had seized upon numbers who did not know what to be at or do; some railed, others were afraid, while others approved of what had passed among us. It was the cry of some, 'The Methodists, at this rate, will get all the people.' " These effects continued to be manifest in Baltimore for a century. Not until Prohibition came in, indeed, did it become definitely wicked.

III

Revivals of the same high-powered sort continued among the Southern Methodists without cessation for the next ten years, and others broke out intermittently in the Middle States and the North. Even New England did not escape the holy fire and mustard gas. The Presbyterians, Baptists and other evangelical sects caught the fever, and throughout the United States there was a great increase of religious frenzy, which came to a climax in the Concert of Prayer of 1795. In 1796 the excitement swept westward into the Cumberland district of Kentucky, and then into Tennessee and northward through the Ohio and Allegheny valleys, culminating in the great revivals of 1797–1805, when camp-meetings first came into popularity and almost the entire population of the territory west of the mountains abandoned itself to religious orgies. All this was the natural flowering of Asbury's plan for the evangelization of the continent. In some sections the Presbyterians and the Baptists were numerically superior, and their preachers originated and dominated the meetings, but the groundwork for them was laid by Asbury and the Methodist itinerancy, and the plan and form were purely Methodistic. And it was the Methodist preachers who performed the most astounding miracles. Eventually, the Presbyterians objected to the orgiastic character of the revivals and withdrew from official participation, and thereafter they were almost exclusively Methodistic.

The million people who then lived along the frontier were particularly susceptible to preaching, for there was a great dearth of intellectual recreation among them. Their homes were rude shacks or log cabins, and the only reading matter available was religious literature distributed by the preachers and comprising such works as "The Pilgrim's Progress," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and Young's "Night Thoughts." But every household had a Bible and a hymnal containing the bloody songs of Isaac Watts. The schools were generally opened and closed with Scripture reading and prayer, and in many of them the Bible was used as a text-book of science, history and geography, as well as of holy living. Social intercourse was confined to the small and miserable towns, and reached its peak on court days, when the whole country side rode or drove in. The settlements consisted generally of a meeting-house, a jail and court-house combined, a store and a few log cabins, and in some of the outlying districts they were surrounded by stockades as protection against the Indians and wild beasts. None of the cities of Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky and Western Pennsylvania had yet arisen, and the major portion of the population was still in the woods. Even Pittsburgh had but 1565 inhabitants in 1800. Lexington, Ky., with 1,797, was the metropolis of a large area. Nashville could boast but 355 people, including 14 slaves, and Frankfort's population was 366 whites and 260 blacks. In this wild and lonely territory, from the southern border of Tennessee northward to the Ohio river and beyond, the Methodists were organized in twenty-seven circuits.

They held revivals in 1796 and early in 1797 throughout the Cumberland and Holston districts, but the first of really Pentecostal horse-power was conducted by the Rev. James McGready, a Presbyterian with Methodist talents. McGready was pastor of the churches at Gasper River, Red River and Muddy River, in Logan county, Kentucky, and started the uproar by binding his congregations to a solemn covenant to offer a special prayer each Saturday evening, each Sunday morning and all day on the third Saturday of every month, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the world in general and Logan county in particular. The Lord responded, as always, and reports of the furore in Logan county soon spread eastward and northward, and there was a general quickening throughout the West. In the revivals of every sect there was a gradual

n in attendance and an increase in
ror, but as yet there were only isolated
tances of the wild excesses which be-
ne epidemic with the introduction of
ap-meetings.

No one factor contributed more to the
cess of the great western revivals than
se holy revels. Their origin has always
en in dispute, and probably will remain
Meetings similar in many respects were
ld by the Virginia Baptists during the
ly part of the Revolution, but at these
ly men remained on the meeting-grounds
er night. This was a vital difference, for
genuine camp-meetings women take a
ry prominent part. There is a tradition
our family that the first Methodist
mp-meetings were conducted in Lincoln
unty, North Carolina, by the Rev.
aniel Asbury, my great grandfather,
veral years before they were heard of in
e West. This has been corroborated by a
ethodist historian, who says that in
94 the members of Rehoboth congrega-
on in Lincoln county, which was organ-
ed by Daniel Asbury, held a camp-meet-
g in the forest near the church, which
as so successful that it continued for
veral days. More than three hundred
en and women were converted under the
eaching of Daniel Asbury, William
cKendree, Nicholas Watters, William
ilwood, and Dr. James Hall, a Presby-
rian divine of Iredell county. The next
ar another meeting was held near the
mous Rock Spring, and a few months
ter Daniel Asbury and James Hall con-
icted a great union meeting at Shepherd's
oss-Roads, in Iredell county, which was
progress more than a week.

Camp-meetings were introduced into
e West about the middle of 1799, when
hn and William McGee, the former a
ethodist exhorter and the latter a Presby-
rian, arrived in Logan county, Kentucky,
a preaching tour out of Tennessee. They
tended a meeting in McGready's church
Red River, and met with such astonish-
g success that the news of their prowess
read throughout the region, and at their
next performance at Muddy River many families came with wagons and encamped in the woods. The plan met with instant favor, and thereafter camp-meetings were regular and important features of the revivals. They usually began on Thursday, or Friday, and continued until the following Tuesday or Wednesday. There was preaching morning, afternoon and evening, and sometimes the crowd became so hot for salvation that services had to be continued throughout the night. Both the pious and the impious settlers came from miles around, bringing bedding, provisions and tents, or sleeping in their covered wagons. The meetings reached perfection in Kentucky, where they attracted enormous congregations. More than 20,000 people thronged the grounds at Cabin Creek, a crowd almost as large appeared at another gathering at Cambridge, near Paris, and an even greater number attended the conclave at Cane Ridge, in Bourbon county, which centered about Elder Barton Stone's church.

Bishop Asbury regarded camp-meetings with favor; to him the spectacle of thousands of men, women and children leaping and yelling was proof of a visitation of the Lord, and he loved to hear the howling of the prophets belaboring the wicked. "I pray to God," he wrote, "that there may be a score of camp-meetings a week, and wonderful seasons of the Lord in all directions." And again, "I rejoice to hear that there will be four or five hundred camp-meetings this year." Wherever he went he urged them upon the Methodist circuits, and was even able to organize them in the districts around New York, Philadelphia and Boston; his Journal describes one at Philipse Manor, near New York City, which was attended by more than 6000 people, including a large delegation from Brooklyn. The first he attended personally was at Drake's Creek meeting-house near Nashville, in 1800. "Yesterday," he wrote, "and especially during the night, were witnessed scenes of deep interest. . . . The stand was in the open air, embosomed in

a wood of lofty beech trees. The ministers of God, Methodists and Presbyterians, united their labors, and mingled with the childlike simplicity of primitive times. Fires blazing here and there dispelled the darkness, and the shouts of the redeemed captives, and the cries of precious souls struggling into life, broke the silence of midnight. The weather was delightful; as if Heaven smiled, whilst mercy flowed in abundant streams of salvation to perishing sinners. I rejoice that God is visiting the sons of the Puritans, who are candid enough to acknowledge their obligations to the Methodists."

IV

The most remarkable feature of the Western revivals was the extraordinary physical phenomena that accompanied them. They appeared early, and at first were similar to the simple shoutings and leapings with which Methodists everywhere had been familiar for more than fifty years, and by which they measured the holiness of their preachers; they had, indeed, been seen frequently in England under the ministry of George Whitefield and the Wesleys, and in this country under the exhortations of Benjamin Abbot, Robert Williams and Lorenzo Dow. But they reached a new peak at the camp-meetings, and as the excitement grew throughout the Ohio and Allegheny valleys they increased in volume and variety. Before the fever abated all the congregations were jerking, barking, jumping, hopping, dancing, prancing, screeching, howling, writhing in fits and convulsions, falling in cataleptic trances, and performing many other strange and holy antics.

The preachers themselves were often affected. They would be prostrated in the pulpit, or would go jerking and barking, or dancing around the meeting-house, crying the glories of the Almighty. The Rev. John Thompson was afflicted with what was called the dancing exercise during a meeting at Turtle Creek, Kentucky, and for more than an hour cavorted about the pulpit, keeping perfect time and murmuring over and over in a loud whisper, "T is the Holy Ghost—glory!" At a meeti in the Red River Church the Rev. Willia McGee suddenly sank unconscious to t floor, and his brother John trembled violently that he could not preach. was finally able to announce stuttering that God had hold of him and was shaki him, and immediately there was a gre uproar in the church. Many fell uncc scious to the floor, but others only grunte William McGee was sometimes so wroug upon that he descended from the pulp and rolled over and over in the dirt, H eyes streaming with tears as he exclaime "Jesus! Jesus!" John was similarly affecte and was also impelled to creep about c his belly like a snake, uttering weird cri and exhorting. This performance was ge erally regarded as having something other to do with the Garden of Eder Other preachers were addicted to ho hopping and dancing, and stopped the sermons while they pranced up and dow the aisles and around the preaching stanc One North Carolina exhorter fell a victi to an extremely distressing affliction: h sometimes stopped in the middle of h sermon, shouted that God was in th house, and then began to squeal like a pig Thenceforth his sermon was constantly in terrupted by the cry of "oink! oink! oink!" and sometimes his friends had to preven him from rooting in the ground with hi nose.

The children of the pioneer Methodist attended the camp-meetings with thei mothers, and the effect of the excitemen upon them was all that the most ferociou preacher could desire. Almost invariabl they were among the first to be tormente by visions of Hell, and were encourage to scream their love of Jesus and their fea of the devil. At almost every meeting th congregations stood entranced before th spectacle of children crawling about o their hands and knees, jerking, barkin and foaming at the mouth. Often the

e raised to the shoulders of their proud
ers, where they told the people what
wrong with the human race, and in-
d them to go to Heaven. At a meeting
Flemingsburg, in Fleming county, Ken-
ky, in April, 1801, a peculiarly capti-
ing performance was provided by two
le girls about nine or ten years old.
ey were affected early, and began to
itch and jerk, and once in a while
ered hoarse barking sounds. Through-
the meeting they constantly cried out
great distress, while preachers and
unteers crowded about them and urged
m to make ready for the celestial king-
m. Finally one of the children turned to
other and shrieked, "O you little
ner! Come to Christ!" and continued
so exhort until her companion fell in a
nt. She then picked the victim up in her
ns and lugged her down to the pulpit,
ing, "Here is another star of light!"
A month later, at a meeting held by
th Methodists and Presbyterians at
dian Creek, in Harrison county, Ken-
cky, a twelve-year-old boy ran around
e stand for ten minutes, barking furi-
sly, while the preachers cheered him
. He then loped into the forest, where
mounted a fallen log and began to
each. Tears streamed from his eyes as he
ternately barked and jerked. Two preach-
s supported him, and he talked for more
an an hour. Finally he held his handker-
ief aloft, and dropping it slowly, cried
t, "Thus, O sinners, shall you drop into
ell unless you forsake your sins and turn
the Lord!" He then fainted. This was a
w sort of spell, and its effect was very
werful. As the handkerchief fluttered
the ground many shouted that it was
ringing wet with the blood of Jesus, and
e crowd was stampeded. Some began to
rk, some jerked, some danced, some
pped, some just stood and wept, and
hers fell to the ground and bounced
ther and yon. At another meeting a little
rl, ten years old, exhorted for two hours.
t still another, near Ten Mile, in Penn-
lvania, a little boy wept bitterly and
would not be comforted. "Oh! I am lost
forever!" he cried. "I am going right down
to Hell! Oh! I see Hell, and the breath of
the Lord like a stream of brimstone
kindling it!"

The jerking exercise appears to have started among the Methodists of Eastern Tennessee, but it soon became epidemic throughout the territory of the revivals. It was confined at first to a spasmodic twitching of the forearm, but later affected every muscle and tendon of the body. It was especially severe upon the muscles of the neck, for the head of the jerker flew backward and forward and from side to side with great rapidity, and with such force that head-dresses and even handkerchiefs which had been bound tightly around the cranium were shaken off. Sometimes the subject's head would describe a circular motion, which he generally followed by spinning his whole body around like a top. The jerks became so prevalent that they occurred when the tormented one was not under the direct influence of preaching, and once a man or woman became a victim of the exercise it was renewed at the mere mention of it. Women frequently began jerking while engaged in their household duties, and laborers suddenly left off their work in the fields and began to bob up and down. But the jerks were principally in evidence at camp-meetings; sometimes every member of the congregation was affected. "I have seen more than five hundred people jerking at once in my large congregations," wrote the Rev. Peter Cartwright. "Most usually persons taken with the jerks were generally very severe. To see these proud young gentlemen and young ladies, dressed in their silks, jewelry and prunella from top to toe, take the jerks, would often excite my risibilities. The first jerk or so, you would see their fine bonnets, caps and combs fly; and so sudden would be the jerking of the head, that their long loose hair would crack almost as loud as a wagoner's whip." Sometimes a measure of relief would be obtained if the jerker

could catch hold of something. Lorenzo Dow described a camp-meeting ground in a Kentucky grove, where all the saplings had been cut off at the height of a man's chest, so the jerkers could hold on to them when the "exercises" began. Frequently during a meeting a hundred men and women could be seen clinging to the trees and jerking violently.

The jerks generally subsided of their own accord. Blood-letting and other attentions by the medical faculty seldom had any effect. They left a trail of shattered nerves all over the West, and occasionally were fatal. Cartwright thus described the death of a jerker at a camp-meeting conducted by William McGee and others on the Ridge in Kentucky:

> There was a very great work of religion in the encampment. The jerks were very prevalent. There was a company of drunken rowdies who came to interrupt the meeting. These rowdies were headed by a very large drinking man. They came with their bottles of whiskey in their pockets. This large man cursed the jerks, and all religion. Shortly afterward he took the jerks and he started to run, but he jerked so powerfully he could not get away. He halted among some saplings, and although he was violently agitated, he took out his bottle of whiskey, and swore he would drink the damned jerks to death; but he jerked at such a rate that he could not get the bottle to his mouth, although he tried hard. At length he fetched a sudden jerk, and the bottle struck a sapling and was broken to pieces, and spilled his whiskey on the ground. There was a great crowd gathered round him, and when he lost his whiskey he became very much enraged, and cursed and swore profanely, his jerks still increasing. At length he fetched a very violent jerk, snapped his neck, fell and soon expired, with his mouth full of cursing and bitterness. . . . I always looked upon the jerks as a judgment of God.

V

Most of the early Methodist divines agreed with Cartwright that the jerks and other such phenomena were of supernatural origin, and encouraged their converts to yield to them; those who gave the most spectacular performances were considered the most blessed. Asbury approved of this attitude, although he once remarked that the "exercises" were not of themselves final proof of acceptance by the Lord. The schismatic Presbyterians, led by El Stone, McNemar and others, also rejoi at the sight of jerking, howling, bark congregations, but the excesses of camp-meetings were opposed by the B tists and the regular Presbyterians. Baptists held that they were signs of moniacal possession, and pointed prou to the exploit of a Baptist preacher wh congregations suddenly began to howl jerk in unison. He levelled his finger at front row and shouted: "In the name the Lord I command all unclean spirits leave this place!" Immediately the je subsided. The intelligent minority amo the settlers also objected to the org which went on at the revivals, and p ticularly deplored the promiscuous relations which naturally grew out of su constant and unrestrained mingling men and women when both were emotio ally unbalanced. This was always a m dangerous phase of camp-meeting activi for the wall between religious frenzy a sexual passion is very thin, and then, now, camp-meetings were followed by great increase in the number of illegitima births.

But the Methodists did not find it di cult to produce evidence that the "ex cises" were directly from the hand of Go for the scoffer was frequently smitten wi the jerks and barks at the moment his sneering. One man remarked to anoth at a sacramental meeting in Tennessee, am persuaded it is the work of the devil Scarcely had the words left his lips wh he screamed and tumbled headlong fro a log on which he had been standing. jerked for hours and then hastened to jo the Methodists. Jacob Young, a Methodi itinerant, told his customers that the jer were a judgment of God sent especial against their community, and immediate five hundred men and women began jer ing, jumping and dancing. A Kentuck youth, ordered by his parents to attend camp-meeting, told them he was ill an remained in bed. But he could not get sleep. His mind turned to the camp-mee

, and he thought particularly of a young man who was a noted jerker. Suddenly was jerked out of bed and around the m. He prayed, the jerks subsided, and returned to bed. But again he thought the young woman, and was again hurled m his bed. He dressed, went into the rd and started unhairing a dogskin. t the graining knife was flirted out of hand, and he was jerked to and fro out the yard. He was again relieved by ayer, but when he resumed his work the king was renewed. He finally went to s room and began to weep, and when s family returned he was on his knees gging for mercy.

The holy barking exercise frequently, it not always, accompanied or preceded e jerks, and also became epidemic roughout the revival region. "It was mmon," wrote a Kentucky preacher, to hear people barking like a flock of aniels on their way to meeting. There ey would start up suddenly in a fit of rking, rush out, roam around, and in a ort time come foaming back. Down on l fours they sometimes went, growling, apping their teeth and barking just like gs." Some of the converts who had isions and went into trances reported that roughout the period of unconsciousness eir bodies were permeated with a eculiar perfume, which was obviously elestial, and appeared to them to be milar to the smell of Christ's garments. thers, beside barking and jerking, rolled ver and over, or turned cart-wheels; and till others ran in a straight line until they ell exhausted or came up against a tree. t one meeting in Western Pennsylvania fty noses were broken by being butted gainst hard saplings, and more than a undred others bled profusely. This gather- ng was accounted very successful. Many vho had reached the heights of ecstasy hrough barking, jerking, running, jump- ng or dancing, suddenly began to sing in very peculiar manner, the sound issuing rom the chest instead of the throat. They xplained that they occupied choice seats in the Heavenly City, and were trying to join in the singing of the angelic host.

The falling exercise, which had been common in Methodist meetings since the first field preaching of the Wesleys and George Whitefield, appeared in the West in July and August, 1788, when James Haw reported by letter to Asbury that several were prostrated during quarterly meetings in Bourbon county, Kentucky. This holy toppling became a regular feature of the great revivals, and continued to be the most popular. Scores fell at every meeting, and at some of the large gatherings hundreds and even thousands were down at one time. Some of the victims had no preliminary warning; others reported that they felt tingling sensations in the right elbow, appropriately near the funny bone, or in the arteries of the upper thigh. Immediately thereafter the toppler experienced a very distressing shortness of breath, and his heart seemed to be swelling. He screamed and fell to the floor, and "every tear now leaves his eye, and he shouts aloud for about twenty minutes. Meanwhile the features of the face are calm and regular. His voice becomes more and more feeble for about twenty minutes more. By this time he is speechless, and motionless, and lies quiet perhaps an hour. During this time his pulse is rather lower than the usual state—the extremities are cold, the skin fresh and clear, the features of the face full, the eyes closed, but not so close as in sleep. Speech and motion return in the same gradual manner; the features become more full than before."

More than a thousand fell at the Cabin Creek meeting in Kentucky, and to prevent their being trodden under foot by the horde of stamping, screaming converts they were collected and laid out on two sides of the meeting-house, where they remained unconscious for hours. This humane procedure was followed at all the more important meetings, and sometimes as many as fifty men neglected their own salvation to carry the fallen under shelter; often the building would be filled with them. The

exercises reached the peak of frenzy at the great Cane Ridge meeting, in Bourbon county, Kentucky, which began on Friday, August 6, 1801, and continued without intermission until the following Thursday. During this time there was continuous preaching and exhorting by seventeen preachers, and by an untold number of volunteers. It has been estimated that at one time 3000 people lay unconscious before the preaching stands, and that as many as 500 jerked and barked in unison. One prayer of fifteen minutes duration by the Rev. William Burke, a famous itinerant, felled several hundred of his hearers; they dropped to the ground one after another, as if they had marched into a burst of machine-gun fire.

VI

This was probably the wildest and most ferocious Methodist gathering ever held in the United States. Between 25,000 and 30,000 people attended; they came from as far away as a hundred miles, and for days before the preaching began the roads were filled with wagon trains, and singing, ecstatic pilgrims plodding through the dust and heat. The meeting began in a grove, in the center of which was Cane Ridge Church, but the excitement soon became so intense and widespread that all unity was lost, and the furore spread over a square mile and more of territory. When night came torches and oil lamps shed ghostly, flickering light upon the scen and the weirdness and solemnity of surroundings combined with the screa ing denunciations of the preachers throw the vast congregation into wild cesses. The sound of the barking, shoutin singing and howling was audible m than five miles away, and sometimes t ground shook as the frenzied thousan stamped and leaped in their frantic effo to escape Hell. Throughout the adjace forest the preachers, mounted on stum and logs, screamed their threats of da nation and promises of eternal glory, a in every grove and clearing were groanin grunting groups, not all of whose e cesses, perhaps, were strictly religious character. Little children went barki and jerking through the throngs; one chi was considered especially blessed becau she barked hoarsely, like a mastiff, wh the best the others could do was to imita spaniels or other small dogs. Another g of seven perched upon a preacher's should and shrieked descriptions of Heaven an Hell that sent hundreds into convulsion they grovelled and rolled upon the groun beseeching the Lord to take them awa from the hard labor of the frontier an conduct them to choice places amid the d lights of Paradise. This was probably th greatest camp-meeting ever held. It mak a brilliant purple spot in Methodist annal

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Bacteriology

THE BACTERIOPHAGE

By Roscoe Spencer

The business of the biologist is the study of living things. He is not concerned, marily, with dead matter, but with the ucture and function of living forms. erefore, he should be able to recognize when he sees it—to distinguish the liv- from the non-living. But can he? As a e, yes; but not always.

Æsop tells of a war between the birds d the beasts in which the bat, possessing aracteristics of both, could, at will, ely join either side or remain neutral. nilarly, if we scan the biological scale m man to monad, we encounter certain rderline types, such as the mycetozoa, ich resemble both animals and plants. e systematic biologist has found these ms far more difficult to classify than the t. Still further down lie forms which can- t be seen by the most powerful micro- pes, and are known to exist only by eir effects. What are they? So little is own of their structure, chemical compo- ion and life history that they cannot be assified at all.

Many diseases of man, animals and ants seem to be caused by these lowest living things. Smallpox in man, the oof-and-mouth disease in cattle, and the osaic disease in tobacco plants are typ- al of this class. If a small amount of ma- rial from a smallpox pustule is spread on e clean-shaven skin of a calf, numerous her pustules will form in from seven to ne days. Material from one of these pus- les may then be transferred to other ani- als and the process repeated indefinitely. Ve are forced to conclude, therefore, that e active principle somehow multiplies. But how? No one knows. Nothing in this material has ever been identified under the microscope as the disease agent, although the search for some kind of formed matter, an organism or cell, has been carried on since the days of Pasteur and Koch. There are, as everyone knows, many diseases of man and animals that are caused by comparatively large forms, the bacteria. But other disease viruses are so small that they apparently approach the size of the larger chemical molecules. In consequence some of our Carrels and Loebs are wondering if the bacteria themselves may not have parasites. It is entirely possible.

In 1915 Twort, an Englishman, discovered an invisible agent which dissolved and thus destroyed a culture of a micrococcus. A drop of the dissolved organisms, when added to a fresh culture, would completely dissolve it also, and this process could be repeated indefinitely. Was he dealing with a living parasite of the bacteria? Or with a ferment secreted by the micrococcus itself, which produced thus its own destruction? Twort was unable to decide and perhaps displayed good judgment in not theorizing too much. Later D'Herelle, a Frenchman, found a similar substance in the secretions of dysentery patients; it attacked the dysentery bacillus. He named it a bacteriophage, which means a bacteria consumer. Since then a bacteriophage has been found for many other organisms.

The reality of these bacteriophages can be demonstrated, but observers have not yet agreed as to whether they are independent living units—autonomous beings capable of reproducing their kind—or merely ferments secreted by the bacterial organism under abnormal conditions. In many ways a bacteriophage resembles the

ferments (enzymes), which are non-living catalytic agents—the organic products of living cells. But though it has all the characteristics of a ferment, it has more beside. It is a ferment capable of multiplying indefinitely when given its suitable medium, which is the living bacterial cell. It will not attack dead bacteria. It behaves in the bacterial body in a fashion indistinguishable from that of a virus of disease in the cells of plants and animals. D'Herelle showed that its dissolving power may be enhanced, or, in other words, its virulence increased, by passing it in succession through fresh bacterial cultures, just as the virulence of bacteria may be increased by successive passages through the animal body. Ferments possess no such qualities. Furthermore, it has been repeatedly shown that the bacteriophage acts in units or quanta, and that these units can be counted just as bacteria are counted. D'Herelle thus insists upon its independent existence as a bacterial parasite, claiming it has all the fundamental attributes of life, namely, assimilation, adaptation and reproduction, but many other investigators are opposed to this view. They regard it as simply a ferment which is manufactured by some abnormal process of bacterial metabolism; they show that there is no increase in bacteriophages unless the bacteria themselves are growing or in process of multiplication. They also call attention to the fact that a much higher temperature is required to destroy a bacteriophage than is required for the destruction of the usual living forms, to the fact that it has high resistance to alcohol, ether and other antiseptics, and to its extremely small size as measured by its ability to penetrate collodion filters. Finally they point out that there is no evidence that it can respire, that is, consume oxygen and give off carbon dioxide.

At the present time, therefore, the bacteriophage may be regarded either as a ferment produced by bacterial activity or as an independent organism which preys upon the bacterial cell. This uncertainty has made its study one of the most interesti and romantic enterprises of resear launched in a decade. Can it be a ferme derived from the bacterial cell and at t same time take on an independent exi ence? Is it a mutation? Scientists are, least, acquainted with something ana gous: the malignant cancer. Cancer ce bear a relation to the animal body not u like that between the bacteriophage a the bacterial body. It has been shown e perimentally that they will not devel when transplanted in the body of any oth species than that from which they cam The investigator who discovers what i duces or stimulates these cells to go alone, to become outlaws, will have tak a big step toward an explanation of t mystery. In the same way the bacteri phage may be considered as a bacterial ca cer—a parasite of the bacterial species wi which it is found associated, and the sol tion of either problem will very likely r sult in the solution of the other. B regardless of theories, the fact remains th the bacteriophage is a thing new to scienc a borderline something, a kind of *tertiu quid* which lies in the twilight zone b tween living and non-living forms. T literature upon the subject is already v luminous, and imaginative and adventu ous scientists have indulged in so muc speculation and controversy in regard its nature that the more practical minde have facetiously and, perhaps, aptly r ferred to these discussions as transcendent bacteriology.

Nevertheless, the discovery of the ba teriophage has stimulated a healthy i terest in the whole subject of invisib ultra-viruses. Biologists are beginning t suspect that herein may lie some funda mental secret of life, since the bacteri phage appears to be representative of th most primitive of living forms, which lie figuratively, at the very roots of the tre of life and are perhaps the connecting link between living and non-living matte Consequently, certain research workers i this field no longer regard life as somethin

he shape of a cell, something formed
n a body, or limiting membrane, or cap-
. Why should not life exist in an amor-
us, non-particulate or non-corpuscular
n? The smallest cell is comparatively
nplex, as is shown by its reaction to
ple dyes. If the evolutionary hypothesis
orrect, it is argued, there must be sim-
forms of life. Just as the physicist has,
ing the last decade, shown us that the
m is not the smallest particle of inani-
te matter, so the biologist begins to cherish hopes of demonstrating that the cell is not the smallest living particle. The modern physicist is concerned chiefly with electrons and protons; the modern biologist with ultra-viruses, microplasms and colloidal micellæ.

A few years ago bacteriophagy had not been heard of. It is now an established branch of both biology and bacteriology. "Knowledge is like the surface of a sphere; the more it grows, the more it comes in contact with the unknown."

Physiology

E MYSTERY OF THE HORMONES

By L. M. Hussey

LTHOUGH the extension of theological
legislation in the Republic may soon
ke the viewpoint illegal, physiologists
ll look upon the living human organism
a complex physico-chemical machine.
t while never wholly losing sight of
s mechanistic concept, many physicians
d even biochemists tend to forget the
tor of complexity. This tendency to-
rd a dangerous simplification is seen at
nes among the indubitably learned; as
the larger body of practicing physi-
ns, they are in this respect excessively
llible.

Their credulity, with its accompani-
ent of erroneous theory and irrational
actice, flourishes nowhere more gener-
sly than in the field of the glandular
cretions. The fact that the chemical
ysteries of these secretions, these hor-
ones, begin at last to yield to investiga-
on seems to stimulate, rather than
minish, the body of error that character-
es their use in the treatment of disease.
the days of Brown-Séquard, and for
any years after, the functions of most of
e glands were scarcely guessed at, and
e hormones that they secreted were un-
nown. At such a time one might reason-
bly look for a great deal of gaudy gues-
ng, with its accompanying quack theory
nd practice. The physicians of the day, however, paid virtually no attention to the glands. Their interest did not actually develop until rather recently—that is, not until after sufficient evidence had accumulated to demonstrate that the hormones and other gland substances, due to their highly complex functions, should be used in therapy only with great caution. Once this was established, their unrestricted use began, in many quarters, to flourish!

A part of that therapy has been less the result of quackery than of simple-mindedness. Thus when J. J. Abel, of the Johns Hopkins, something like two decades ago, isolated epinephrin, an active principle of the suprarenal capsule, it was at once gratuitously assumed that several great physiological mysteries had been simultaneously solved. Since it was found that epinephrin, when injected into the body, raised the blood-pressure, it was concluded immediately that the pressure of the blood was strictly regulated, in the normal human body, by this interesting substance, poured into the blood stream from the gland of its secretion. As a result of this theory some curious therapeutic measures were adopted. Later it was found that the function of epinephrin in the human body was by no means so simple, and then the problem of blood-pressure became a mystery again, and so did the exact purpose of the suprarenal gland.

A more recent example of medical simple-mindedness, having behind it wide-

spread official support, is seen in the indiscriminate advocacy of iodine as a goiter preventive in the so-called Goiter Belt. In certain of the Western States, as, for instance, Wisconsin, simple goiter is an unusually prevalent disease. Now, there are two major forms of goiter and the variety known as simple goiter is an enlargement of the thyroid gland, due to a deficiency in the thyroid hormone. In the other and more dangerous type, known as the exophthalmic, the gland also enlarges, but there is no lack of thyroid hormone. In exophthalmic goiter *too much* secretion occurs, with a consequent train of perilous symptoms.

It has long been known that iodine has a beneficial influence on simple goiter. Not long ago the thyroid hormone, due to the researches of E. C. Kendall, was isolated and named thyroxin. Thyroxin was shown to contain iodine. Inferentially, at least, it therefore appeared that simple goiter might result from a lack of sufficient iodine in the food supply, with a resulting deficiency in the secretion of thyroxin. And coincidentally it was found that in the Goiter Belt the water supply—and it is from water and salt that iodine compounds are normally supplied to the body—was lacking in iodine.

At once there was instituted an enthusiastic prophylatic therapy. The refiners of salt were urged to restore to their product a portion of the iodine lost in the refining process. Small amounts of iodine compounds were added to the town water supplies. One investigator, writing enthusiastically a year or so ago in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*—one of the oldest and most orthodox of publications—advocated putting an iodine salt into the reservoirs of all cities in the Goiter Belt, and educating the people of smaller communities to the use of iodine tablets.

A little later, however, A. S. Jackson, in the same journal, observed that the indiscriminate administration of iodine to whole populations was dangerous, for in a certain type of goiter, the adenomat kind, the administration of even min amounts of iodine produces the peril exophthalmic variety. Still later, anot investigator gave warning that all prop lactic administration of iodine should individual and the dosage carefully re lated, lest exophthalmic goiter appear

The dispassionate observer conclu that all is not known about the thyr and its secretion. Wholesale attempts influence this secretion must obviou result in many untoward phenomena. enthusiasts simply overlook the mysteri complexity of glandular secretion function, which are a part of the gene complexity of human metabolism. In th eyes the body becomes less an elabor and largely uninvestigated physico-che cal machine than a simple test-tube i which a chemical reagent may be pou with the naïve expectation of a neat a clearly defined reaction.

Thyroxin, a definite chemical substan has, as I said a moment ago, been isola from the thyroid gland. This is an achie ment; it measurably decreases the unkno factors in thyroid functioning. But unc what conditions is thyroxin formed in t gland? Iodine apparently influences production, but what else? Is it the on secretory product of importance or do the gland elaborate further hormones yet unknown? Will a definite deficiency iodine in the food supply invariably gi rise to an enlargement of the thyroid that is, to simple goiter? Or must there b initially, some other factor?

Here are questions of great importan that remain unanswered, yet they rela to a gland that has received, in all pro ability, more investigation than any oth of the ductless system. There is a pla possibility that a definite nervous stimul tion has some relation to the thyroid an its hormone. Here is a problem of endo rinology upon which much has bee postulated but little work performed. O of the few experimental approaches to th problem has been made recently in th

rvard Medical School by S. W. Britton, ose work, however, related not to the roid but to the pancreas.

t is now common knowledge that there s been prepared from pancreatic tissue ighly active extract known as insulin, ich has the power, when introduced o the blood stream of diabetics, of in- encing the destruction of excessive od sugar. Insulin is one of the pancre- c hormones. But what regulates its retion in the healthy pancreas? Britton s been able to demonstrate that one of e direct regulating factors is the right gus nerve. When this nerve is experi- entally stimulated, the secretion of insulin creases, as is shown by a decrease in the ood sugar. When the stimulation is ithdrawn, the blood sugar returns to its rmal level.

Here, in respect to a single hormone, a rt, but only a small part, of the mystery rrounding its production in the gland nishes before investigation. Another in- lin mystery may be expected shortly to eld the secret of its chemical composi- on. Heretofore insulin has been known ly as a more or less impure if potent tract, but a few months ago Abel nounced his preparation of the pure bstance, in the form of crystals. Any emist will understand that as a step ward the understanding of insulin's emical structure, its isolation in a pure ate, in a crystalline form, is a long one.

However, even were the chemical nature f insulin fully known at this moment, the ormone would still invite speculation nd study. Its very action in the blood emains unknown. I do not mean that the bvious results of its administration are a ystery. Everyone knows that insulin, dded to the blood, will reduce blood ugar, and so, in cases of diabetes, relieve he outstanding symptoms of the disease. But how does it bring about this destruc- ion of sugar in the blood?

The problem is not simple. It is an nstance of the general complexity of all landular and hormonic problems. We know, for instance, that insulin does not destroy sugar by direct action, in the sense that a little sulphuric acid, poured upon sugar in a test tube, will destroy it. Insulin, admitted to the blood stream of a diabetic, does not act directly in lowering the amount of sugar (glucose) in the circulation. Instead, it brings about the intervention of other substances or factors that result in the disappearance of the glucose. What are these factors? Does insulin cause a change in the arrangement of the sugar molecule and so render it oxidizable? Lundsgaard and Holbøll, of the University of Copenhagen, a few months past, reported the discovery of a new variety of glucose obtained by mixing together glucose and insulin with the addition of a little fresh muscle tissue. This form, which differs from ordinary glucose in its optical properties, they regard as a product of the first step in the oxidation of glucose within the body. But their theory requires confirmation and much of the mystery remains.

Insulin is now known in the pure state, although its chemical structure is yet unveiled. Thyroxin is known and its chemistry as well. And, of course, epinephrin and its chemistry have been a part of knowledge for two decades. But what of pituitrin, the active extract of the pituitary body? What of the extract Collip lately obtained from the parathyroid gland, an extract potent in regulating the amount of calcium in the circulation? What of the secretory products of the gonads and the ovaries?

Not one of these hormones has been obtained in the pure state. Potent glandular extracts are known, but the pure hormones are as yet unidentified. Their chemistry remains, of course, a secret of nature still undivulged. The precise mechanism of their functioning is even more obscure. In the matter of the female sex hormone, much surprising information has come to light during the past year in reference to the tissues in which it is secreted. Previously the ovary was regarded as the chief locus of secretion. Now, however, Doisy,

Allen, Frank and other investigators have shown that an apparently identical hormone can be obtained from the ovarian follicle, the *corpus luteum* and the placenta in pregnancy. This interesting hormone, when injected into young female animals, brings about a swift and premature puberty. What is its chemical nature? Whence does it come, and from what structures? How does it function within the body? These questions cannot, at present be answered.

So complex are the gland problems and the problems of the accompanying hormones that major errors have been made even in connection with the basic function of certain glands. An instance, brought to light within the past twelve-month, is that of the pituitary body. This little gland is situated at the base of the brain, to which it is attached as well as to the skull. Although its precise function, and the function of its hormone or hormones have remained obscure, it has long been held that its removal inevitably resulted in death. Such an opinion naturally elevated the pituitary to a position of importance in the glandular system. No one could explain just why it was necessary to life, yet without it apparently life ceased. Whenever the pituitary was removed from a laboratory animal there followed lassitude, drowsiness, convulsions, coma, and death.

It occurred, however, to Dandy an Reichert, of the Johns Hopkins, that th same train of symptoms also followe surgical injury to the base of the brai Since the pituitary is in an isolated an tomical position, making its surgical r moval, without injury to the surroundin tissue, extremely difficult, they argued th death resulting from hypophysectomie that is to say, removal of the pituitar was the result of injury to the brain, an not a consequence of pituitary loss. By th application of a new surgical techniqu they found that they could actually remov the pituitary without consequent deatl Their technique simply avoids the injurie to surrounding brain tissue involved other operative procedures.

Thus an ancient error—the necessity o the pituitary to life—falls before investig tion. The work of the Baltimoreans mak the pituitary gland a somewhat less aw some and romantic organ than it used t be. However, if mystery means romanc much of the old quality still attaches itse to the same little organ. And a lik romance of the unknown still surrounc all the other glands of the endocrin system. Before it vanishes under invest gation, much that is droll in glandula therapy, I predict, will be practiced, an much that is droll in theory, I similarl foresee, will be enunciated.

THE MORAL LAW

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

'T was but a few years ago that Gustavus Meyers compiled a book of historical legislative imbecilities, entitled "Ye ncient Blue Laws." Now it has become practical handbook for district attorneys Tennessee and Massachusetts, not to ention Kansas and California. Anti-olution laws, like the Volstead Act, have ased to be jokes. Even the usually eathenish Federal government begins to ive evidence of falling into line. On all des our so-called moral legislation has egraded the fine solemnity and dignity hich once, in Anglo-Saxon Common Law nds, characterized the legislative act. he new constitutional doctrine is that all gislation for the public health, safety or orals, however extravagant, is within ne scope of the police power. Thus the stic lawmakers are able to give their ncy free scope. In a general way, nearly veryone is acquainted with the scope of hese new laws. But there are many of hem which are so nearly *sui generis* that he average man is still unaware of their xistence.

Naturally the God-fearing have concen-rated on the schools. In the Bible Belt, chool and church are one and inseparable. aws requiring instruction in the baneful ffects and frightful consequences of stimu-ants and narcotics are rapidly becoming ommonplaces. If not all the States in the outh ban evolution in the public schools, hey at least try to fortify the minds of he young against it. In all, thirteen tates now have compulsory Bible reading aws. Long ago many of the State courts ecided that at Common Law it was law-ul to permit the Bible to be read in the schools. Such a gratifying result was reached, for example, in Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas and Virginia. But in Louisiana, Illinois and Wisconsin the decisions had been unfavorable, and this made for uncertainty and a parlous state of affairs. True, two States, Iowa and New Jersey, had specific laws mentioning the Bible with approval. But the Iowa act merely said tersely that "the Bible shall not be excluded from the public schools of this State," and the New Jersey act rather lackadaisically that "no religious exercise shall be permitted except reading the Bible." These did not embody the proper philosophy and spirit at all. So Georgia led in 1921 with a law which had teeth in it. There followed Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, North Dakota, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, South Dakota and Tennessee.

All these new laws have high-toned preambles. "To insure greater security in the faith of our fathers," recites the Maine law, "to inculcate into the lives of the rising generation the spiritual values necessary to the well-being of our and future civilizations, to develop those high moral and religious principles essential to human happiness, to make available to the youth of our land the book which has been the inspiration of the greatest masterpieces of literature, art and music and which has been the strength of the great men of the Christian Era, there shall be in all the public schools of the State, daily or at suitable intervals, readings from the Scriptures with special emphasis upon the Ten Commandments, the Psalms of David, the Proverbs of Solomon, the

Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer." The Florida and Kentucky laws reason that "it is to the interest of good moral training, and of a life of honorable thought and good citizenship, that the public school children should have lessons of morality brought to their attention during their school days." Teachers who neglect to comply with the law may be dismissed and in Kentucky their pay may be withheld. Lest compliance be perfunctory, even the number of verses is prescribed in many of the laws. The doses, allopathic or homeopathic, are as follows: in Delaware, at least five verses; in Idaho, twelve to twenty verses; in Georgia, at least one chapter; in Tennessee, at least ten verses. A wide acquaintance with the Book is further assured in Tennessee by forbidding the reading of the same chapter more than twice during the same session.

II

Sage as this particular provision is, and meticulous as is its draughtsmanship, on the whole, the Bible laws are very carelessly drawn. It is a familiar fact, alas, that many portions of the Holy Book are lewd, lascivious, indecent and obscene. In fact, there are judicial decisions which establish this: they are compiled in Theodore Schroeder's "Obscene Literature and Constitutional Law" and show that in several instances matter has been barred from the mails as obscene which turned out on examination to be compilations of Bible quotations. As the new laws stand, it would be perfectly legal for a jocose schoolma'am to undermine the morals of her charges by frequently reading to them the Song of Solomon, for instance. Before it is too late, then, let the laws be amended to add a clause, "provided, however, that nothing in this act contained shall be taken to excuse the encouragement of licentiousness."

When the telephone came into general use, little did we realize that there was a defect in our laws. We had laws against using indecent language, but did the apply to the citizen who swore when th operator gave him the wrong number? A an early date, the lawgivers of Nort Dakota awoke. In 1907, they penalize the utterance of indecent language ov the telephone. Now Texas has hastene to fall into line, and has enacted th North Dakota resolve *ipsissimis verbis*. Th phonograph was invented, and severa of the Mid-Western States similarly passe laws against playing lascivious compos tions on this new instrument of Sata Even now, in one of our great agricultura empires, a corn-belt Solon must be knittin his legislative brows as he sits drafting bill to protect the endangered morals o his constituents from the radio.

In the Nineteenth Century the callow youth bent on sowing his wild oats lacke an accessory which the high-stepper nov finds indispensable. I refer naturally to th taxicab—the *sine qua non* of up-to-date ho love. One may now be transported speedil and expeditiously to the night-club, to th house of joy, to the little love nest. For number of years the taxicab drivers plie their nefarious trade unmolested. But i they continue to do so today, it is unde the pains and penalties of law. There ha been a Movement. The result has been what may properly be called a standard Anti-Transportation for Immoral Purposes Law. It is on the books in Delaware Louisiana, Maine, North Dakota, Penn sylvania, West Virginia and Wisconsin It commands the driver to keep his eyes open. If he knows, or has reason to suspect, that his passenger has a rendezvous, he must tell him politely but firmly to walk. In short, the law strikes the evil at its source. It makes the taxi-driver a guardian of the public morals!

When Satan, too, encompassed the adoption of Woman's Suffrage, little did the average American suspect its threat to our ancient standards of decency. But as soon as they were enfranchised, women began to be admitted to jury duty, and many States even made this service compulsory.

as, the feminists had overlooked most the existing State laws with respect to e custody and conduct of juries! They ovided that if a jury did not agree with-t retiring, an officer had to be sworn to ep its members together in a private ace and not permit any person to com-unicate with them nor do so himself. nce the case was submitted to them and ey were ushered into the jury-room, no iliff could disturb them. One does not ed more than the moral sense of a Fiji lander to suspect what goings-on there uld be behind those stolid doors. Mixed ries! God only knew how many good omen and true would be ruined. More-ver, how could their partners in guilt be ken when the law made it impossible burst into the den of vice? Obviously, ne jury-room threatened to become as vorite a place of assignation as the grotto f the nymphs. California, in 1919, was the rst State to solve this delicate problem. clause was added to its jury law, thus:

> provided, however, that when the jury is composed of both men and women, in the event that it shall become necessary to retire for the night, the women must be kept in a room or rooms separate and apart from the men.

Thus, when the shades of night fell, the usbands of California suffragists were no onger made cuckolds. Pennsylvania fol-owed in 1921, Kentucky in 1922, and North Dakota in 1923. What of the other tates? The blot, alas, is still upon their cutcheons. Here is a cause for the Watch nd Ward Society!

But there is now far more legislation han ever before against all the ancient nd customary vices. Its broad aspects are amiliar, but one often encounters quite ew ideas. Examining the State Prohibi-ion acts, for example, one concludes that Volstead was a novice. Padlocks, forsooth! After all, perhaps not too much is to be expected of a pioneer. What chance has a cofflaw in Colorado or Iowa? It is there enacted that the attempt to destroy any iquid while an officer of the law is making a search is *prima facie* evidence that it is intoxicating. The Alabama drys have turned the penological clock back whole decades: in Alabama a judge is forbidden ever to suspend sentence in a case of liquor violation! In Kentucky, which has, perhaps, the most savage Prohibition law of any State, the general reputation of the accused for bootlegging may be proved—thus disposing of an immemorial rule of evidence. The Kentucky law also tries to convert every citizen into a spy and informer. It offers a standing reward of $50 to any person furnishing information leading to the arrest and conviction of a bootlegger. Oregon, going further, has resolved to make Prohibition pay its own way: all fines collected in liquor cases go into a special fund to be used for paying the salaries of snouters. It is still a mooted question if Congress under the Eighteenth Amendment may make it criminal to purchase intoxicating liquor, but in 1923 Maine amended its conspiracy law to make it criminal for two or more persons, as buyers and sellers, to conspire to bring about a sale of liquor in the State. Thus, in that great State, the man who buys a finger of Scotch even for his own use is guilty of a criminal conspiracy, and has foisted upon him all the odious associations which Anglo-Saxon law has always attached to that crime. In North Dakota, one may not sell even vinegar or syrup "under circumstances from which the seller may reasonably deduce an intention on the part of the purchaser to use the same for beverage purposes." The circumspection with which many of the laws enumerate forbidden means of liquor transportation is quite amusing: Indiana singles out the airplane, North Dakota the buggy, Iowa the suitcase. In Texas all confiscated liquor must be delivered to the State Board of Control for use in eleemosynary institutions, to which, under the terms of an old law, the State must supply *spiritus frumenti*.

With the laws against adulterating liquor we come upon the sad (and inescapable) dilemma of Prohibition. At

first glance these laws appear to be bulwarks of dryness. Merely to adulterate liquor with poisonous ingredients is made a felony if fatal results follow. To leave the bootlegger to the ordinary penal law is frequently to let him escape almost entirely. But upon closer scrutiny, it must be evident that to make his carelessness manslaughter and murder is only to encourage him to manufacture good stuff. In Florida, Illinois, Oklahoma and Tennessee, if the drinker dies, the seller or dispenser is a murderer. In Iowa he is guilty of manslaughter. In Tennessee, even if the drink is ignorantly given, the crime is manslaughter.

The Demon Rum is thus legally laid, but the Demon Nicotine is still in the saddle. Most of the States, for a long time now, have had laws against the sale of cigarettes to minors, but in the last few years several have introduced absolute tobacco prohibition. Apparently the Nineteenth Amendment is on its way. Idaho, North Dakota and Utah have passed such tobacco prohibition laws, but have had to repeal them. Kansas, Arkansas, and South Dakota, however, having done the good work, remain as adamant. Undoubtedly the obstinate resistance to liquor prohibition is tending to save the weed. But one of the results of the new crusade is to make it illegal to smoke in public restaurants in Nebraska, Idaho and North Dakota. In North Dakota cigarettes may not be advertised. The law of Idaho generously permits patrons of public restaurants to smoke, but only in the toilet-rooms thereof. The Christians who had to take to the catacombs had a comparatively pleasant time of it.

The evils of the pool-room are beginning to keep our Christian lawgivers awake as never before. Alabama, Georgia, Iowa, Mississippi and Ohio are in the list. The license fees are growing larger and the regulations ever more burdensome. The Georgia law even prohibits baseball tickers in pool-rooms. The laws commonly require the interiors of all pool-rooms to be so arranged as to furnish a clear and u obstructed view from the street. I quo one: "No billiard-room shall permit a screens, curtains, blinds, partitions other obstructions to be used to prev a clear view of the interior, which cle view must be maintained at all times. N partitions forming rooms, stalls or oth enclosures shall be permitted." Fortu nately, for the necessities of nature, the la continues: "This provision, however, sha not be construed to prohibit the mai tenance of wash-rooms and toilet-room for proper purposes, nor the maintenanc of closets for storing purposes exclusively. The pool-room laws also exhibit anothe dilemma of the righteous. The Y. M. C. A fights the devil with his own weapons and the Y. M. C. A.'s have excellent poo rooms. What to do? The Georgia an Mississippi laws specifically exempt Y. M C. A. pool-rooms from their Christia operation.

The regulation of carnivals is another new field for wowsers. In the language o one of the recent laws a carnival is define as an aggregation of persons which "att tracts attendance and causes promiscuou commingling of persons in a spirit o merrymaking and revelry." Idaho begat in 1921 by legislating them out of existenc entirely. "Travelling carnival companies," the law decreed, "are hereby forbidde from operating in the State of Idaho." If they entered the State, their property was subject to confiscation. Merry-go-rounds and such innocent amusements, however, were exempted. In 1923, three other States, Minnesota, North Dakota and Vermont, followed suit, but contented themselves with regulation only. In 1925, Minnesota amended its law to exclude carnivals from within one mile of villages. A special feature of the North Dakota law is that it bans the dancing of the hootchie-kootchie.

There have been hundreds of town and city ordinances regulating dance-halls, but in the last five years five sovereign States have taken a hand. Chapters and verses are

follows: Minnesota: L. 1923, Ch. 136; rth Dakota: L. 1925, Ch. 128; South kota: L. 1921, Ch. 334; Washington: 1923, Ch. 111; Wisconsin: L. 1925, Ch. All dance-halls are required to obtain te permits. The age of admission is nerally eighteen. A policeman must be sent at every dance, and in Wisconsin vate committees selected by the county ards are clothed with the powers of puty sheriffs. Of course, all dances haracterized by immodest motions of e body" are forbidden. But the pet of ese lawgivers is the bright lights clause. Every public dancing-place, ' reads the innesota law, "shall be brightly illuinated while in public use, and dancing erein while the lights are extinguished, mmed or turned low so as to give imrfect illumination is prohibited." The w stops short of prescribing the number watts. However, the South Dakota law ipulates that not only the dance-hall but he adjoining grounds must be brightly luminated.

III

he prevailing practice in the happy past as to permit the separate townships, illages and cities to regulate such things n the exercise of their police powers. The tate laws merely formulated their charter owers, and in general terms penalized inecent and immoral conduct and acts. The unicipalities enjoyed thus a form of local ption as to sin. But now we move steadily oward State-wide laws in that departent. They show an increase of political fficacy in the rural districts, which are ent on making the urban Babylons bow o their wills, and are put over by the ame tactics which led first to State-wide, nd then to national Prohibition. Conider, for instance, the Kentucky law of 922, entitled grandiloquently "An Act Prohibiting the Appearance of Persons Clothed Only in Bathing Costumes upon he Public Highways of this Commonvealth or upon the Streets of Towns or Villages having no Police Protection":

> Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:
>
> 1: That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to appear on any highway or upon the streets of any town or village having no police protection when such person or persons are clothed only in ordinary bathing garb.
>
> 2: Any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined in any sum not less than $5 nor more than $25 for each and every offence.

The more remote Christian villages have had such ordinances for years, but this is the first time State lawgivers, endowed with mileage privileges, mahogany swivel-chairs, and frock coats, have spoken thus in the grand manner.

The most marked characteristic of the latest moral legislation is its great specialization. In the old days, the moral laws lacked precision. They spoke vaguely of the "lewd, lascivious, indecent, and obscene." They hardly amounted to more than a warning to be good. Sinful men objected to them because they created constructive offences, but the righteous were equally dissatisfied, for under them many of the wicked escaped altogether. Now they are being refined in a way which amounts to creating new crimes. One of these new offences is peeping. Three States, Indiana, Georgia, and Michigan, have adopted Peeping Tom acts. Indiana was in the vanguard in 1917, and Georgia followed in 1919, and Michigan in 1923. The Indiana law is worth scrutinizing in full:

> 1: It shall be unlawful for any person to peep or to attempt to peep or to go upon the enclosed or unenclosed land of another with intent then and there to peep into the residence, lodging-room, lodging-house, or rooming-house of another person, which said residence, lodging-room, lodging-house, or rooming-house is then and there occupied.
>
> 2: "Peep" defined: The word "peep" as used in Section 1 of this Act shall mean any looking of a clandestine, surreptitious, prying or secretive nature.

Obviously detectives and Prohibition agents come within the fair scope of this act. *All* looking of a "clandestine" nature is prohibited. Some fair day an Indianan wet or damp may yet invoke the law against a Prohibition snouter. That this

is not a fanciful eventuality is, indeed, shown by the Georgia Peeping Tom Act, to which the canny lawmakers added:

> 3: Be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That nothing in this Act shall prevent duly constituted officers of the law from performing their official duties in ferreting out offenders or suspected offenders against the law, or in secretly watching a person suspected of violating the laws of the State of Georgia.

If the old maxim of the Common Law, that legislation is presumed to be designed to remedy an existing evil, is true, then the Republic is obviously full of degraded and lascivious degenerates. What confronts us is a legislative mind undermined by pruriency and comstockery, and finding relief in barnyard legislation. Much of it is almost unmentionable. All of it is unenforcible. There are numerous laws against making obscene marks or drawings on water-closets. How is the adolescent to be detected save by a snooping Goodman hiding in the very *châlet de nécessité?* To judge by the laws relating to manufacturing establishments in such States as Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Iowa, Minnesota, Nevada, and Wisconsin, this *châlet de nécessité*, when carelessly built, is contributing wholesale to the downfall of the Younger Generation. Where both sexes are employed the Minnesota law, for instance, requires:

> The outside partitions of all toilet-rooms shall be of solid construction and may be opaque and translucent but not transparent, and shall extend from floor to ceiling, or such rooms shall be independently ceiled over. All partitions separating toilet-rooms provided for the different sexes shall be constructed of such materials as are not transparent or translucent and they shall be soundproof and no openings in such partitions shall be permitted.

The anti-gambling laws are achieving such high perfection that in Texas it is now definitely forbidden to bet on a game of dominoes or to match pennies. And the State censorship laws are going so far that in South Dakota it is unlawful to exhibit scenes "illustrating illicit love, infidelity in family relations, or striking an officer of the law." In Idaho, there is a recent law against joy-riding, and another called th Lazy Husbands Law. In Louisiana, the is a law against unauthorized perso entering the premises of State schoo where dormitories for women are mai tained. Another State contributes a statu making it unlawful to hang or exhib paintings of the nude "except in an a gallery."

Three new statutes, all relating t censorship, are so notable as to merit clos examination. Perhaps the most interestin is the inspiration of Mississippi: L. 192 Ch. 265. To the text:

> 1: Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi: That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to keep for sale, offer for sale, or sell any magazine or other publication which has been excluded from the United States mail on account of its vulgar, indecent or obscene character.
>
> 2: That any person, firm or corporation, or any agent of any person, firm or corporation shall upon conviction of violation of Section 1 hereof be subject to a fine not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars or imprisonment to exceed thirty days or both. *Each day said magazine or publication shall be kept for sale or sold shall constitute a separate offence.*

Imagine the moral exaltation of the author of this law from the moment he conceived it, breathed his fierce vow, to the moment of his final triumph in committee! Did he encounter the objection from a skeptical colleague that he was sponsoring a supererogatory act—that it was rather difficult to send in magazines through the mails after the Postmaster General had once excluded them, that if anyone did it he made himself liable to a maximum penalty of ten years in a Federal penitentiary, or a ten thousand dollar fine or both, and that therefore the people of Mississippi were reasonably safe? If these arguments were heard, they had no effect. A copy of an obscene magazine might still find its way into the State by ox-cart, so the law was passed.

Minnesota goes even further in a law of last year. Thus:

> Any person who as an individual or as a member of a firm or association or organization, or as officer or director, member or employé of a cor-

ration shall be engaged in the business of gularly or customarily producing, publishing circulating, having in possession, selling or ving away
(a) An obscene, lewd, and lascivious newsper, magazine, or other periodical, or,
(b) A malicious, scandalous and defamatory wspaper, magazine, or other periodical,
guilty of a nuisance and all persons guilty of ch nuisance may be enjoined as hereinafter ovided.

Any participation in the business at all, n to the extent of holding a share of ck, renders any person subject to the unction procedure prescribed. The Atney General is directed to bring the ion, but if he neglects to do so any lividual smut-hound may act as his bstitute. After a hearing, the court may bid altogether the further publication the offending periodical:

After trial the court may make its order and udgment *permanently enjoining* any and all deendants found guilty of violating this act.

This law summarily destroys an unpular paper without any of the safeards of the normal criminal trial. It ustrates above all the fascination which alogy has for the weak-minded. In its rly stages even the vice crusaders recogzed the injunction as so extraordinary d exceptional a remedy as to justify its plication only to the most formidable ils. But then William S. Kenyon, then a strict attorney and now a Federal judge, pularized it in Iowa as a means of harassg women in the red light districts, and spread like wild fire through all the ethodist Middle West. Now only six American States are without the benefit of injunction abatement procedure against houses of ill-fame. To the accomplishment of this end the so-called American Social Hygiene Association worked tirelessly. From drink and prostitution the injunction in the last few years has been extended to gambling, and even to cigarette selling, as in the Dakotas. In 1923, Colorado passed a law for the padlocking of lunch-rooms, soft-drink parlors, dance-halls, hotels or even groceries run "in such a manner as to disturb the neighbors." Now, in the fulness of time, we have the Minnesota law. Such is moral progress!

Finally, let the lawgivers of little Delaware enter the competition. One of the demands which the rustic pastors of the land are beginning to make is to be shielded against the contumely of the ungodly. They resent the unkind criticism to which they are subjected by irreverent wits. At the 1923 session of the Legislature of Delaware this demand produced an Act to Prohibit the Exhibition of Any Moving Pictures that Ridicule Religion or a Minister of the Gospel:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Delaware in General Assembly met:

It shall be unlawful for any person or any officer, or employé of any corporation engaged in the business of exhibiting moving-pictures to exhibit any picture that holds up to ridicule religion, or religious matters, or *to exhibit a minister of the Gospel as a ridiculous person.*

Delaware, so far, is the only State to enact this law. But many others, you may be sure, are preparing to follow.

RED-HOT SELLING

BY WILLIAM WEIMAR

TIME was, in the idyllic days of our forefathers, when any fellow of grade-school erudition, free of halitosis, a cleft palate and religious doubt, might look forward in simple faith to a successful career as a salesman, or as the term then was, a drummer. Given a mileage book and a case of samples, he was admonished only to plug everlastingly at it. If he did so he was sure to win through eventually to an honored place in the home office and a competence ample for his simple needs. So all the Babbitts of 1885 were made; so they got their high blood-pressure.

But not today, in the merciless shambles of modern commercial strife. Successful selling, one learns from even a brief reading of the prophets, is now become a mysterious business, comparable to lion-taming or self-induced catalepsy. The Prospect, the buyer, is viewed no longer merely as a man with whom business may conceivably be done: he is instead treated as a laboratory animal on which an operation—and a peculiarly delicate operation—is to be performed. Worse, the victim is found, not strapped conveniently on the table, but free and snarling defiance from behind the slop jars of the operating theatre. Trickery therefore becomes necessary: the beast must be lured to its doom; and psychology, by the unanimous vote of scientists, is the bait. "Selling is psychological—it exists under the hair." The quotation is from "Selling Slants," by George F. Abbott, a name that, recalling the realtor of Zenith, I hail as almost too good to be true.

But true or not, Br'er Abbott states the *leitmotif* with all the glory of the f brass choir, and then at once, directi the blast upon the trembling novice, i parts the ultimate secret of success:

> He should firmly believe in himself, he should believe he is a big man. If he believes this, he is going to TALK BIG—ACT BIG—and in consequence sooner or later, his results WILL BE BIG.
>
> He should go through a course of self-hypnotism so far as business is concerned, and in this manner he will rid himself of one of the devils in this business—FEAR.

Under the title, Salesmanship, the Ne York Public Library lists 300 books, i cluding a collection of character-buildi letters written by ten successful sale managers to salesmen who had not bee doing very well. There are also "Com Let Us Walk Together," a series of i spirational editorials from the *Sportin Goods Salesman* and other periodicals, an tomes on such subtle aspects as the Ap proach, the Delineation or Exposition an the all-important Close.

Herr Freud and his school, emerged a length from below Twelfth street, are no taken up, threadbare though they be, b the medicine men of trade; and the news stands cater to popular demand by dis playing alongside such salesmen's staple as *Art Lover*, *Paris Nights*, *Arts*, *Fads*, *Modes* and similar æsthetic works, that great organ of enlightenment, *Psychology*. In a recent issue of this inspiriting monthly one finds, among numberless advertisements of will power builders and keys to hypnotism, a long moan for the passing of M. Coué, "A Straight Talk on the Cardinal Principles of Salesmanship—as Applied to Business, Marriage, the Professions —and LIFE," "What Is Somno-Ther-

?" "Some Facts About the Thyroid
nd," "The Psychology of Passion,"
h photographs of the choruses of
reat Temptations" and "Passions of
6," and "Psychology in the News."
magine the ex-shipping clerk, fed on
h manna, fixing a steely eye on a con-
nacious Prospect and playing on the
ow's fears, passions and cravings for
n! God save me, I tried it myself in a
r gone by. Full of hope, at the close of
: late unpleasantness, I abandoned my
uthful body and brain to a study of the
ence in all its ramifications, including
smerism and ghost dances. It was a
ng, hard struggle, but a time came at
ngth when I went forth, the very apothe-
is of the peddler. The way had been
epared; the firm whose goods I carried
to the bleak tundras of New England
as known, although it had, during the
ar, devoted itself almost exclusively to
holesale transactions. Furthermore, once
on the road, I found the boss had spoken
truth: the stock actually was more ex-
nsive than my competitors'; moreover,
ur prices were right, and business flour-
hed in that lush prelude to the doldrums
f 1920. I prepared myself for a killing.

But something was wrong. The choice
lums went elsewhere, in many cases to
ch of my rivals as I definitely knew
ould offer neither our assortments nor
ur quotations. In despair I reviewed my
echnique. Plainly I had not profited from
y studies to the extent that I had hoped
nd believed. And so, from Hartford to
ramingham, I gave my nights to theory
nd my days to putting that theory into
ractice. But in vain. At the Lenox, in
oston, a telegram implored me in the
ame of God to return to New York. Feel-
ng sure that the end of things was at
and, I obeyed, only to find that the boss,
hough he broke out no old brandy to
elebrate the homecoming, intended to re-
ain my services for a go at the territory
round New York. Pleased at the prospect,
gave myself to a further scrutiny of the
exts and to forays upon the trade.

II

On a sultry afternoon that made of Long Island City a sweltering grotto, I paid my respects to a small, wattled member of a race that a few months before had been the target for Allied high explosives and the verbal assaults of the Great Moral Denunciator in Washington. No, he was positively not in the market. No! But my name interested him: I had come perhaps out of Thuringia? Not so far as I knew. Nuremberg was most often spoken of at home. Nuremberg! Der hell you say! And I was treated to the performance of a high pressure American booster doing his stuff in a make-up and dialogue reminiscent of Fourteenth street burlesque. Old post cards came from dusty pigeonholes. *Fleischbrücke zu Nürnberg, Frauentor zu Nürnberg, Am Tiergärtnertor zu Nürnberg.*

"And the *Lebkuchen*"*!* I interposed. "We have not had any since 1913."

Lieber Gott, the *Lebkuchen!* He was crying now, and I thought best to change the subject. What an afternoon for a *Seidel* of that Kulmbacher taken from us by the children of light!

Instantly he flamed into righteous anger. Together we denounced such a *Schweinerei*, and from Prohibition to the Fourteen Points was a transition logical enough. The long afternoon waned. It was time I was in the office, reporting another fruitless day. To linger here was a waste of time so far as business was concerned. The boss, I recalled, held grave doubts as to the possibility of anyone wooing this fat account from the house that had retained it for years. And I had not had opportunity to so much as mention my goods. There was little nourishment in merely listening politely while an old man wistfully spoke of a Fatherland that existed only in his golden memories. The last funeral cortege, returning dust-covered from Calvary, vanished into the sunset behind the Bridge. I rose to pack my stock. Then, of a sudden, came the sweet words:

"How much you're asking for those?"

At 5.30, bearing an order that Herr Krausmeyer, his stenographers gone for the day, had written out in his own angular script, I sat in a B. M. T. train, figuring the commission. One hundred and fifty-six dollars and eleven cents. And I had not, for so much as a single instant, cast upon him the Evil Eye nor attempted even my most elementary exorcisms. Business had been done, and a very fair day's business, merely because I had remembered the embossed tin boxes that contained certain cakes suitable only for use as missiles in some deplorable *Weihnachts* affray. A strange basis, I thought, for a commercial transaction of some importance with a fellow reputed a very hard-headed business man!

Pondering the subject on the way home, I began to doubt the Black Magic on which so much stress was laid. I recalled the significant impatience with which the boss had always dismissed my attempts to go deeply into the more technical aspects of our line: invariably the conversation, by transitions hardly apposite, was turned to art. The neophyte, *couchant* at the feet of the successful trader and bent on complete knowledge of his craft, was vouchsafed no more than a repetition of elementals ere the master escaped by a headlong dive into Impressionism. Once he had found that I knew the Barbizon School to be something other than an institution for teaching languages through the use of phonograph records, he bestowed the kiss and, despite my failure to garner profits in the two months of my labors, saw to it that my salary went on and even was slightly raised. Together we visited the Metropolitan and other galleries, and once, with doors barricaded against the Philistines in the outer offices, we attempted charcoal sketches of our tall and austere neighbor, the Bush Building.

It was a queer proceeding and one hardly calculated to raise the morale of the sales force. That such things went on in the hard and merciless world of business was shocking to my ideals. Did the boss see in me great possibilities as a future reaper in the fields? Did he believe, because I ha heard of Monet and could make a stab pronouncing the name of Cézanne, th such glittering erudition would begui prospects into surrendering their account It seemed incredible, yet there was in th advertisements of many culture course impressive testimony for the confusion such as might scoff at the idea. Perhaps h suspected that I gave my every spar twenty minutes to a perusal of gems of th world's wisdom and whole evenings to th Five Foot Shelf. Perhaps he merely foun in our talks momentary escape from th intolerable boredom of his business life– and was willing to pay for such means o escaping. I do not know.

But after the pleasant adventure o Long Island there began to glow about th matters of cold and sober commerce genial light revealing a multitude of de tails, bizarre and rich in amusement. perceived that, other things being by n means equal, orders went to the fellow who could most persuasively share wit the buyer a compelling interest in horse shoe pitching, zoömorphism or the breed ing of Lady Amherst pheasants. Busines then, like all life, swarmed with desire for refuge, for a little glitter to relieve th dreadful monotony of the drudge.

Well, it was assuredly a matter to keep in mind. That evening with appropriate ceremonies I burned the gospels, and thereafter harried the metropolitan trade with heartening results. The experience led to an emphatic conclusion: the hawker of wares is best advised to foreswear al attempts at psychic control. Let him rather collect for future use a store of miscellaneous information, not necessarily true, for he will deal with men susceptible to the traditional fallacies, men to whom a brand-new idea may seem so disturbing that a retreat into cold, shocked silence will be their inevitable reaction. For myself, once I had abjured the rôle of amateur swami, I found business coming my way. I sold because it chanced that I had once

ed in Montreal, because I had been in-
duced to Alla Nazimova, because as a
ld, in 1908, I had seen that ball game
erein Merkle failed to touch second.
henever, indeed, I could strike upon a
ject that offered the yawning purchas-
gent a moment's respite from his hum-
um life of unit costs, the sun of his favor
one upon me and was reflected gloriously
on my goods.

I did business in Worcester because I was
e ingenuous boy to a wistful Babbitt
th no offspring. In Bridgeport, remem-
ance that my grandfather had served
ith Anthony Comstock in the Seven-
enth Connecticut Volunteers, put me
ght with an ardent Frau Lieutenant
olonel of the G. A. R.—and consequently
ith her husband. In Philadelphia, the
le of Bismarck, the phenomenal police
g, and his master's gloves did the trick.
ncidentally the only instance I can recall
here the legendary device of the sales-
an's questionable story was employed.)
Inevitably, of course, I met specimens
rectly out of cold storage; fellows seem-
gly intent only on dollars and cents.
ne such aloof edelweiss, blooming coldly
Providence, R. I., was interested, I
und after almost a year's research, in
mathematical puzzles. Realizing my own hopeless inability to meet the man with his chosen weapons, I compromised by mailing to him a mass of brain-searing problems. A month later I found him haggard, almost insane, but yet strong enough to repulse my advances. Six months of siege laid at long distance brought capitulation: he purchased, paying with many an ugly curse a little more for grades of material that shortly afterward brought him to my throat with the accusation that I had, for some strange reason or other, wilfully kept him from buying such goods sooner. . . .

III

Now, retired from active service at the front, I loll in the boss's atelier, and sally forth only when particularly dirty work is to be done. Then the prospect who is also a golfer hears of what was almost an ace on the twelfth at Greenwich; the bug on diet learns that meat may be bolted without actual harm; the advocate of Prohibition for labor gets his two quarts of Dewar's—and not infrequently business is done.

Business? Business! Then I am the Little Father of all the Russias!

VARIETY

BY HUGH KENT

An American newspaper man in Paris was sued for divorce. A tabloid weekly theatrical newspaper, published in New York, and filled with ugly type, heavy black advertisements and the most atrocious English ever put into print, was named as co-respondent by his wife. She said that when the paper arrived every week, her husband did not speak to her during the two days required to read it from cover to cover. The Paris court record shows that the suit was withdrawn on the understanding that the husband should cancel his subscription to the paper. It was *Variety*.

Variety's grammar is barbarous; its style is original and unique and completely independent of any other writing; its phraseology is wild and revolutionary and its diction is the result of miscegenation among shop talk, slang, Broadway colloquialisms, sporting neologisms and impatient short-cutting. *Variety's* other name is Sime Silverman, owner, editor, bowels and soul of the sheet. Sime, as he signs himself, and as he is known up and down Broadway, had the usual experiences of the adventurous youth who leaves home before his first shave. He saw a little of everything, playing cards for the house in an up-State gambling joint at seventeen, and finally coming to the big city, where he settled on the alluring outskirts of the theatrical business. About twenty years ago he got a job reporting theatrical news for the *Morning Telegraph*, then the Bible of the showman and the sugar of Broadway's coffee. He and a reporter who knew nothing about Broadway went to work the same day. The managing editor conceived the idea of pitting the newcome against each other, keeping the better on and discharging the other. Sime countere by pooling his stories with the oth fellow and so they always managed t break even on honors. But it did not la long, for he was soon fired.

He took his new reporter friend wit him, borrowed $2500 and started *Variet* He was bankrupt at the end of the firs week, and at the end of every other wee for months, but he kept on borrowin and scraping until finally the propert began to breathe. He staked its claim t existence on printing all the facts abou the show world, and, because he has neve varied from that programme, he still ha to borrow and scrape. He has been i battles that lasted for years—with th Shuberts, with the B. F. Keith vaudevill interests, and with other powerful foes There is peace for a space, and then come a time when Sime must choose betwee suppressing what he regards as news, an doing battle. Invariably the choice i battle. At present he is fighting both the Shuberts and the Keith-Albee vaudeville He has waged an almost endless figh against all the big theatrical interests, no to reform anybody, for he is not an up lifter, but simply to preserve his editorial independence. He doesn't like it because it costs him lots of money and time, but the only way he knows how to run a paper is to have it completely free—a novelty in theatrical journalism. His advertisers pay for every agate line they get and they are never given puffs as *lagniappe*. An advertiser may take a page to give a message to the trade, and in the same issue,

perhaps on the facing page, Sime will him a liar and expose his villainy. n the trade paper field, editorial men, not actually soliciting advertising, ally work hand in glove with or ctly under the advertising department. Sime will not allow his solicitors even speak to his reporters, and the former, o bring in the payroll money each week, treated more like orphans than like saviors they are commonly held to be other papers. Most trade papers are ten with subsidy, and those that aren't at the mercy of the press agents who rk under the men who buy advertising ce. But *Variety* recently printed a warn- to press agents that if they tried to be the paper with advertising their vertisements would be thrown out.

Every page of the sheet reflects Sime's culiar courage. The bugaboo of libel esn't seem to interest him at all. If he inks a story is true he prints it, and the ctim can choose the weapons, time and ace. One week a man will be reported ite casually as "hop head"; the next u may read that "John Doe isn't a dope dict as reported. John says he hasn't hit e stuff in years." That ends it. The paper completely devoid of sentimentality. never says that "So-and-so's death came a great shock to his many friends, etc." simply says that he died—and it tells e cause, even if that cause was dope, ink, or the most scandalous of diseases. When Aimée McPherson, the Los ngeles evangelist, was "abducted," Sime inted a story from an old circus man ho remembered her in the days when e was a sideshow announcer. He pointed ut that the only way a voice could be ained like Mrs. McPherson's was by ex- erience as a carnival barker. "Plenty of dications of smart showmanship in the ntire affair," the story concluded. The ucharistic Congress was a "flop," ac- ording to *Variety*. "But the Moose and lks conventions are in the offing," it re- arked consolingly, "and maybe the odge boys will be better buyers." It covered the last Fourth of July celebrations by reporting the resorts that "put on a heavy gyp and grift" *i.e.*, one-sided gambling devices, three-shell tricks, etc.

Sime's staff loves him like a father and has an almost fanatical faith in him. One of his men, when asked about him, admitted that he didn't know much, but added that "he is the greatest God-damned editor that ever lived'—and his eyes were full of tears as he said it. Another, who had been fired nine times in fifteen years for getting too drunk to function, but who always came back, said: "Listen, kid, Sime's a right — — —, and the squarest-shooting guy Broadway ever saw!" Silverman pays his men well, loves them much, and works them hard.

II

Beside being its editor, he is the star reporter of his own sheet. For years he has lunched in the Astor Hotel hunting-room, which, since Prohibition, has taken the place of the old Knickerbocker Bar as the headquarters of theatrical business men. There is always a crowd at his table and dozens stop to chat as they pass. If anyone has a bit of news, Sime gets it. He is known also at the night clubs, where he spends several nights a week. Here, too, there is always a crowd at his table, and the party and the drinks are always on him. He can drink like a fish and never lose his head. Once, when a man in a club accused Sime of being drunk, it made him violently angry. "Think so?" he sneered. "If you do, let's go upstairs, and you can make some easy money playing me cards at a thousand a crack." The story is that he broke his man. His wide-open game of poker has earned respect along Broadway. He is continually making the rounds, always the reporter first. He seems steeled to days and nights of that wearing life, with little sleep; he has stood it for more than half his own days. He has an apartment over his office where he sometimes sleeps, or spends a whole night alone

grinding out sentimental ballads on an old player piano.

More than one editor has wondered how Sime makes all his men write alike, in a dialect never encountered anywhere else. The fact is that that dialect is simply the slang of Broadway. Its colorful expressions are those of its readers and its viewpoint is strictly that of hard-boiled New York. The show business isn't interested in the niceties of grammar and syntax, or in the proper use of words, and neither is Sime. His paper would not be so interesting and valuable to its readers if it were written in decent English. They would get less information from the news that "Joe Dokes lost one thousand dollars on the production of 'Watch My Dust'" than they get out of "Joe Dokes went for a grand on 'Dust.'"

Silverman probably knows very well that his paper sets a world's record for bad English. Once he bought an encyclopedia and an unabridged dictionary for his staff, on the instalment plan. A year later he discovered that not one of the volumes had ever been opened and so he gave them away. Newspaper reporters often sing out to their neighbors "Two c's or two s's in occasion?," but on *Variety* they merely write what they guess to be right and let the proof-reader correct it or pass it. They are busy pouring facts into the sheet: what do they care about spelling?

The same nonconforming spirit is evident in every detail of the paper. The signatures on its reviews of performances are set in italic at the end, and run to such forms as *Con*, *Abel*, *Fred*, *Sisk*, *Hal*, *Ung*, *Ibee*, *Loop*, *Edba*, and *Skig*. They are made up of Christian names, of syllables of surnames, and of nicknames. On the woman's page is a department called "The Dressy Side," dealing with the advanced styles that stage women affect; it is "By The Skirt." There is a series of gossipy departments labeled "Inside Stuff," with a subsidiary line naming the field: music, vaudeville, legit, pictures or "outside," the latter meaning outdoor amusements.

The text runs true to the promise of t heading. There is a column called "Li rati," dealing with writers for the stag and setting forth the current rumors a gossip concerning them.

The headlines have the same tempo a fresh looseness as the text. A story dealin with the ruin of many shows in Ne Orleans carried the head: "That N. Can Knock 'Em Off—Town Seems Think More of Carbolic Acid." Over th report of a theatre's display of pictur of naked women was the caption: "Sall cious Limit." When the play, "Bun of 1926," was in trouble, the headlin was: "Bunk is Sunk, Loss, Net, $60,000. Such captions as "Boston Biz Fair—1 Hi 1 Flop" are common. Every reader alon Broadway knows that "Lemon Stan Don't Interest Ride Men" means that poo paying amusement parks fail to attra operators of roller-coasters, chute-th chutes and carousels.

The show business itself is rich in colo ful words and phraseology. *Variety's* sta has adopted all of them naturally and t them it has added its own fantastic coin ages. Some of them are quite beyond a lay man's understanding. Words are draw from the brothel, the race track and boot legging, the latter having contribute *McCoy*, meaning genuine. Ordinary slan is often put between quotation marks, bu *Variety's* own assaults on sound Englis are used with perfect naïveté. Sime himsel lately wrote that a new moving pictur bored the men in the house, but that "the flaps and mams seemed to enjoy it."

One of the paper's coinages should be officially embraced by the dictionary and bred into the language. It refers to a flattering, enthusiastic review by a syco phantic critic as a *rave*. This trick of ex changing nouns and verbs is also exempli fied in the report that a certain man "*authored* the show, which will be *readied* next Fall, when it will be *hoked up* [from *hokum*]". In referring to money wagered by persons with good tips or information, the term used is *smart* money. Motion

res which are ground out wholesale
ne studios at the rate of one a week
alled *quickies*. Songs rendered with an
trating slide are *ill* songs. A con-
ious success is an *outstander*. Motion
ire theatres with continuous showings
no intermissions are *grind* houses. The
l *ritziest*, when used to describe an
connotes tolerant contempt, as if to
"Well, *some* people will like it, but
n't good show business." If an act *is*
l showmanship and also superior in
and dress, *Variety* takes it to its heart
a warmth and reports it as *classy*.

III

master of all American slang writers
probably John Conway, a former
nber of the Giants, who wrote sports
a time between deserting the diamond
joining *Variety*. His slang is thoroughly
ural and without it he would be dumb.
e is a sample of his criticism:

fter intermission, Helen Eley, a real big league
nging comedienne with unusually good bright
aterial, whammed them, assisted by a male
anist who cops the pale blue pajamas for failing
do a piano solo. That alone stamps Miss Eley
knowing her onions. She is a flaming flam-
oyant blonde with oceans of stuff.

Faber and Wales next bowled them with a
eritorious crossfire turn founded on the old,
ut always welcome, flirtation idea. The girl is
looker with an armful of S. A. [sex appeal] and
ne male is a competent wisecracking comic.
hey didn't miss a point and closed with a like-
ble bit, in which he turns in some very funny
ugging when his lips work longingly as she
os a pop song right under his beezer. They
ould have stayed on all night. She made a change
om fetching street attire to a French abbrevi-
ted dress which was used for more funny cross-
re. Both are clever.

Fields and Fink moved in to a homer in the
ext to closing spot. Max Fields is a veteran
lebe comic and just right for vaudeville. The
aterial, while familiar, is sold for 100%. They
rossfired, sang and gagged to an impressive
otal.

Frequently, in a show, "part of it is A1
t the last half doesn't number [figure]
all." Instead of saying that an act
ayed the Orpheum Circuit all Summer,
e reporters of *Variety* say that it
pheum-ed all Summer. When the Grove Street Theatre turns tickets over to the Leblang cut-rate agency, the headline is "Leblanging Grove Street." Here is one of Sime's own: "Miss Wallace lines up well alongside her partner and the combination is a pushover on Loew's or any other time." A final scene that goes back to the opening scene is a *stet* finale, a phrase evidently picked up from *Variety's* printers.

Nut comic is a common term for eccentric comedian, and when one of them, forgetting his lines, had to improvise, the paper reported him *nutting along*. Some girls were simulating hay fever in an act; throughout the story they were called *hay feverettes*. The leading man in the same skit was so successful that he *sensationalized* himself. *Jazzist* is the antonym of *old schooley*. A man is reported in trouble over misrepresenting facts to a girl whom he "hoaxed into a fake bathing beauts contest." Persons from Hollywood are referred to as *coasters* or *coastlanders*. When a new act was placed last on a programme, *Variety* put it: "Fred and Daisy Rial subbed in the walk-out assignment." The act ahead of it earned little applause, and therefore *nose-dived*.

Gambling terms are picked up and used freely because they all belong to the fluid Broadway vocabulary. One thousand dollars is referred to as a *grand* and one hundred dollars is a *century* or a *yard*. But much of *Variety's* vocabulary is made up of ingenious variations on common Broadway expressions. It has developed, for example, the following new terms for a success: "zowied 'em," "copped everything," "bowled them," "wowed them," "walk-away hit" and "clicked heavy." It rarely reverts to the original "stopped the show" and "went over."

The mischievous son of a vaudeville agent annoyed a policeman so that he could watch his father fight and it was recounted that: "The kid steamed his pop into socking a cop in the Brooklyn baseball park, but the judge turned the old man out." It would never have happened if the policeman had not been in his *unie*.

Getting the laughter of an audience is pulling a *howl* or a *yell*. A female impersonator, with spectacular gowns, is a "svelte performer, gasping the fems with his flash wardrobe." *Variety* makes *deuce* work for two, a pair, the second of a series, or a team of two. The word *monicker* is worked hard as a noun, and also put to use as a verb, as in the following: "A wrestler, monickered the Serbian Tiger, offered to throw anyone for 500 smacks and a couple of shills accepted his defy while the Tiger wiggled his breast muscles." Another stunt in the same circus performance turned out to be a *breathtake*, with the final ensemble a *climaxer!* The circus itself was so good that it was "an ultra organization."

The whole staff of *Variety* seems to be having a love affair with *anent*, and it is used in many curious ways, for example, "other comments *anent* the author," "*anent* radio's damage to pop songs." The word *extant* receives almost as much attention; it is employed in place of existing, current or in general use. Both are what *Variety* would call *prop* words. Sometimes the rhetoric of the paper reaches a point where it can't be understood without a key. Here is an example written by Sime himself:

> After that, one who has not seen a German-made picture before for over seven years doesn't know where to start, this "Variety" film is such a paralyzer after that lapse and in comparison to seven years ago, in the progress by the Germans in picture making.

IV

At any hour of the day or night, passing on the north side of Forty-Sixth street, just east of Broadway, one may look across at the mongrel buildings which house make-up shops, theatrical agents, music publishers and film exchanges, and see at a second-story window of the narrowest of them, a man at his desk. If the weather is hot, he will be stripped to his undershirt. This is Sime on his throne, a dais at the front of the editorial department. He detests formal clothes and shakes them off like a quick-change artist, beginning wi he leaves his Hispana-Suiza at the cu continuing as he ascends the stairs, concluding in a jumbled pile of hat, co tie, and collar, which he drops on his d to grab papers with one hand and open shirt with the other. Three steps bel him lies the editorial room.

On the street floor below is the adv tising department, and the floor above devoted to the most complete theatri morgue in the world. This collection clippings takes up one-third of the pap whole floor space. Sime maintains elaborate establishment on Central Pa West, but he has appropriated the top his office building as his private apa ment, and it is there that he entertains cronies—many of them his own employ

Variety's circulation is a mystery. Ev members of the staff do not know it, though it is sold all over America a Europe. Sime probably is the only pu lisher ever heard of who refuses to ma any statement to his advertisers. "A papers lie about their circulations," says, "so claims aren't worth anythin I tell people to ask the corner news-stan They know how many people plank dow twenty cents for my sheet."

Sime has rejected every orthodox tra paper and class publication tradition a dogma, going ahead unsubsidized financiers or advertisers, free, fearle selling news, facts, rumors, whatever believes his customers expect of him. is no clean-up fanatic, no warring edit taking sides for the right. He waits fight. The other side must make the fi faces. But then he cuts loose. Every w which he has waged has been a war preserve the independence of *Varie* Although allied with the most corru business of the time, he has shot the wor on decency and made it pay. A ha drinker, a keen gambler, a tough fighte he is cut with sudden curious facets tenderness. He is sentimental about h son, his friends and his paper. And he the most respected man along Broadwa

MORALS AMONG THE UNMORAL

BY ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

OCIAL INHERITANCE is the passing on to the next generation of the accumulated inventions, customs, and modes thought of the generation which pres and produces it. That is one way of ing it. A more concrete statement of the he fact is that the Eskimo child responds husiastically to the custom of chewing lrus hide, whereas we, in youth, prefer -day suckers. He considers that a raw fish is a holiday feast, whereas we flee ieking from the cod-liver oil bottle. Is, is not, whale blubber delicious? The ly answer to the question is that blubr is what you like, if you like that sort thing. And how young must we begin, we are to thoroughly enjoy fish-oil as diet? The physical and mental age has t been determined by scientists, but we e safe in saying—pretty young. The most sual observation tells us that we tend to main cold to the customs that did not arm us in our infancy, and warm to those at did, whether they happen to be conrned with diet, politics or table manners. nly by a very considerable jolt in later fe can our values be reversed, and even en our nervous system is never wholly nvinced.

But if this is true of codes and manners, n it also be true of right and wrong? ere many practical moralists will not gree. "Sin is sin," they protest. "The oral law must be the same for all, for nscience is a universal and infallible uide." Nevertheless, an observer of many ndeniable sinners, offenders not only gainst legal codes but also against suposedly natural law, is obliged to differ. f one attempts to understand the psychology of habitual offenders, and to study it as one would study the strange folkways of the Bushman, or the African pigmy, one finds no lack of codes to be sure, but a set of them as completely different from our own as if their votaries too had inherited an alien culture, which, in point of fact, they have.

Perhaps no delinquent exhibits more striking variation from accepted standards than the girl of persistently loose morals. She belongs to a sisterhood which has held throughout history a position of some prominence. She has been laughed at, and thundered against, sought in secret, but shunned in the open, exploited, sentimentalized over, and reformed with such difficulty that she remains the despair of the reformer. In fact, almost every approach has been made to her but the simple one of trying to understand her. And understanding her can only be accomplished by the same means that one attempts to understand, say—the boll weevil or the gasoline engine. Nothing is gained by exhorting the weevil, the engine, or the girl, if they go wrong. To mend their ways they must be understood.

What is she then, calmly considered as a social fact? The first discovery which one makes is to be expected, namely, that not all of the species are alike. All immoral girls do not have the same code any more than all moral ones. Their one habit of sex irregularity is no more of a bond between them than the bond of respect for morals makes the tastes of a nun identical with those of a pioneer wife who has raised ten children, handled fifty farm hands, and organized the Grange. Both of the latter fulfil their functions within the

law, but aside from their possible common ability to feed a crowd, they have probably hardly one habit in common. So with the sex delinquents. Granted their one tendency to a sex life out of wedlock, they not only may have nothing else in common, but, like the rest of us, they are usually violently unsympathetic with any irregularity which varies from their own. They share our human talent of sliding gracefully out from under a law which they ruthlessly apply to others, but again like us, they do it without conscious hypocrisy. They have absorbed uncritically the tradition as it was passed on to them, and they feel among their groups the fine distinctions which an outsider can no more grasp than the non-academic mind can detect a difference between an LL.D. and an LL.B., or the non-musical appreciate the horrors of singing flat.

II

So it was with Millie, who at fourteen married a miner of forty-two. The marriage failing to be a success, she eloped to the city with a taxi-driver, with whom she now lives. She has a factory job and supports Joe when he has gambled away his wages. She cannot afford a divorce ($60) nor does she particularly wish to marry Joe. "Once is enough," says Millie, and she is very scornful of Ella, who is also eighteen. Ella was also reared in a mining town, but ran away, not from her husband, but with him. She supports him by prostitution with men whom he provides. "Dirty Dagoes" is Millie's comment on Ella, and she turns a cold shoulder. "I am living with my own husband, which is more than you can say," retorts Ella, "and I make a better living, at that."

Yet with all their intolerance for each other's standards they have a certain bond, for both girls are fond of their ill-chosen mates. They have nursed them through many a drunk, or welcomed them back after a period at the workhouse. In short, they show the same consideration for their consorts' peculiarities that many a go wife exhibits toward those of an eccent but well-loved husband. "The poor fel he's out of work," explains Ella. Emotic ally at least, each girl is, for the prese true to the man of her choice and tries please him. Each succeeds in holding h as well as any other woman is likely and is pleased with herself and with hi Both are subject to arrest under our la —and get arrested with about the sa frequency and inconvenience as they cat a cold and with as little damage to th self-respect.

By an accident Corinne also got arrest one day, and sat on the same bench wi them. A greater contrast could hardly imagined. Corinne sells goods in an e clusive shop all day, and knows the diff ence between a local hat and a Fren model for $50 as well as her customers. S has the same standards of dress that th have, looks as well in high-priced cloth and suffers as much as they from cloth of inferior make. Her wages, however, not cover the expense of such a wardrob so she consorts with men who can ar will help her pay for it. Millie and El loudly protest their affection for the men, but Corinne, when asked if her fee ings are engaged with any of hers, giv a shrug which says as plainly as word "Don't be silly!" Other women marry f a living; eventually she intends to do herself, and she undoubtedly will. In th meantime she intends to dress well by th only means she can—for if she does n dress well, she will never induce the typ of man she wants to marry her. It is vicious circle, but as simple as arithmeti In fact, her behavior is based entirely upo bookkeeping. Finance, and not emotion has been her downfall. The two unpardon able sins, to her, are to be unwashed an to be a fool, and Millie and Ella are ob viously both. They glare at her and ca her a brass chicken. She glances at ther and their grimy consorts and murmurs "Page the Board of Health." Each girl i as sure of her own code and as disguste

ı those of the others as the most right- of vestals. Even Ella has her boast: is the only woman of the three who es her residence with her own husband. ill another type is Pauline. Pauline d not get on at home. Her father de- ıded her pay envelope and her mother ıld not let her go to dances. So she ran .y, got herself a job, and now lives in ɔoming-house. Occasionally she goes ke, and then and then only, she picks a few dollars on the street to pay her t and get some clothes. "When I had teeth out it cost an awful lot, and once anted Susie to visit me, and her ticket s $40. But I don't hustle much. Honest on't. I haven't hustled since last No- nber, when I got my fur coat." It is ıline's boast that she "hustles" only to y her honest debts.

Nina's boast is just the reverse. I recall eting her just after an interview with uline, when I still rashly assumed that cause both were young, immoral, and ɔr, their folkways were the same. Noth- g could be further from the case. Nina mitted her irregular habits with the ter lack of embarrassment of a clear con- ience, but at some remark of mine based ɔn Pauline's behavior she flared up.

"You don't think I am *low*, do you?" ıe asked, with her first blush rising to er eyebrows.

"I thought you just told me yourself hat you had done," I answered, aston- hed at this anger.

"But do you think I take money for it?" ıe blazed back. "When I go wild, I go ɔr fun, and because I want to. I would ever be so low as to take a cent if I arved for it. That's me all over, Missis. Vhat jazzing round I do, I do for nothing."

Nina is therefore known among the sis- erhood as a Charity, and viewed with dmiration or contempt, according to their odes. In some standard vocabularies used n mental examinations the word Charity ccurs to test the observer's ability to un- lerstand abstract terms. Not for some time lid I discover why mention of this virtue caused such embarrassment, and why there was often such a hasty denial of any idea as to its meaning. To be a Charity is to be amiable without payment. It is a badge of distinction to the Ninas who glory in their love of gaiety and their indifference to reward—but "poor boobs" sneer Pauline and Corinne at the scabs of their trade. "Regular guys we are," boast the Charitys. It is as sobering to reflect upon the debasement of this fine old word and the probable connotation of charity hospitals and Sisters of Charity to the Ninas of society, as it is from time to time to note the mismanagement of some banking house operating under the title of Equity, Fidelity, or Trust. If words were conscious, they would shudder at their own misuse.

III

But whatever the lines which mark their social levels, and whatever their arguments as to what is high and what is low, there is usually an agreement among sex delinquents that racial lines must be recognized in their profession. The white girl who so far forgets herself as to consort voluntarily with men of the black or yellow races must be low indeed. "A coon or a chink, I should say not! I wouldn't lower myself," says Leona with her pert little cackle. It is the only standard that she knows, but she draws her color line with firmness and with pride.

However, all girls do not share Leona's scruples. Not only that, but some of them have developed a code by which they convince themselves that other races show them a kindness and deference which they cannot expect from their own. They can even demand polite formalities from their social inferiors which would be absurd if they were not so tragic. Girls of this type usually admit their own degradation with complete candor. "Of course I'm low or I wouldn't stand for it," they say with disarming earnestness. And the exhibition of an emotional life so young, yet so petrified, affects at least one observer like the face of

a child with sightless eyes. There is profound pathos in finding ashes where the fires of youth should be, and to watch such a girl linger in the doorway, as she turns inevitably to reënter a life from which it is too late to wean her, is like watching a frail ghost reënter her own grave. After such encounters one understands why Dante incased his lowest Hell in ice, below even the reach of fire. Yet there are still lower depths and more grotesque and distorted folkways—but is it profitable to multiply examples?

If so, what other codes shall we include? I say nothing of the wayward rich because there are not so many of them, and whatever their habits, the burden of folly falls not on them, but on the poor. I have ignored the girls of high standards led astray—the Marguerites and Effie Deans of romance, for they present no psychological riddle. Their codes are usual. They have merely been lured from them by emotion. And to introduce a pleasant note let it be said that although they suffer acutely for a time, their story (the novelists notwithstanding) is likely to end happily. Mr. Woolworth fortunately provides wedding rings within the compass of the most modest purse, and some appropriate man is usually glad to marry the pleasant young "widow" and adopt her child.

I have not included a study of neurotic sex deviations from the normal, for that is a chapter in itself. I have not even talked about the feeble-minded, for though many prostitutes are undoubtedly feeble-minded or near it, there are also many feeble-minded girls who are not prostitutes. Just as the dullest matron may be armor-plated against infidelity, so her equally dull daughter may be genuinely horrified at anything not "nice," if she has been brought up that way. If sufficiently tempted, she may violate her conscience, to be sure, but so may her more gifted sister. The psychological fact remains that she has one, and that it conforms to a socially acceptable standard.

I am far from hazarding an opinion as to what is the proper sex code for anyon man or woman. But experience shows th that unless a girl without means can c tivate the habit, when still young, of l ing on what she earns, or on what is pr vided by someone legitimately responsil for her, she is certain to become an ec nomic parasite, to pass on her practices her younger mates, as children bequea their hopscotch and their marbles, a eventually, like an unwholesome bird th befouls the nest, to defile her own youn Even the Charitys are not so independe as they boast. Their joy-rides, their show and their suppers are payment of a su stantial sort. There is nothing to hold a of them from the pursuit of luxuries b yond their purses, save only a certain pr udice in favor of chastity. If this prejudi is absent from their culture, can it be hun like an artificial arm where there is n even a joint to strap it to? Can such girl and their brothers, ever be made to fe our folkways? If so, how shall we begi To what emotions shall we appeal?

Do not tell the girls that if they a vicious they will never marry, for they a do. Do not tell them that they will n marry as good a type of man as they woul have married anyway, for they will. D not tell them that other people do not r gard what they do as lightly as they d themselves, for their code is but the refle tion of their group, and their own grou is their world. Do not try to shame the by saying that promiscuity is a trait c dull women, for they will readily agre They will insist further that only the ric girl can afford to be dull, untrained, an yet fastidious. Do not try to scare the with the probable consequences to the health, for hygiene as well as chastity i absent from their tradition: a short lif and a merry one will be their answer. D not say that it is illegal, but contemplat the force in that argument the next tim you are served with a cocktail.

Curiously enough, the ethical doctrin of the Earl of Shaftesbury, that bad moral are bad taste, comes the nearest to the

erstanding. Most of them agree that y gobbling of soup is not nice. And etimes we look out of the window at lley cat of loose morals, and they laugh ully at the resemblance. They hate to ık that they look just like that to any- y. And if a reduction of the moral law hat of prowling cats and noisy soup is lecking out of that stern goddess in ıer scanty drapery, we must cut our ments from what material we have, on principle that any drapery is better n none at all.

Thus far, experience points to the fact t the acquiring of a sex code takes place ng about the time that the individual uires language. Unless the language is rned before, say, the age of ten, it is ver the mother tongue. It may be learned th an effort, and lived by if necessary, t it will not be felt. It will show an cent, and in moments of stress, the lan- age of infancy will take its place. I have en told of an English lady who, upon eting a reformed cannibal, congratu- ed him upon his change of diet.

"You no longer believe in cannibalism?" e asked.

"I do not," he replied with a dignified t appraising glance. "Nevertheless," he ded, "nothing will ever taste so good a plump little English woman's thumb!" I am told that the lady moved on rather stily; and if so, her instincts were en- rely sound. No technic can be considered arned unless the knowledge has got past e cerebrum, and is accepted by the spinal rd, the muscles, and the solar plexus. nly then will it operate quickly enough be of value. If the cannibal's brain had ccepted the new code, but the nerves of is stomach had not, he was like our young antons, whose experience may tell them iat their habits needed mending, but hose nervous systems do not yet rise protest against so simple a method of tting a fur coat as prostituting for it.

I was once one of a group of guests at church service in a reformatory for young irl offenders. The psalms of David had been chosen for the reading, apparently as least likely to offend the religious sensibilities of Catholic, Protestant or Jew, and the psalm which became branded on my memory was the fifty-fifth. As I listened to the girls' glib responses, the sentimental tears came into my eyes. Was it possible that these little castaways from a great city did not see that David had written the psalm about them? "I have seen violence and strife in the city," they chanted. "Deceit and guile depart not from her streets. For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it. Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him. But it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide and my acquaintance". . . .

The words were too appropriate. I hesitated to look up to see the tragic response which I expected. But did I observe any? Not in the least. The unconscious victims snapped off the final curse, "But Thou, O Lord, shalt bring them down into destruction. Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days," and slammed their Bibles into the racks with the dispatch of those who long for dinner. How strange, I reflected, that they do not realize their own tragedy. And then, glancing at the row of well-bred, well-fed friends beside me, I wondered whether we should have noticed any great relevancy if, instead of the fifty-fifth, the psalm had happened to be the second, with its wild verse, "He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in derision." Should we have felt at all uncomfortable, or lost our appetites? Not we. We, as well as they, were too well-trained in our code to take the words of an overexcited poet seriously. We, too, would have cast covert glances at the clock, smoothed out our ruffles, and closed our Bibles with a yawn. Why assume that any social tragedy includes us among its chorus? Why get upset? How do *we* know which of His creatures are so sublimely ludicrous that they make even the Lord laugh?

THE MOUNTAIN MEN

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

For over two centuries after the establishment of the British and French colonies in America, the frontier of exploration was pushed westward by fur-traders far in advance of the frontier of settlement. The fur-trader was the actual pioneer, the trail-breaker and the map-maker of a continent. He prepared the way that emigration was to follow—charted the rivers, discovered the passes, and marked the trails by which seekers of free lands or of gold and silver were to penetrate the wilderness. Of necessity, he was a riverman. Once across the Alleghanies, rivers and the Great Lakes were the means of access to the Mississippi valley, and west of the Mississippi the key to the high plains and the mountains was the Missouri with its scores of tributaries.

No better rivermen than the Canadian *voyageurs*, French and French half-breeds, ever lived. In canoe, bull-boat, or keel-boat, by pole, paddle, or *cordelle*, they went wherever water would float them; and, under the direction of adventurous Scotchmen who had the faculties of leadership and organization which they lacked, they made fortunes for such employers as the Hudson's Bay Company, the North West Company, and John Jacob Astor. Toward the end of the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, however, the scene and methods of the fur-trade changed radically. The British, finally ousted from American territory, moved to Oregon, and the exhaustion of the lower Missouri and Great Lakes fields forced their American competitors westward toward the Rocky mountains, the Columbia river, and the drainage-basin of the Great Salt Lake. But the new fields, though rich, were difficu of access. The line of communication the Missouri was long and the passes we difficult—and the country of the Blackfo Indians was squarely in the way.

The Blackfeet were implacable enem of the whites, and they were the bo fighters in the West. The Assiniboine the Utes, the Shoshones, the Snakes, a even the Crows and the Arikaras cou sometimes be counted on for friendshi but the Blackfeet were always hostil Even the Crows, who were the greate thieves, and the Utes, who were the be riders, had been known to pass up a whi man's horse or to return it after using it while, but when a Blackfoot saw a hor he stole it without further ado and yo had to scalp him to get it back. The re would sometimes leave a caravan alon and could be easily intimidated, but whe ever a white party came within sight the Blackfeet they at once swept down c it with horrid caterwauling and violen intent. They would not trade their fu nor allow the whites to trap in the country. As the trade moved in the direction, they nearly wrecked it.

Then one William Henry Ashley forme a partnership with Andrew Henry, who as a member of the Missouri Fur Company had already suffered disasters at the hand of the Blackfeet. Henry waited to suffe one more and to see Ashley routed by th Arikaras, and then abandoned the trad altogether. Ashley was a Virginian wh had emigrated to St. Louis, in the days o its glamor, and when he entered the fu trade in 1822 he was Lieutenant-Governo of the new State of Missouri and a genera

ts militia. After he had made a fortune :he trade, he served three terms in the tional House of Representatives, where was a supporter of Benton and an hority on the West. He once enter- ıed Daniel Webster so successfully that : orator ever after remembered St. Louis a city of miraculous beverages.

This Ashley, by a process of trial and or, devised the new methods the fur- de required. In 1822, with Henry, he ended the Missouri in the orthodox y. Leaving Henry to go on, he went ck to St. Louis and led a second party the river in 1824. At the Arikara vil- ges, he was attacked, routed, and de- ɔralized. Meanwhile Henry had also en harassed by the Arikaras and had lost ɔst of his horses to the Blackfeet. The ro expeditions were so costly a failure at Henry withdrew from the trade, but ey furnished Ashley the clue to ultimate ccess. For several of Henry's detach- ents had gone on to the Green, the Bear, ıd the Snake rivers and on their way had -discovered South Pass, and when, in 825, Ashley led another expedition to eet them, he marched directly up the latte river, breaking a great part of what as to be the most important trail in the xploration and settlement of the West.

This route along the Platte and through outh Pass shortened the line of communi- ation many hundred miles. It also lay in ɔwer latitudes, led by easy gradients hrough passes which were open most of he Winter, and permitted the use of vheeled vehicles to the very crest of the Continental Divide. Furthermore, it was ar south of the Blackfoot country. It herefore permitted the fur-trade to reach ts most promising fields with something ike ease and security. But the Platte was ıot navigable and much of the route was ltogether separated from water. The country, most of it mountains or desert, required the trader to possess qualities the riverman had never needed. Thus Ashley's new system tended to substitute for the trader, who got his furs by barter with the Indians, the trapper who hunted them himself, and tended also to require him to stay permanently in the mountains, meeting his employers at an annual rendezvous, where he turned in his peltries and received enough supplies to last him for another year.

All these requirements drove the *voyageurs* out of the trade. A new figure took the place of the riverman: the mountain man. He was, in the overwhelming majority, a Virginian or a Kentuckian, though Jedediah Smith, perhaps the best of them all, was a Yankee. Many of the most eminent accompanied Ashley in 1822 and 1823, among them Smith, Etienne Provot, Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, William and Milton Sublette David Jackson, Hugh Glass, and Louis Vasquez.

These mountain men were the true wilderness-beaters of the last American frontier. For fifteen or twenty years they pushed into all the fastnesses of our most difficult ranges. They created several fortunes, in which they never participated, and they did so at the cost of hazardous lives, obscure and violent deaths, energy and privation and daring almost inconceivable, and a skill which has never had a superior on American soil. Romance and the movie have gilded the cowboy, the gold-seeker, and the homesteader as the true frontiersmen, and ignored the trapper beside whom the cowboy had an unskilled occupation, the Forty-niner traveled in comfort along pleasant boulevards, and the homesteader made a living with comparative ease. For the mountain man had to be skilled at a dozen trades that none of the others ever needed. Separated by a thousand miles from the outposts of civilization, he had to be self-sufficient in a world he had himself created and had to accommodate his world to a thousand daily emergencies. He not only had to live off the country, sometimes for years on end, but he had to defend himself against the country and its aboriginal inhabitants. He had to master a complex and extremely difficult craft—or die.

II

The elements of prairie-craft and woodscraft were, of course, part of the American tradition everywhere outside the towns, part of the elementary education every boy was subjected to, but the mountain men had to adapt them to a far greater variety of circumstances than anyone else ever encountered. Basically, the craft was Indian. The virtues which the Indians admired were those which the trapper emulated. He dressed like an Indian and was most easily flattered by being told that he resembled one. Along the seams of his buckskin breeches and shirt ran a fringe, sometimes worked with dyed quills like his moccasins and leggings. Quills or beads ornamented the pouches that held his powder and shot and the fur cap he wore in Winter. A sash of crimson or yellow completed the costume—or in Winter a fur coat, or the scarlet blanket that symbolized grandeur to the Indian. He wore his hair long, leaving it free or braiding it with shells, ribbons or bright feathers.

The trapper could buy buckskin from the Indians, but he frequently tanned his own. The fresh skin was scraped free of hair on one side and of tissue and ligaments on the other, by the aid of water and ashes and much labor, and was then twisted and worked in every direction till it became flexible. A prolonged dubbing with a mixture of brains and water followed, after which it was again stretched, kneaded, and twisted to the pliability of silk. The only remaining operation was smoking, which was carried out over a greenwood smudge till the skin acquired an orange-brown color. No other material has ever equalled buckskin for moccasins, leggings, and outdoor clothes of every kind. It was warmer than wool, it made no noise against the underbrush, it had a neutral protective color, it was proof against cactus and the minor assaults of stones and sticks, it did not rot, and it wore indefinitely.

Besides buckskin, the mountain me made other kinds of leather as the occasic demanded. Rawhide, stiffly flexible an as hard as oak, was prepared in skin-siz and cut up to serve as ropes and thongs o all sorts; twisted or braided, it did fo harness or riatas; or properly molded, served better than iron to shoe horses fo the flinty uplands. It could be dried o forms in the shape of buckets, boxes, an shields, and was practically everlasting The sinews of slaughtered animals, whol or divided or braided together, served a thread and light cord. Their bladders an paunches were carefully preserved fo watertight containers of everything fro powder to goose-grease.

The customary outfit included a skin ning knife which was a common butche knife till Colonel Bowie invented a bette one, a tomahawk (shingler's hatchet), rifle and perhaps a pistol or a bow, powde and lead in pouches, buffalo robes fo shelter and bedding, a packet of awls an needles, from three to six beaver traps flint and steel, and a minimum of extras Each man had two horses for himself an from one to three for his outfit and furs and to these he must be both hostler an veterinary. The horses put a definite check on the movements of the party, for where there was no fodder there could be no trapping. Some hardy upland grasses were available all year long, being edible even when buried under snow, but in regions of alkali or lava and in those which had been "et over," there was only one recourse, the cottonwood tree. The inner bark of one species, *Populus occidentalis* (*angulata*), when shredded and chopped up, provided a fodder as nutritious as hay. It had to be kept warm in Winter, for when frozen its jagged sides would pierce the intestines.

The mountain men lived almost exclusively on meat, and though the modern faddist would condemn them to every ill from Bright's disease to pyorrhea, managed to lead active and hilarious lives for as long as they escaped scalping. Through-

all the fur-country, the buffalo roamed great herds and might be killed with le exertion. The Indians thriftily ran m over cliffs, when that was possible, avoid labor and the loss of weapons. e trappers rode them down and shot m with rifles or, perhaps even more ciently at short range, with arrows. e hump and the tongue were the most culent portions, and young cows were more desirable than bulls. The frontier ple, pemmican, was made from buffalo-at. Into "officers' pemmican" went ly the humps and the marrow, but the dinary article was made up indiscrimi-tely of all cuts. Strips of meat were dried the sun or smoked over a fire till crisp d were then pulverized between stones d mixed with equal parts of melted fat. ne mixture when pounded down in skin gs and sealed with fat would keep veet for years. It was probably the best ncentrated food ever devised. Two blespoonfuls would make an excellent eal for one man, and he might eat it raw warm it over a fire and flavor it with rvice berries, choke cherries, wild cur-nts or any other fruit that was at hand. The buffalo were wanderers; no one new in advance where they might be und. If no herd was in sight, the trapper ook what he could get—deer, antelope, k, bear, geese, ducks, prairie chicken, sage hens. Mountain lion, or "painter," as a delicacy, and porcupine a treat, but ich vermin as wolves and coyotes were be eaten only in extremity—which ould sometimes force a man as low as rairie dog or even muskrat. The beavers hich supplied the trapper's livelihood ere contemptible as food. All these sup-lies were likely to fail, especially at the ighest altitudes or toward the end of Vinter. Then Indian lore was called upon distinguish edible from bitter or poison-us roots and to provide other substitutes. Dozens of mountain plants could be safely aten, but most of these grew on the ower levels or were unavailable under the now. A slender meal could sometimes be made from wild rosebuds, or the Digger Indians—the shy, ubiquitous pariahs of the frontier—might be prevailed upon to give up their stores of sunflower seeds, and along the Columbia there was the chance of meeting a tribe that had smoked salmon.

Coffee and tobacco were the principal stores carried from the East, and their loss by plunder or accident was a catastrophe. They, more than anything else, made life in the wilderness comfortable, and the trapper would boil the empty sack that had held coffee or smoke the papers that had wrapped his tobacco. No adequate substitute for them existed, though a hot drink could be made from wheat, and dried cedar-bark and the bark and berries of kinnikinnick could be smoked with some satisfaction.

III

Nearly every kind of pelt the trapper could take was worth something. He traded in otter, marten, mink, bear, buffalo, deer, and elk hides, but all these were incidental to his principal business, beaver. The fur trade was the beaver trade and, in America, its dépôt was St. Louis, where an average fur was worth from four to eight dollars, exactly twice what it had brought to the trapper, who, after that discount, bought his outfit and supplies from the purchaser at an advance on St. Louis prices of never less than 100%. The beaver's value to the trapper, then, never exceeded one-fourth of what it brought in the States and was liable to decline to an eighth.

The beavers were to be found on the tributaries of the larger streams. Such rivers as the Green, the Bear, the Snake, the Fraser, the Yellowstone, and the three forks of the Missouri were fed by a multitude of creeks along which the trapper found his richest harvest. Trapping required a complex knowledge of streamcraft, topography, climatology, and animal psychology. As the beavers retired to their lodges during cold weather and as the fur was worthless during the Summer, the

hunting seasons were the Fall and Spring. Each man set his traps as his fur-sense dictated. The beaver-dam was the starting-place; and near it, in natural approaches, the trap would be set so as to stay only a few inches below the surface of the stream. It was pegged down to a stake, fastened to a chain round a boulder or otherwise secured. No bait was used beyond "castoreum," or castor, a rank internal secretion of the beaver itself which served at once to attract the animal and to cover the scent of the trapper's hands. Trap, chain, and anchor were also well rubbed with green deer-hide to eradicate the smell of man.

In this operation, the craft lay in finding the right place for the trap. Obviously, a trap set at random would catch its prey only by accident, one set in too deep water would be ignored, and one in too shallow or too exposed a place would betray itself. The trap, too, must be so arranged that it would drag the captive's head under water and drown him. The trapper generally worked upstream from the mouth, staying as long as necessary on any given creek. Usually he worked in the water, wading most of the way to keep his scent from grass and brush. A position in midstream had the further advantage of making surprise by Indians less likely.

His constant following of streams was the basis of his most impressive skill: his ability to find his way in the wilderness. The country in which he lived was a chaos of peaks, canyons, alkali flats, valleys, lava plains, sand and salt deserts, timberland prolonged on a scale hardly to be realized, crisscrossed by rivers and ranges, infinitely deceptive and infinitely hazardous. Trails marked the major sequences, raying out from the most important passes, but every trail not originally marked by Indians was the trappers' work and their daily labor took them into unblazed country. To carry out a campaign of several months' duration which would take a party through a given district, visiting specified streams, picking up oth parties at places and dates arrang months before, and finally arrive on th at a rendezvous separated by hundreds miles from both starting-place and tr ping grounds, required the best milita leadership and individual skill. The trapp read the country he passed over w practised eyes, picked out its gradien monuments, and exits, stored away photographic impression of it, and ma it a part of his learning to be contribut to the common stock. By 1827, it w practically impossible for a mountain m to be lost in the vast country he work through—a fact to be compared with t disaster that overtook the gold-seeker the emigrant whenever they forsook t main-traveled road.

The keys to this formidable lore we the peaks and the drainage system. T trapper's first act on reaching a ne stream or valley was to climb the pea that commanded the vicinity. From i summit he could make out the directio the streams took and the flow of th master-creek. He could also follow th mass of ridges, peaks, parks and valley He needed little more. For years he ha exchanged information with every new comer and so knew by heart all th principal streams, passes and other land marks. He checked his decision by man other signs: height, size, kind and abun dance of timber; number and drift of buffalo vegetation, coloring of rocks, fauna; preva lence of winds, snow, alkali, or sand; ho springs, waterfalls, Indian tribes.

The tactics developed by defense agains the Indians in such country were passe on to the emigrant trains, and, in technica adaptations, still play a part in the In fantry and Cavalry Drill Regulations an the Field Service Regulations of th United States Army. A large brigade wa safe from direct attack by any tribe excep the Blackfeet and so was chiefly concerne with guarding its horses. Advance, rea and flank guards were sent out on th march. At the bivouac the wagons were

ined together in a circle which formed orral. If all the horses could not be got ide, they were picketed by night, being owed to graze only before sunset and er dawn. If there were no wagons the ral consisted of the fur-packs, from ee to nine to a man, and other impedimenta. When the horses were stampded in spite of all precautions, the bride must go after their captors and stamde them in return.

Smaller parties were in greater danger. errilla warfare with its intrenchments d open-order skirmishing was the daily utine of the trade. One vital element of ch warfare was trailing—the art of ling by ground-sign who had passed at way, in what numbers, how recently, d in what state of mind. The marks of dge-poles indicated a peace party, since oees and hence squaws were part of the pedition. The number and dispersion the horses revealed the purpose of the rty, the freshness or exhaustion of the ock, and the distance from its objective its home. The identity of the tribe ight be disclosed by the hoof-prints, the shape of a deserted bivouac, by agments of food, lost head-dresses, eces of fur or skin, decorations, or eapons. Single trails might be as revealg. An expert trailer could tell at what it a horse had passed, how many hours days had since elapsed, and what the obable destination was. He could make shrewd guess as to the rider's state of ind.

Wounds sustained in warfare or accints must be treated by the most primive surgery. Broken bones could be set, rows could be pulled out, and lacerations om a bear's or a panther's claws could e treated with pitch, goose-grease, bearease or poultices made of corn-meal, ft-soap, or anything else that folk-lore ight prescribe. A few drastic amputations e recorded—arms and legs cut off with and-made saws, the arteries closed with uteries extemporized from red-hot ramds. In those dry and dustless altitudes infected wounds were very rare. The brigade's dispensary contained only the simple, heroic remedies of frontier therapy —eye-lotions, great masses of calomel, a variety of physics, rubifacients and expectorants and febrifuges from the traditional pharmacopœia, bismuth and opium for mountain dysentery, and perhaps copaiba and cinchona.

The medicines were but little called upon, for few distempers harassed the mountain men. They suffered far less from disease than from black-flies and mosquitoes. Rattlesnakes, too, were a great terror—more dreaded than Indians, more lied about than the Yellowstone country. The approved treatment was to cicatrize the bite and apply a tourniquet above it. The frontiersman recognized the desirability of a stimulant and preferred the traditional snakebite whiskey to the contemporary strychnine. Vaguely understanding that some antidote was desirable, he bound a quid of tobacco over the cicatrice or, when possible, a slice cut from the snake that had bitten him.

IV

When the beavers went into hiding and the canyons were choked with snow, scattered bands of trappers met at designated places for the Winter encampment. Open valleys to the south or the west of tall ranges made desirable camp-grounds, but the best ones were those circular recesses known as holes, deep, wide, and sheltered from wind and snow. Two or three hundred whites commonly gathered together and not infrequently they were joined by many lodges of Indians, for war was a purely warm weather diversion. The two camps would be separated by a quarter of a mile, but intercourse between them was continuous.

A pastoral contentment characterized these Winter doldrums. The horses moved slowly along the southern slopes. Along the half-frozen creek, in huts of brush or skin, Indians and trappers alike carried on

their Winter tanning and dressing. The stock of firewater, if any had survived the last rendezvous, had long since been exhausted, so that there was no carousing. By night the huts filled with adventurous men whose authentic adventures surpassed those of all wanderers from Ulysses to Marco Polo. The true story of Hugh Glass has had to wait till recently for its epic, and the wanderings of the lost trappers then believed in have been proved fictitious, but they made great tales around the fire, and every listener could contribute episodes from his own past no less heroic. And when the true Romance sang, the bounds of heaven and earth were removed away, and in a new universe super-trappers went forth to their titanic destinies, gathering packs of beaver Paul Bunyan himself could not have moved, slaying whole nations of Indians, driving over the edge of the world more buffalo than could have grazed along the Milky Way, and entering at last those Islands of the Blest Trappers where life was an eternal rendezvous—overflowing with Virginia tobacco and Kentucky liquors and made beautiful by lodges of Indian squaws, slender and beaded and forever young.

More than one man has paid his respects to the talk in these snow-bound huts. And no wonder, for though the average trapper was illiterate, there were among the mountain men some of ambiguous past and mysterious present. Life on the far frontier had its attractions for some who had had and lost great names in the East. The excitement of the trails, too, called out more than one gentleman amateur, even a few with hereditary titles. Every year scientists and globe-trotters came out to study the rocks, the birds or the flowers, and these were elegant gentlemen. There were too the secret agents of Great Britain, the United States, and even Spain and Russia, unobtrusively doing the will of their Foreign Offices. So that the University of the Rocky Mountains, as one trapper called Winter quarters, did not lack learned professors. But the university was no Thelema and the arts and the scienc were supplemented by such games as O Sledge and Spoil-Five. And of course, single men in deerskin huts, they foun the daughters of the Indians fair.

For splendor the Winter camp yielde to the rendezvous. Toward the end June a general movement would begin t ward one or another of the places desi nated by Eastern employers the year befor Such places were pleasant valleys alon the upper Green, the Portneuf, Henry Fork, the labyrinths of Jackson's Pierre's Holes, and the vicinity of Bea Lake, Bear River, Cache Valley and th Ogden or the Weber in the valley of Grea Salt Lake.

From all around came the Indians, t trade their furs if they had any, to barte for firewater, and to steal whatever wa unguarded. If it were purely a compan rendezvous, besides the Indians only th company's employés and the nearby band of free trappers met the caravans from th East. But as competition stiffened, th rival companies began to rendezvous with in a mile or so of each other, in an effor to debauch as many Indians and free trap pers as possible and, by higher prices an more generous portions of alcohol, t attract deserters from their competitors Such a festival might bring together thousand resident white trappers, half a many more in the caravans from th States, and from three to five thousan Indians. One clump of timber and its ad jacent meadows would form the park o the company founded by Ashley an taken over by successive partnerships. A mile away were the tents of the American Fur Company, Astor's successor and th eventual victor in the trade. Austerely re mote, restrained by British regulation from the cruder debaucheries, Ross o McKay or Ogden represented the stock holders of the Hudson's Bay Company Such an amateur as Wyeth or Bonneville might also make a pretentious camp near by, and there might be the humbler sta tions of smaller St. Louis firms, with

ds of free trappers roving clamorously
ng them all.
radius of eight hundred miles would
cover all the country ransacked within
year by those who gathered at such a
dezvous. Personages from the East,
h sometimes a petty German prince
an ambassador in their keeping, came
watch their employés and their profits.
m the South came Dick Wootton, Kit
son, and their half-Spanish retainers—
nified, expansive, ceremonious. From
North, the Scotch factors of the
dson's Bay Company, chaperoning a
nger son or two, with rituals of rank,
cedence, and table etiquette. Such
ely American giants as Fitzpatrick,
dger, and many others of their kind—
mountain men in quintessence, violent,
dy, wise beyond expression, and, till
mysteries began, taciturn. A rabble of
np-followers of all kinds. And every-
ere Indians.
The substratum was a bitter commercial
alry that used every device of bribery,
ft, and debauchery to win an advantage.
t the mountain men left such civilized
ncerns to their employers. They were
t interested in profits—cared little,
en the rendezvous was over, whether
y had fully discharged their debts to
company or had tripled them for the
xt year. For them the rendezvous was a
r, a market-day, a town-meeting, with
ertones of the pagan mysteries, the
sions court and the Olympic games.
e kegs of raw alcohol were brought out.
hites, half-breeds and Indians gathered
und them. And presently the peaks were
ving back the echoes of the clamor of
ong men at their ease. Four hundred
ousand square miles of mountain and
sert had to be accounted for in news,
ssip, oratory and debate. Here and there
nds of roaring men held saddle-races,
ot-races, and target practice; elsewhere
ives, hatchets and javelins were thrown
competition; here a strong man raised
ur times as many beaver-skins with one
nd as his opponent could with two;
there a grudge fight was put through to a finish, or the guesses of a hundred Winter campfires were settled when a Chouteau man pinned the shoulders of a Hudson's Bay champion to the ground. The alcohol flowed on by night and songs were sung by choruses of a hundred bull-throated wassailers—songs that not all the tears of connoisseurs or collectors can ever recover. By dawn, perhaps, with the same ecstatic joy, extemporized armies were assaulting each other with clubs, stones and fists, all for fellowship and the hope of a good yarn for next Winter's fires.

In and out among all the groups weaved the Indians, frantic for alcohol. They had already learned the art they have since practiced so profitably, of displaying their religious ceremonies for pay. Over the hill roared their mock battles, pursuits, captures and scalp-dances. Chiefs bartered their wives and daughters for a cup of watered alcohol. Wives and daughters without a chief's protection did a good business for themselves in beads, mirrors, blankets, and other gewgaws. All innocently, too, they roused jealousies that could be settled only with the skinning-knife. The clamor rose in pitch and volume. All about the pleasant groves were groups of dancing, shouting, guzzling heroes. White or red, the alcohol had its way with them, and their survivors laid them out in impersonal rows to await the waking. And in a week the caravans had gone, only a grave or two and much refuse marked the rendezvous, and life was dull again till next Summer.

Such were the mountain men in the day of their grandeur. Few of them would serve for heroes of romantic novels. All of them sinned against most of the taboos of their age. All told, there were not many of them, and their heyday was short. But American life lost much of its strongest color when they turned to guiding the onrush of emigrants along trails they had broken, and bequeathed the remnants of their craft to decorous half-breeds in the Canadian north woods.

PHILOSOPHERS

BY H. M. KALLEN

The porter was a college graduate. He had observed me fumbling with Kerr's translation of Plato's "Republic" and had made an occasion to cause me to know that he, too, had heard of Plato and read him. The flaccid-faced commercial travellers who mostly use this flyer, which was taking me from New York to Chicago, were calling him Sam and exhibiting toward him an old familiarity, that especial familiarity which is called forth by waiters, bootblacks, newsboys and porters once you have commanded a service from them. I could see that Sam's—his name was really Francis; Francis Columbus Sprayer, he told me, was the name on his bachelor's diploma—that Sam's genial servility had an aura of scorn; that he regarded himself as playing a part in his relations to the patrons on whose tips his living depended; that what he thought of himself had no connection with his work for the Pullman Company. In his own mind he was leading a double life. The real one was with the Negro community in Chicago, of which he was a distinguished and somewhat withdrawn member. His ruminations and fantasies on his trips were, I found, concerned with that, and with the scraps of reading he had picked up in college. I gathered that he felt rather removed from his own people also.

And many other things I gathered. Not all at the once, but in the many snatches of the conversation he came always to resume in the intervals of his duties, after I had asked him once to sit down opposite me and to discourse to me about Plato and the Platonic philosophy. What he actually knew about both was false or negligibl his exhibition was as bad as that of a son of Japheth who had gone through college. But there was the native salt philosophy in him; the personal savor a theory of life and a secure sense of H own destiny. His rambling discourse scraps of doctrine and Brobdignagia phrases revealed a certain poise and secu ity of mind; the tone of philosophic wi dom such as can never come from me schooling.

It is a quality always of born philoso phers, and is sometimes hardily wo through experience. Anxiety, fear, ange and discontent—all the smouldering resen ment of the lighter-colored among our edu cated dark-skinned fellow-Americans, suc as one almost naturally expects—all thes things Sam's mood was particularly fre from. That tone, that temper which th insecurities of life automatically creat seemed entirely lacking in him. He gav you the feel of a serene assurance withou any hinterland of anxiety or foregroun of doubt.

In the course of the day I felt free to as him about his plan of life. It culminated I learned, in a somewhat magniloquen station among his own people: the positio of a college-bred Garvey. He told me tha as he spoke about the weather.

"Why," I asked, "are you so sure?"

"Ise de sevent' son of a sevent' son," h replied with a translumining smile, drop ping into the patois of his people.

There was the key to his fate, the hear of his reality! There was the alpha an omega of his education and the salvatio of his philosophy!

II

n thousands were dying of the flu and ons went about anxiously from this dy or prophylactic to that, seeking a or charm against the disease, my aintance, Walter Potter, followed the ine of his daily life as if there had r been such a plague in the whole wide ld. He was a business man with an e somewhere down-town, where he ght and sold cotton waste. He had all qualities one is led by the newspapers, magazines and the novelists to expect n American business man. He was as dardized as Babbitt and as distinctive abbitt's maker; a Republican in poli- a member of the Chamber of Com- ce, a Rotarian and an anti-Bolshevik. New York *Post* was his evening news- er and the readymade, dull girl-and- ic show his occasional diversion. He ed labor unions without knowing thing about them, and he believed that foreigners should be made over into own nearly perfect image or expelled n the country. Bolshevik was his term ultimate reproach. He declared that olidge was the greatest President the ntry had ever had, and his admiration Mr. Mellon was without bounds. Mr. ter was, you will see, *right*. From the ndpoint of those who decide what jorities shall think, he was as truly a % American as could be fabricated. d yet—

Well, there was no passion, no drive, no e about his rightness. He was not a ssionary about it. He did not seek to nfirm it by requiring others to accept or by denouncing them when they did do so. He would state his opinions ely as the occasion called for them, but would always, I noticed, state them enely, with an assurance as matter of t, as natural, as inevitable, as his being ere to state them. Dispute, contradic- n, seemed to have no effect on him. nen crowded into a logical corner he uld smile a little pityingly, as if he were sorry for you, and shut up. But you could see that he had shed your argument as a duck sheds water and that his own inability did not mean to him an inability at all. It was as if he saw something that you did not see, a vision that set him quite beyond the reach of mortal mind.

I used to wonder about it during my chance talks with him at the lunch table in the club, and on an occasional walk up-town after the day's work. It was when the flu became epidemic that I found out. We had been commiserating over bereaved and suffering friends. Their state was the more a pity he told me, serenely, because it was so unnecessary. Now, he and his family, as I knew, were going about with impunity, and without any precautions whatsoever. For twenty years they had not had a moment's illness and so long as they were in their right minds, they would not.

"Your 'right minds'," I said. "Do you mean you are Christian Scientists?"

"Yes," he assented. He and his family were followers of the Truth. Disease was Mortal Error. Misfortunes, all the evil the world ever thought it suffered from, were Mortal Error, just mistaken thinking, to be dissipated once and for all by the acceptance, the acknowledgment, of the sole oneness and reality of Spirit, Truth, Goodness, Health, as taught by Mother Eddy. He had not always been a "scientist." Twenty years ago, in the first years of his marriage, he had been as other men. Things had gone badly—business and such; he and his wife quarrelled, and it looked for a time as if they would separate. She was very nervous until he fell ill—horrible rheumatic fever mostly, that no doctor they went to could cure. Finally a gossip of his wife's brought them to a healer. They began to read "scientist" books, and even before they had grasped the great principle of Providence, he began feeling better and his wife stopped being nervous. In three weeks, under the tutelage of the healer, he was well. Since then they had prospered, both in health and wealth.

A doctor had never crossed their threshold; there had not been an unkind word between him and Mrs. Potter. Such difficulties as had arisen—and this world of Error brings many—they had been able to face with the serene assurance that they were only Error, only illusion; so they were overcome and the family kept doing well. . . .

That evil is unreal is a mistake and cannot hurt; this is the key to the Potter fate, the heart of the Potter vision. There is the alpha and omega of the Potter philosophy.

III

Once, during a brief lecture tour in the Middle West, I was snowbound for three days in a small town whose chief industry was a small college. My theme was philosophical, and my host was, by the homeopathic convention of hospitality, the professor of philosophy. Until I saw him, the night of the lecture, he had been unknown to me even by name. At the station, when he met my train, his appearance confirmed my worst fears. He looked the typical American professor, and the typical American professor looks a semi-literate pedagogue who communicates to bored boys and girls, preoccupied with surgent adolescence, orthodoxies out of a text-book acceptable to their parents. His teaching follows the rule of a set administrative routine, while his mind and feelings are among the exigencies of the usual academic backbitings and the sordidnesses of maintaining wife, children and station at a salary a plumber's apprentice would scorn, and a bricklayer wouldn't turn over in bed for. The typical American professor wears, behind his glasses, the anxious look of a fussing housewife; his clothes are usually shabby, his body is no better nourished than his mind, and shows as little familiarity with activity. Until the daughter, if there is one, grows up, he helps his wife with the dishes after meals. If he is the professor of philosophy, he substitutes for the president in the college chapel of a Sunday.

Jonathan Sillcox Smith, Ph.D. (Chicag looked every inch the professor, and philosophy. And his house, to which took me, looked every inch the professo house—in doubtful repair outside; insi with faded walls, hesitant plumbi creaky furniture, windows that would stay open and could never quite shut, that they rattled through the drafty nig The house was a concretion of the ye of bareness, of sordid hardships, and sm ambitions which everywhere pertain the American professor's life. The leagues and their wives who came toget for dinner were like the house. Talk v freighted with the habitual themes topics of the academic Main Street. And professor of philosophy bore his part. I remarks as chairman—he presided at lecture—did nothing to mitigate the se of type he imparted. "Well," I reflec as he talked, "a few more hours, and shall soon be out of it."

But the snow which had been falli all day thought otherwise, and it wa hundred hours before I was out of Most of those hours I spent in the dr Smith house, in the constant company the drab Smith. There was little pr fessional talk between us, but much, ve much, about the world and Profess Smith. And the talk revealed that the pr fessor of philosophy, the retailer of orth doxies out of a book to callow min impervious to the book and him, was in t keeping of a vision that transfigured H drab life and drabber work into a sere adventure, and for him translumined H classroom platitudes with the quiet rad ance of assured insight. The posture of H spirit kept reminding me of that of th Pullman porter and that of the seller cotton waste. The professor of philosoph by one of those happy paradoxes th sometimes overtake you, was also philosopher.

The stuff of his insight contained noth ing freshly imaginative, momentous exciting. It was an old story to the gener tions for which science is an infallib

tion and the laws of nature are the
es of fate. It was a tale of the origin
lestiny of man that was in its anatomy
told by Democritus, then repeated
. piety and passion by Epicurus and
etius, and then forgotten during a
nnium and a half, to be repeated at
as the natural commonplace material-
hat the insight of science into the char-
r and processes of the world we live
) often comes to. Most of this material-
is an orthodoxy of the modern mind,
larly confessed, but, as a belief, as
larly rejected by the mind's incurable
anticism.

What made it a living vision instead
formal confession when rehearsed by
athan Sillcox Smith, Ph.D. (Chicago),
the tone of authentic assurance with
ch it was communicated. It came to
as the faith the professor lived by,
you could see that it set the drabness
dullness of his existence in a cosmic
pective which, without altering one
drab item in his drab biography, imparted to it inwardness, dignity and worth. His faith in science and in the method of science enabled him to acquiesce in the implications of its meanings for his own existence. He was enduring his life's dreariness and squalor cheerfully and not without zest. He could look to the sordid routine and petty struggles that were likely to be the sum of his days with serenity and assurance. Because of his vision he was ready for them, and for the greater disasters of disease or loss of job or death.

In a word, he was a philosopher because, by his sufficiently commonplace vision, he was taking life "philosophically." He and Francis Columbus Sprayer and Walter Potter, for all their variance, were brothers under their skins. Each was a philosopher. Each was a philosopher because each had a talisman of words wherewith he was enabled to convert the uncertain and dangerous drama of experience into the secure order of inevitable fate.

GOLD AND GOURDES

BY K. C. McINTOSH

THE occupation of Haiti by the Marines in 1915 was the first instance of an entirely new American policy in the handling of tropical revolutions. In the old days of "gunboating the banana ports," radio was limited in range and not dependable. Mail was spasmodic and slow; and cables were so costly that commanders were expected to report only important developments. This made the little gunboat skipper the real arbiter of every situation. He was usually a commander in rank, sometimes only a lieutenant-commander. So advanced an officer as a captain seldom saw any of the West Indies except Guantanamo and "Hungry Gulf."

The old system worked beautifully. The gunboat skipper was old enough to think and young enough to still enjoy it. His three glittering sleeve-stripes left him at no disadvantage in his solemn conferences with swarthy generals, ministers of state and Presidents *de jure* or *de facto;* but they were not heavy nor wide enough to prohibit his discussing cocktails of an evening with an opposition editor, a hotel-keeper or even a cab-driver. So he always knew two sets of facts, the real ones, and those that the local government wished him to know.

Latin-American politics in those high days was different also. The nations of Europe had many small investments down there in railroads or government bonds. At the same time, many fruit, mahogany, and mining concessions remained unpledged. The party in power commonly paid its foreign interest for a while, and refrained from oppressing foreign concessionaires unduly. But as its normal expectation of life drew toward the evitable end, it gradually yielded to irresistible impulse to keep its revenu where they were most comfortable. Pa ments to Europe fell in arrears and tax on exports mounted with a rapidity exact ratio to the mounting hunger of t Outs. About the time that the forei fruit, mineral and lumber compan switched their "goodwill money" fro the Ins to the Outs, the European cha celleries would politely informWashingt that unless their arrears of interest we paid, they would be forced to take step So Washington, with the Monroe Do trine as its gospel and annoyance in heart, dispatched gunboats to make ste taking by Europe unnecessary. Thus v sailed southward to "protect Americ and foreign interests and preserve order During the whole process, the commo man went peacefully about his business took a pleasant vacation by joining th army of his political choice. Never do remember a case, in those days, of a American firing a shot in malice, nor one American casualty; although in on classic instance our gunboats actually ad ministered the government of a long sea coast for a considerable period of time keeping the two warring factions outsid of even the smallest towns, arrestin drunks, and giving dances with the muni cipal band.

But Haiti was always different. Th Outs never disbanded there, but, after losing fight, ran from Port au Prince t the hills. The Ins were bad winners, and successful revolution always ended in series of executions amounting almost to

acre. Unlike the peon of other tur-
nt republics, the poor Haitian farmer
red severely. The tax-collector would
ly be out of sight with the best half of
cattle before the bandit Outs would
ep down from the hills and seize the
, setting fire to his half-ripened crop
good measure. No Haitian President
ld count on a hasty retirement to Paris
h his savings. Most of them died in the
ets of Port au Prince. Interest payments
off rapidly, for year after year both
ions warred on the producing peasantry
il revenues and taxable exports almost
sed. When President Sam was dragged
n the French Legation, literally sliced
o bits and thrown to the lean street
gs, something had to be done.

On our side circumstances gradually
nged. The gunboat had been replaced
the large, armored ship, the commander
an admiral. Efficient radio tied the
niral with a snug tether to the State,
ar, and Navy Building on Pennsylvania
enue. The long agitation for peace had
wed strange seeds in the minds of grin-
ng *politicos*, and cautious experiment had
nvinced them that Americans were
rely a harmless noise. It was time for
ns,—ours or Europe's. There stood the
onroe Doctrine. The Marines went in.

That Military Occupation has been
mned too often in the public prints for
other version of it to be worth the effort.
evitably, when a young Marine first
s a tent-mate distributed over a quarter-
le of jungle trail, he forgets to count a
ndred before he strikes back, and he
efers that his opponents do not surrender.
t during the period of actual hostilities,
real picture that hangs in the memory
of the trail down the mountain from
and Rivière, lined with hundreds of
outing, singing, black skeletons, throw-
g flowers and weeping with joy at the
termination of the hill bandits who had
arved them for nearly six years. Whoever
e may disapprove of the American
cupation, the Haitian peasant was hys-
rically in favor of it.

II

After the struggle came reconstruction. The real puzzle in this phase, the villain of the piece, was the Haitian *gourde*, supposedly the standard money. It was totally unsecured by metallic reserves, and it circulated only because the peasant would have to be able to read figures to use any other money intelligently. Metallic money was out of the question, for long ago the farmer had found that the silver wash could be pushed off the lead disk with one thrust of a black thumb, and that the town storekeepers would not accept it. The paper *gourde* at any rate would buy something, although how much never seemed predictable. It was easy to use, for though the bits of gaudy paper were marked 1, 2, 5, 20, or perhaps 100, the Haitians treated them impartially. One piece of paper, one *gourde*. Simplicity itself!

A New York financier of international reputation had declared that the stabilization of the *gourde* was a hopeless task. From the outside it certainly seemed so. Once inside, however, the key to the puzzle was discovered by the shrewdness of Captain Charles Conard, of the Navy Supply Corps. It was a simple thing, as real keys always are. The *gourde* was no more the standard money of Haiti than the copper cent is the standard in the United States. Fluctuating exchange was profitable to the Ins, as we later discovered; but years before, the canny Haitian government had begun valuing imports and exports and imposing tariffs in American dollars. The tax laws first recognized the new standard by specifying that some imposts could be paid in American money (called "gold" for short), and then that part of them must be paid in gold. The later laws insisted upon an all-gold payment.

One eminent American publicist, in an article scarifying the Occupation, became indignant over our stabilization of the *gourde* for two reasons: first, the Haitians did not want it stabilized; and second, as

the *gourde* used to regularly touch a high point of fifty cents, we robbed them by freezing it at twenty. We who were there can name the source of this gentleman's information,—we have listened to its cultured French and incisive English, as it alternately pleaded, stormed and threatened against stabilization. In our justification, I can only plead the facts.

Captain Conard, who was the real brains behind the financial reconstruction, arrived in Port au Prince about a month after the Occupation began. The first tentative steps toward financial as well as political stability had already been taken by Admiral Caperton and Commander (now Admiral) Charles Morris. As Admiral Caperton's flag was transferred from the U. S. S. *Washington* to the *Tennessee*, Commander Morris transferred to me his "additional duty" as Force supply officer, and sixteen one-thousand-dollar bills. As bills of that size are not often found in a ship's safe, my amazement was dissipated only when Commander Morris told me that the sixteen bills were exchange clubs. When the rate was sliding too strongly against Haiti, I was supposed to solemnly deposit one or more of these bills in the Bank of Haiti, thereby increasing the Republic's gold supply. When the bull market in *gourdes* became obstreperous, I was to draw the bills out again. And actually, to a limited extent, this puerile process worked! Big bills were used to insure getting them back—the bank had no customers to whom a thousand-dollar bill was of any use.

Ten officers of the Navy Supply Corps came in the *Tennessee* with Captain Conard, and under his direction as Administrator of Customs they followed close behind the Marine occupation of the entry-ports, rapidly assuming the duties of collectors of customs and captains of the port in Cap Haitien, Port de Paix, Port au Prince, Jeremie, Gonaive, St. Marc, Petit Goave, Miragoane, Jacmel and Les Cayes. All of these officers started out to greet their new and strange duties armed with French dictionaries and typewriters, and structed to carry out the Haitian custo laws to the last letter. If the customs-ho to which each was assigned contained copy of the *Loi sur les Douanes de la publique*, he was to report the fact and his own judgment until Captain Cona located and sent him a copy.

In order to insure accurate check both the receipts and the expenditures the Haitian government—all receipts w at that time customs, no taxes being c lectable—receipts were deposited to trust fund called the Admiral Caper Account in the Bank of Haiti. Nation expenditures were budgeted without chan ing the number of offices nor the salari authorized by Haitian law. The budg was audited and certified by Capta Conard, approved by Admiral Caperto and expenditures incurred thereunder we paid from this account. The only expend tures added to those already authorized the Haitians themselves were for sanit tion and for the expenses incident to o ganizing the Haitian constabulary. Publ works were later undertaken as receip warranted, and President D'Artignav agreed. Considerable unemployment wa relieved in this manner.

But still loomed the bugbear of ex change, disorganizing the most carefu budgets, setting at naught all plans fo amortization of the national debt. Th game of predatory politics had becom impossible. There remained only exchange by which honest *politicos* might prospe until the Americans got off the lid of th Treasury. Exchange naturally became th accepted game, and the *gourde* went wild

III

Recognizing almost from the start the fac already noted—that the standard mone of Haiti was gold and that the *gourdes* wer merely token media of exchange, a limited amount of legal-tender small change and nothing else,—Captain Conard found his problem simplified. With all exports and

orts measured in dollars, it was appar- to him that the fluctuations of the ulating *gourdes*, where they were not ficial, must be based on the quantity ent on the Port au Prince Exchange. was also apparent that once stabilized held long enough to accustom the sant to a steady *gourde*, *gourdes* could no e fluctuate than a 25-cent piece can tuate under a stable dollar. But how tabilize it, and at what point?

Historical studies showed that in any en year, while there were several iods of small fluctuation, there was one h peak. Once a year, *gourdes* were two the dollar for a short period. From this k there was a gradually accelerated mp lasting about six weeks, during ich the *gourde* fell to eight to the dollar l stayed there for a long time. Through year, its average was about eighteen nts.

In the days when the first honest ver *gourdes* had been issued, they had en equal in value to a pre-war franc, 3 cents. To save arithmetical difficulties converting *gourdes* to gold, Captain nard considered five to the dollar the per point of stability. This was easy calculate, was halfway between 2 and was a little above the year-round aver- e, and actually a fraction higher than e value of the old metal *gourde*.

The big, sudden rise of the *gourde* was and to occur when the coffee crop rip- ed, and discovery of its cause bore out ptain Conard's opinion that the price of *urdes* was a Port au Prince price and was t even Haiti-wide. When his coffee was ady for market, the farmer threw the gs across donkey-backs and went into e capital to sell. On the docks his coffee as worth three gold dollars a bag. Gold llars meant nothing to him, however. e wanted *gourdes*, and three dollars had be translated into them. The trouble as that he was not alone. Perhaps thirty ousand one- and two-bag coffee farmers together flocked into Port au Prince de- anding *gourdes*, which rose and rose. For his bag of coffee, the farmer was paid six *gourdes*.

Then simultaneously, thirty thousand small farmers, home again, began to think of the beer of Port au Prince and of a new calico dress for 'Tite' Tine or a machete for 'P'tit Boy.' They went in again on their annual buying pilgrimage and *gourdes* flowed into the Bank of Haiti. Instead of the three dollars' worth of goods for which he could have exchanged his bag of coffee, his six *gourdes* bought only three twenty-five-cent bottles of German beer, and he had nothing left. He tramped home with an empty belly, unless 'Tite' Tine played Tamar by the roadside to earn him the price of a corncake and a swig of rum. When he wanted them, *gourdes* cost fifty cents. When he wanted something else, they were less than thirteen cents apiece. For town prices were invariably set by the number of dollars the goods had cost; but the *gourdes* he must pay with were the intrinsically worthless playthings of his political masters, the Ins. The problem began to clear up.

Two things were necessary: a way to control the quantity of *gourdes* floating in and out of the Bank in Port au Prince, and a more general distribution of *gourdes* over the country at all times at a steady price. The answers were found right in existing Haitian law. In every little village of the Republic resided at least one government employé, theoretically enjoying a salary set by law. Perhaps in the past government pay-wagons had been looted or government paymasters had absconded. Anyhow, the custom had grown up of paying with *feuilles*, or pay-tickets, payable only at the Bank of Haiti. The constable at Sale Trou had no time to trudge in once a month to Port au Prince—the journey was a hard ten days each way,—so he took his ticket to the local storekeeper and discounted it. From Sale Trou, the ticket started across country, settling traders' balances. In due time, after five or six discounts, it reached the hands of a city broker and was cashed at the bank at its

face value. The man who earned the pay seldom received over forty per cent of it. That was custom.

But the law said that the constable "*shall* receive;" so the first change in departmental orders made by the unreasoning Americans was the abolition of *feuilles*. Startled brokers, among them leading statesmen, lawyers and physicians, protested violently. "How," they demanded, "will you prevent robbery of funds in transit?" "We will send the money in charge of a Marine sergeant," answered the captain; and the incident was closed. Astounded constables and petty port-clerks all over the outlying districts found their pay miraculously more than doubled, and began to doubt the stories of American rapacity and plunder. *Gourdes* in respectable normal amount flowed naturally in and out of the villages as well as to the capital city.

The other half of the problem had to be worked out in Port au Prince; and the government servant in the capital yelled long and loud in the process. He had never suffered from the *feuille* system,—he cashed his own at the bank,—but his longing eyes had watched the big operators of his political camp playing with the *gourde*. He was too small to affect the exchange market, but he was a good henchman; so at his request a law had been passed to the effect that he could be paid either in *gourdes* or gold. As the market swung, he stated his preference at the pay-window. This very law was a potent weapon ready to Captain Conard's hand, and he was quick to seize it. He knew that if the rate could be held stationary through just one coffee season, all Haiti would insist upon dependable money for all time, and perspiring business men and budget clerks could awake from the nightmare of a generation past. The Customs Administration entered the situation with a crash; and the Admiral Caperton Account in the Bank was big enough to exert a heavy pressure. Were *gourdes* rising too high? Then every government employé from the President down was paid in *gourdes* and t market was eased. Were they sinking t low? Then salaries were paid in gold a the *gourdes* were buried in the Admir Caperton Account. Meanwhile, under t Customs Law, both *gourdes* and gold we again flowing into the treasury in rapid increasing quantities as banditry w wiped out and crops ripened.

The politicians and speculators becam seriously alarmed. Exchange was becon ing so sluggish that they could hardl count on doubling their money in a year time. In a body they descended on th Administrator, on the Admiral, on Gener Waller, on any American who woul listen. Reason after reason against stabi ization was countered and abolished b Captain Conard's brusque knowledge o finance and thorough understanding of th situation. Finally the last appeal wa made: "You are depriving prominent me of their business. They are used to seein the money rise and fall and count on it It is an economic crime to interfere!" But the Americans were deaf.

The last stand of the speculators brough about the highest comedy spot in th entire history of the Occupation. In des peration, a plan was laid to corner *gourdes* the supply of which was known with fai accuracy, and after shooting the price up to dump them and cause a heavy break It was risky, perhaps, and called for con certed effort; but if they could once shak the Administrator's control, could whir the market away from him, it would take months for him to again tranquilize the rate. By that time, the speculators would be ready to do it again.

But once more luck was on the American side. Before the Occupation, the govern ment had contracted with the bank for a new issue of notes "to replace the worn circulation." The notes had been printed in the United States, and word was re ceived that five hundred thousand *gourdes* had actually been shipped. Their issue would simply have cheapened the currency, at that time already too low; so the col-

or at Port au Prince, Commander H. E. ens, was warned of their coming and cted to seize them. The ship upon ch they were due was inspected from k to keelson without result, until mmander Stevens noticed an entry in manifest: "10 cases stationery; loca-, mail room." Such carefully guarded ionery aroused the Commander's curi-y, and so he investigated the boxes. found the new *gourdes*. They had been g in the customs-house, unsigned and totally worthless, for over a month en the speculators staged their at-pted coup. Everybody knew of their sence there.

IV

ptain Conard had been slowly fighting *gourde* up from its bottom figure of ht to the dollar and it had reached a nt just under 5½. The conspirators tched with a smile—the Americans re saving them so much labor and risk. ldenly they went to work. Instead of nbing slowly, the *gourde* began to jump. e market closed strongly bullish at und 5.10. Next morning it opened with whoop and before eleven o'clock *gourdes* re 4.50 and still rising. Something had be done quickly, not only to check the healthy rise but to force the *gourde* down the twenty-cent normal again. Captain Conard reached for the telephone.

Two full companies of Marines reported on the double to Commander Stevens at the customs-house. Ten carts and at least fifty laborers mobilized suddenly. With straining grunts and shouts of mutual encouragement, as many laborers as could get hold of each hoisted out those ten boxes of worthless, unsigned paper notes and loaded them, one box at a time, on the ten carts. The Marines covered the wagons on every side. The bugle blared "Forward!" The longest way was taken to insure maximum publicity. Arrived at the bank, Marines with fixed bayonets faced about, guarding completely the heavy cases as the shouting workmen tugged them off the carts. Finally they were all inside the bank.

Word flew to the exchange that the government was even now signing that half-million *gourdes* for issue. Each appalled member of the pool tried secretly to get out from under before the break came. By closing time the *gourde* was down to 4.90. Next morning, with a frightened and quivering market, a few judicious bill payments brought the rate down to five, and it has been there ever since.

To the best of my knowledge, ten unopened boxes of mouldering, unsigned paper notes still rest in the cellar of the Bank of Haiti. But they served their turn!

SOMETHING NOBLE

BY PARKHURST WHITNEY

A farmer found Gooseline's John asleep in the snow, as his team labored through the drifts that wintry afternoon. The farmer tried to rouse him from the deep stupor; failing, he hauled the old man into his bobsleigh and went on his way. When he got to town he stopped in front of the store where Judge Levi Stark sold farm tools and dispensed what currently passed for justice.

"Lyin' right alongside the road," he said, stamping into the presence of the law. "The hosses might 'a stepped right on him."

"Where've I heard that story before?" grunted the judge, who liked his joke. The hangers-on laughed and consolidated their positions around the stove.

"Well, he must 'a drunk a bar'l of it this time," said the farmer, rubbing his frosted whiskers. "He was asleep when I found him, and he's asleep now. Be durned if I can wake him up."

Judge Stark, his court, and the farmer adjourned to the snowy street to look at the sleeper. Gooseline's John lay where he had been deposited, on the bare bottom of the bobsleigh. He was a stout, square-built man; but his present enormous bulk suggested layers of clothing underneath the shabby, greenish overcoat. His face, covered with grayish stubble, reflected the cold color of the sky toward which it was turned.

Judge Stark clamped a huge, freckled paw on the old man's shoulder and shook him roughly.

"Wake up, John!" he commanded.

"Whoosh!" The breath came out of him in jets of white, smoky vapor, but he made no answer.

"If I shook him once, I shook him twenty times, Judge," said the farmer. "I might just as well 'a been shakin' a bag of meal."

The crowd around the bobsleigh was growing; merchants, their clerks and their customers, and children coming home from school. Various ways of rousing Gooseline's John were suggested.

"Kick his feet——"

"Get a man on each side of him 'n walk him——"

"Slap him——"

"The way to start a balky horse is to set a fire under him——"

"Shucks! You don't need a fire; just touch a match to John's breath——"

"Why, the's only one sure way on wakin' old John," said a drawling voice.

"How's that?"

"Just stick a half pint under his nose!"

"I guess we better have Doc Stanley," said Judge Stark. He looked around the circle of faces, and crooked his finger at young Dick Cary. "Here, bub! You run get your Uncle Charlie."

"Yessir," said Dick eagerly, and went off at a gallop.

The crowd continued to grow. The farmer blanketed his horses and began to tell the story of the finding of Gooseline's John.

"Why, you know that piece o' road this side o' Henry Wynkoop's?" he was saying. "It drifts bad right along there——"

"Found him right along there, hey?"

"No, sir, I didn't. Nowheres near there. S'I say, the road drifts bad right along

i e, and if I'd a done what I was thinkin' f loin' I wouldn't 'a found him a-tall. ouldn't thought o' startin' for town in fust place if it hadn't been for the nan. We been snowed in out our way ong—well, she says to-day, 'One of us got to git out o' this house, and I 't goin' to be the one with this sore oat.' Well, sir, I hitched up and started right after dinner, but when I got's 's that piece o' road this side o' Henry nkoop's I pretty near turned back. inks I, let the woman jaw if she wants I won't ask hosses to break their :ks——"

The farmer, sensing his own importance the drama, was with difficulty hurried ead to the moment of discovery.

"Well, sir, ain't it funny the way things ppen? There I was—no more notion of min' to town than anything 'til the oman got it into her head, and there I as—ready to turn back just about soon's got started. And I would 'a turned back o, but all the while I was turnin' it over my mind the team was a flounderin' ong, and before I knew it they'd pulled rough, and there I was slippin' along sy's you please not more'n half a mile other side the Lehigh tracks——"

The farmer had to pause for breath; his ind, quickened by the obvious curiosity the crowd, was working too fast for is tongue.

"Well, sir, I dunno as I'd 'a seen him en if the nigh hoss hadn't kind o' shied. looked up to see what was the matter id I see somethin' side o' the road that oked kind o' like a man. Well, sir, I was ighty surprised I can tell you. 'Whoa!' says, and I jumped out——"

The story grew more elaborate and con- ised with repetition; often, to please a te arrival, the farmer would break off is narrative and begin again, before he ad finished telling how he had shaken nd shaken and might just as well have een shaking a bag of meal, for all the ood it did.

Dr. Stanley arrived, accompanied by Banty McMahon, his driver, and young Dick Cary. The ring about the bobsleigh parted, but closed quickly around the doctor and his party. There was a good deal of struggling for advantage on the outer edges, but a respectful silence was observed as the physician's fingers pressed the wrist of Gooseline's John. The silence deepened when he laid his ear close to the old man's breast.

"Goin' to sleep it off all right, Doc?" asked one, when Dr. Stanley raised at last an inscrutable face.

"Not this side of hell, I guess."

The doctor's voice was not unkind, though the words were brutal. He was always a harassed, overtired man these snowbound days, when the native stuffed himself with pancakes and pork meat and slept in an airtight bedroom.

The laconic diagnosis caused the crowd to press forward with a concerted movement. So! Gooseline's John was not sleeping off a drunk, but sleeping his life away! The faces that stared down at him, that twisted and turned for a better view, seemed drained of all feeling; as if all their senses had been concentrated in their eyes.

Only the farmer showed emotion. He sought the doctor's ear.

"Doc, I've got quite a trip ahead o' me," he mumbled, trying to speak confidentially. "And I've got quite a little tradin' to do——"

"I'm not stopping you," said Dr. Stanley. His eyes sought the bulky figure of the law, and he addressed his next words to Judge Stark. "There's nothing I can do, Judge," he said wearily. "If you —if somebody just makes him comfortable——"

The crowd, once so voluble in suggesting ways of wakening the sleeper, was silent.

"I've got a mighty sick boy out Plainsville way," said the doctor, more pointedly.

"Well, we might put him in the town hall," said Judge Stark slowly.

The doctor shrugged. "All right. I'll look in on him later."

II

The crowd continued to grow. The mid-Winter day, moving as slowly an hour earlier as the feet of a runner in a dream, had been miraculously enlivened by the dying presence of Gooseline's John. The town hall, at first frigid with the clammy frigidity of an empty, unheated building, grew comfortable with the warmth of many human bodies; and its stale reek was overcome by the heartier kitchen smells that clung tenaciously to heavy woolens.

Gooseline's John lay just below the stage, on a cot that had been brought from the quarters of the Hook and Ladder Company. A blanket covered his thick body to the chin, but at the foot a pair of clumsy felt boots protruded, like two squat black posts set in gray soil.

There was a constant movement about the cot. The ring of faces changed, but the ring itself was not broken. Young Dick Cary, who expected to follow his uncle's profession, hovered always near the sleeper's head; counting his noisy respirations, taking his pulse endlessly. Those who broke in upon his calculations received a sober, enigmatical shake of the head. Mothers passed by with their children, thinking perhaps that the spectacle would ever after stay the hand that was tempted to lift the wine cup. Mrs. Orlo Link, village scourge of evil, passed with a gleam in her small, black eyes that seemed to say: "Thus perish all cider suckers!"

From the background arose a confused murmur and scraping of chairs. The cheap, unpainted chairs were being hauled from their stacks along the walls, so that those who had gorged their eyes could sit down and talk of the dying man's life and works. Gooseline's John was a familiar figure around the countryside. A wanderer from farm to farm, from threshing to pig-killing; often drunk but never ugly; a rustic playboy.

"Didn't he have some other name?" asked Eddie Patt. Already they spoke of him in the past tense.

"Not t'I know of——"

"What's that?" It was the limbe tongued Fred Green, the village shoe me chant, entering the group. "Why, sure h had another name. It was Henselpecker- John Henselpecker was his right name."

"My, what a funny name!" titterc Ernestine Stiggins.

"The Dutchmen used to call him Goos line's John because he used to live wit the Gorselines when he was a youn fellow. I guess Gooseline was as near's th Dutchmen could come to Gorseline. Bu his real name——"

Fred Green lowered his voice for detail too indelicate for the virginal ears o Ernestine Stiggins.

"But his name should 'a been Feldner Why sure! Old Johann Feldner was hi father. Old Johann was the king pin o the Dutchmen when he was alive. H settled the first lot of 'em in this part o the country, and what he said went. The say when he wanted a Dutchman's gir he just took her. They say he had mor bastards than you could shake a stick at."

Eddie Patt bared his buck teeth in pleased leer. He was plainly disappointe when the subject was changed.

"John was a good-natured cuss, I'll say that for him. Just give him enough cide and he didn't care what you paid him They say when farmers would try to ge him to work for 'em he'd say, 'How many parrels cider you got in?' He didn't like to work for no one-barrel farmers. Five barrel farmers was about what John liked."

"Yeh! I guess five barrels would just about suit John. Say! I've seen him so full——"

"Shucks! what I'd like to know is, did anybody ever see him cold sober?"

"Yeh! Guess that's right. Seein' John full ain't anything to brag about——"

Slowly the crowd began to dwindle. The darkness that gloomed outside the tall windows of the town hall, the gas jets that began to purr around the solitary chandelier were reminders that life had duties beyond watching the failing breath

Gooseline's John. The babble and the rifling died away. The night chill and defeated odors crept out of their hiding places. When the whistle of the village factory blew the scale at six o'clock, there remained at the bedside only Fred Green, Eddie Patt and Dick Cary.

"I s'pose somebody ought to stay," figured Fred Green. "You fellows goin' to stay?"

"I c'n stay a while," said Eddie Patt.

Dick Cary merely nodded. He felt that it was unnecessary to say anything; doctors, and those who were to be doctors, always stayed.

"Well, I tell you," said Fred Green. "I'll go back and let my clerk go to supper. Then I'll pick up a snack at Jake Fischer's and come back here. I'll bring you some sandwiches."

"Tell Jake to put a lot o' mustard on mine," said Eddie Patt.

A gust of icy air swept through the hall, followed by the rocketing slam of the double doors. The watchers turned to see George Emmett, chief of the village fire department, stepping briskly toward them.

"Say, boys, you'll have to get him out o' here," he began abruptly. "We got to rehearse for the minstrel show to-night."

"He's failing fast," said Dick Cary, trying to put on the professional manner of his uncle.

"Well, you'll have to get him out just the same," insisted the chief. "We got to rehearse."

"That's easy enough to say," grumbled Dick Cary. "Where'll we take him?"

"I don't know, but you got to get him out o' here."

There was a dictatorial note in the chief's voice that Dick resented; that was not the way to speak to one who would be, for he was not now, the sole director of death-bed scenes. "I didn't put him in here," he said sullenly.

"Well, it don't make no difference who put him in here," retorted the chief. "What I say is, he can't stay here. We're playin' for the hall, and we got to rehearse."

"How about the lock-up?" suggested the resourceful and diplomatic Fred Green. "Feeley ought to be on duty pretty soon. He'll have a key to the lock-up."

It was agreed that Fred Green was to find the village constable and send him to the town hall.

"Ever see anybody die?" asked Eddie Patt, when he and Dick Cary were alone.

Dick hated to admit his inexperience. "Uh—well, not exackly——"

Eddie Patt ignored the quibbling reply. He hitched his chair nearer the cot and fastened his rabbit eyes on the quick rise and fall of the sleeper's chest.

"I never see anybody die before," he said.

III

The lock-up was a dugout underneath one corner of the town hall. It contained four cells, two on each side of a narrow corridor. At one end of the corridor a narrow transom window provided ventilation when it was open. At the other end there was an open space for a pot-bellied stove and woodbox.

Gooseline's John lay on his cot in the corridor, his felt boots facing the open space. The breath was still in him, but the supply was running low. When the gas jet above his head flickered fitfully, the dancing shadows created an illusion of animation on his heavy, unshaven face. But it was only illusion.

The watchers—Cary, Green, and the buck-toothed Eddie Patt—sat in the shadow near the stove. Now and then the older pair nipped at a bottle that Fred Green had brought with the sandwiches. Now and then Eddie Patt threatened to go home; a threat which he always failed to put into execution.

"Oh, you better stay it out," Fred Green was saying now, as he had said several times before. "I guess it won't be long now."

"Wouldn't surprise me none if he pulled through," argued Eddie Patt. "A Dutchman's about as tough as they make 'em."

"Oh, he'll die," Dick Cary assured him. "Uncle Charlie said so. He told me so when he came into the town hall to-night, just before we brought John down here."

Eddie Patt sniffed. "I hear he told old Mis' Wheatridge she was goin' to die, too. Doctors don't know it all."

"Why, you know why he told her that, don't you?" broke in the all-wise Fred Green. "Why, she was the one that got it into her head she was goin' to die. Soon's the doc agreed with her she changed her mind. Why, sure! That's the way that was."

Dick Cary flashed Fred Green a grateful glance. Was there ever a doctor as smart as his hero!

"No, I guess John's done for, all right." Fred Green shook his head, and looked long at the still figure under the gray blanket. Suddenly he rose and went to the foot of the cot.

"What is it?" asked Dick Cary excitedly.

"Those felt boots wore well," said the shoe merchant calmly. "I sold 'em to him way long before Christmas. I said then I'd never had a better lot o' felts."

"Better take 'em back, Fred," snickered Eddie Patt. "John won't need 'em where he's goin'."

"They're warm, all right. Warm as warm."

"It's a good thing he was dressed warm," said Dick Cary, after his flurry had passed. "He's got on three shirts, and two pairs of pants, and a coat under his overcoat. If he hadn't been dressed like that I guess he'd 'a been dead before the farmer found him."

The shoe merchant was still obsessed with the subject of boots, though his thoughts now took a philosophical turn. "I guess it's a good thing a man can't see the way things are goin' to turn out," he reflected. "Who'd thought when I sold John those boots, I'd see him die in 'em?"

"And buried in 'em, too." Eddie Patt spat at the stove. "S'pose there'll be a funeral?"

"The town'll have to bury him," sai Dick Cary. "Uncle Charlie 'll see to tha I guess. He's the town doctor."

"Oh, he'll be buried all right, all right. Fred Green relinquished the boots, ar returned to the stove. "But I don't kno about a funeral. You didn't see an ministers prayin' over him this afternoo did you?"

"No," said Dick Cary emphatically, fo he didn't like ministers.

"No, and I guess nobody else did. wouldn't 'a been surprised to see the pries but I didn't look for any ministers. N I guess the only sermon that'll be preache over John is what Jim Cooley'll say whe he has to dig a grave in this kind weather."

Over their heads a piano thumped, an male voices burst into song.

"That must be the openin' chorus fo the minstrels," said Fred Green, and H cocked an ear at the sound. "Yup. It i I heard 'em singin' it at the last rehearsa It goes somethin' like this—

> "Fire! Fire! Fire!
> The people cry and shout;
> Fire! Fire! Fire!
> Oh, who will put it out?"

Eddie Patt found something amusin and appropriate in the words. "That what old John 'll be askin' before long Who'll put the fire out?"

"It's goin' to be a darned good sho this year," said Fred Green. "Say! there's anybody funnier'n Bottle Case I like to know who it is. Bert Roberts is pretty good end-man, but Bottle's go some jokes worked up that're as funny anything I ever heard."

"Bottle's a card, all right," agree Eddie Patt.

"Well, I'll put Bottle up against Lev Dockstader anytime——"

"He cert'nly c'n tell a story. Ever hear him tell the one about the hired man an the calf?"

"Yeh!" Fred Green cackled and slappe his knee.

They sat listening to the song and move

t above their heads. In a moment of
ness Eddie Patt yawned again.
Yah! Say, if I'm goin' to stick around,
l, I got to have another nip——"
nd then, it seemed, they were all aware
nce that Gooseline's John had gone.
e the tick of an accustomed clock, they
not missed his labored breathing until
e time after it had ceased. They rose
ultaneously and approached the cot.
k Cary moved gingerly along the
ow space between the cot and the
s and, still gingerly, felt for the pulse.
Yeah?" whispered Fred Green.
ick Cary nodded. Then he pulled the
y blanket higher, and retired.
thoughtful mood settled upon the
ee watchers. Gooseline's John had gone
ile they talked, while they listened to
minstrel music of the village firemen;
in his secret going they seemed to feel
ebuke. It was as if, scorning their
sence, he had deliberately cheated them
the moment for which they waited; the
y moment of his life which remained to
se their curiosity.
The piano thumped again, and again
chorus of vigorous male voices seeped
wn to them, carrying the muffled words
a popular coon song of the day—

My gal's a high-born lady,
She's dark but not too shady;
Feathered like a peacock,
Just as gay—

"They ought to shut up," muttered
ed Green.
They stood, immobile, while the song
nt through to its hearty climax—

'Long the line they can't outshine
This high-born gal o' mi-i-ine.

In the intensified silence that followed,
ck Cary heard Fred Green saying hesi-
ntly: "I don't s'pose there's anything
re we can do now——"
"We ought to hunt up Uncle Charlie,"
id Dick.
"That's right!" Fred Green seemed to
lcome the suggestion. "We ought to
nt up the doc——"

Still he lingered at the foot of the cot, over the protruding felt boots. Then he did something that Dick Cary was never to forget; it was to be the most significant funeral rite he would ever witness. Fred Green took from his pocket the bottle that he and Eddie Patt had been intermittently nipping. He held it to the light, seemed to measure its contents, and put it to his lips with a gesture toward Gooseline's John.

"Here's to you, John," he said simply.

He swallowed, and passed the bottle to Eddie Patt.

"Here's to you, John," echoed Eddie.

Fred Green tip-toed past the cot and gently opened the transom window.

"There might be somethin' in here that wants to get out," he said. He was a little shame-faced, but entirely earnest." You can't tell——"

"Jesus!" gasped Eddie Patt, looking more than ever like a startled rabbit.

Dick Cary shivered. The moment for which he had waited with professional curiosity found him stripped of his professional detachment. The great mystery was manifest here, even to the buck-toothed Eddie Patt. It seemed as if something was with them in the narrow corridor, outside the vision of their eyes; and they left its presence, awed, and afraid.

IV

Dick Cary was driven home by his hero that night; and as the cutter slid noiselessly over the hard-packed road he was led to speak of the behavior of his companions and himself.

"They did that, did they? That's what they did, eh?" Dr. Stanley chuckled. "Well, that's human nature. That's the way folks behave. It takes death to make 'em stop their cackling."

The doctor halted his horse in front of Dick Cary's house.

"I've got a lot of respect for death, boy," he said. "There's something noble about death."

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Persuading the American.—Professors of the native popular psychology have long recognized the fact that the American is seldom to be persuaded of a given thing directly, and that, if he is to be won over to one or another point of view, the job must be done in an oblique manner. A glance at several recent popular American convictions substantiates the verity of the professors' findings. Prohibition was sold to the American people not by telling them plainly and directly that alcoholic liquor was bad for them, which they would have resented as an insult to their own powers of self-control, but by telling them discreetly and flatteringly that it was bad for persons who had no self-control. The late war was sold not by telling the people that Germany was an enemy but by telling them that France was a friend. Coolidge sold himself not by talking common-sense but by refraining from talking nonsense. Nine-tenths of the Americans who presently believe in evolution do not believe in it because they have been told it is a scientific fact, but simply because they have been made to laugh at its funny-looking opponents.

The Frenchman and the Bath.—One of the immemorial pieces of jocosity among Anglo-Saxons, its foundation rooted more or less in fact, concerns the anatomical hydrophobia of the French. That the Frenchman substitutes a pinch of talcum for the tub and that the Saturday night bath joke has no point in France save one specify, in addition, the month and year, have been among the standard articles in the credo of the northern countries for a century or more. Recent developments, however, indicate that a change is dawn ing and that it will not be many yea longer before the bathtub is at least familiar to Frenchmen as it is to We Virginians.

Mr. George Cecil, a special investigato employed by the *American Druggist*, r cently made a tour of France to ascertai through soap sales, just how far th grievous situation had turned for th better. He discovered that the sale of soa among Frenchmen showed a remarkab increase since the conclusion of the la war. But, though his report was highl interesting in a statistical direction, on or two points that have an illuminatin bearing upon the situation appear to hav eluded him.

Although the fact has not thus far bee made public, I am reliably informed tha the popularization of soap among th French has been due in no small measur to the activity and ingenuity of th nation's Ministry of Fine Arts. Mr. Ceci in his report, has duly noted the new way in which soap in France is put up, and, also the new names and fragrances that hav been imparted to it, but he has misse drawing the important conclusion be tween cause and effect. For many, man years, the cheaper grades of soap made i France and designed for home consumptio —as opposed to the fancier and toni soaps designed for export—were unattrac tively packed, unattractively labeled an but mildly scented. There was nothin about them, in a word, to inflame th fancy of the Frenchman and persuade hi to them. The export soaps with the gaudier aspects were too expensive fo him and, besides, were seldom displaye

French shops. What he saw therein, so much as looked at them, were so unalluring and homely that they ted him. This fact the Ministry of Arts took cognizance of a few years and promptly took steps to correct. enough, the department went at the ness of improving the national con- n in an indirect and *sotto voce* manner, t it it went none the less.

e first move it made was to get the facturers of soap for the home trade bandon the plain and unattractive pers of the past and to hire skilful artists to design wrappers and car- that would engage and enchant the essionable French eye. In a short , accordingly, no less than sixty-five ds of cheap soaps that had erstwhile ared in plain, lettered, paper wrap- , came out with coverings emblazoned all the tints and hues of the spectrum to boot, with eye-popping chromos vely hussies in the altogether, young ows being chased down the boule- ls by Senators in top hats, satyrs tak- advantage of moonlit nights, midi- es standing on iron-grillings with the d blowing their petticoats heaven- d, and other such inspiriting spectacles. a short time, too, the long-standing unromantic labels, most of them con- ing simply of the manufacturers' names, ppeared and in their places were duly eld such provocative designations as overs' Kiss," "Perfect Love," "Nuit mour," "Don Juan's Delight," etc. d with these changes, there came a nge as well in the perfuming of the ps, for where formerly they were not ch more nostril-massaging than nigger , they now began to give out the smells musk, tube-roses and similarly puissant na and flora. The change worked like gic. The French, until now almost as stile to soap as to the Hun, found them- ves attracted to it as they had never fore been. And, as Mr. Cecil has re- rted, sales began to mount steadily. e circus colors, the exciting pictures, the pretty names and the irresistible empyreumas had turned the trick. And another feather went into the cap of French diplomacy.

The Decline of the Short Story.—That the American novel has advanced out of all proportion to the American short story in the last fifteen years is pretty well agreed upon. Just why the shorter form of fiction has been left far behind in the matter of relative quality has been puzzling the diagnosticians. Many reasons have been offered, some of them convincing. But one reason, more convincing than the rest, I believe, has been overlooked. And that reason is to be found in the illustrated magazines.

It is, of course, a platitude that fiction is critically estimable in the degree that it creates authentic character. While our better novelists have duly concerned themselves with this requisite of their art, our short story writers have not. Few novelists worth considering look to the magazines for revenue from the sale of their work. The magazines, illustrated or not, use very few novels, or serial stories. For one novel, they use seventy-five or a hundred short stories. The magazines are thus a direct market, and a very good one, for the short story writers, who rely almost entirely upon the proceeds therefrom for their livelihood. There is little money in most books made up of short stories, whereas there is considerable in novels. The novelist may thus trust to his book sales for his income, but the short story writer may not. Not being able to, the latter must write with the magazines in mind rather than the book publisher, and he must turn out a great deal more work. But this is not the point. The point, rather, is that, having to turn out a relatively large number of short stories to make a living, he soon grows careless in the fabrication of characters that shall be vivid to the reader and lazily leaves the job to the magazine illustrators. He allows the pictures to do what he

doesn't do. He relies upon the illustrations to give his readers an idea of his characters and confines himself more and more to plot, action and the general externals of fiction. He knows from experience that the editors of the illustrated magazines, which are the big-paying ones, do not care for character analysis, "descriptions," etc., that they rely, instead, upon lithographs quickly to suggest such things to the impatient reader, and gradually he falls into the habit of omitting them. Many promising short story writers have thus gone down the chute. It would be easy, were one given to impoliteness, to name names. It is not, as is sometimes argued, that these writers have been ruined by writing short stories to order—as a matter of fact, short stories are seldom written to order, as editors are not such fools as to buy fiction in advance of reading it—; it is simply that the writers have ruined themselves by writing toward magazine illustrations instead of away from them. With a single exception, there is not a first-rate writer of short stories in America today whose work has appeared regularly in the illustrated periodicals. I believe that there is considerable significance in the fact.

Romance and America.—The pathetic lack of and longing for romantic glamor in the United States in these years of the Twentieth Century are clearly impressed upon us in the circumstances attending the death, not long ago, of the moving picture actor, Valentino. Laugh at the spectacle as one may, the fact remains that Valentino was the one figure who had succeeded in capturing the romantic fancy of American women since the day of Richmond Pearson Hobson, twenty-five years before. For a quarter of a century, that is, there was no man to bounce the imagination of the bulk of American females and to present himself to them in the light of a resplendent hero and lover. To the majority of men, of course, there was approximately as much romantic glamor to Valentino as there is to a plate of ravioli, and as s Hobson, for all his greater engagem with masculine adventure, there was so very much more. But, to women c demned to lives in the company of m underwear manufacturers, stock sales and shirt clerks, there was a great d and reasonably. For Valentino and Hob had about them that thing which begu the fancy of women, and which t American husbands and beaux lack, wit—and for want of a better phras romantic insolence. That the one wa mere film posturer and the other sim a play-actor without grease-paint o goes to demonstrate more fully the p erty in native materials of glamor and mance.

Valentino and Hobson are merely symbols of a greater and more import deficiency in American color and the cr ing therefor. In no other country in world is the national palette so lacking hues. Abroad, the proletariat has kings, queens, princes, dictators a generals dressed up like circus horses inflame and enchant its fancy. The Am can has only a President in a busin suit and a Vice-President who che tobacco. Abroad, the commoners ha their legendary Joans of Arc and th Cids to keep alive the spirit of their flow day fêtes. The American has only, in co parison, his Barbara Frietchie, forgott with the school-room poem, and Admi Dewey, who shouldn't have put that hou in his wife's name. Yet how pathetical the poor American strives for the sup ficial glamor that doesn't exist! He e gauds himself with Mystic Shriner regal in the attempt to delude himself that is a gallant crusader to the Holy Land. adorns his derby hat with ostrich plum and straps a tin sword to his side by w of making himself believe that he is knight out of heroic times. He makes hero out of a politician who got on horse with hundreds of guns behind hi rode up a hill about as high as the gra of an Exalted Mogul of the Moose a

ed a dozen starving Spaniards down
other side. He declares a half holiday
yells himself hoarse in patriotic ex-
nent when a German girl and a Danish
an, astutely carrying American flags,
e home after swimming the English
nnel. Let those American men who
er at foolish women for making a
out of the good-looking Italian
ntino reserve a snicker equally as
st for that considerable portion of
own foolish sex which, a few years
re, made a hero out of a good-looking
chman on the theory that he was a
npion prize-fighter.

he Overwhelming Genius of Literary
rica, III.—1. "Thornton Niven Wilder,
nor of 'The Cabala,' who is only 29,
es before the world with a style dis-
uished by maturity and by an exquisite
e of tonal values, subdued to a perfect
supple instrument of literary ex-
sion. He uses words with the pro-
onal sense of color and numerical
ght of a gambler dealing a faro bank.
style bears comparison with Pater. . . .
uggests one of those wonderful clocks
le by medieval craftsmen which, when
er timepieces merely strike twelve,
p track of sidereal and ecclesiastical
e, mark the phases of the moon with
iculous accuracy. . . ."—New York
es Book Review.

. "In H. C. Witwer, America has a
norous writer without an equal."—
noke, Va., *Times.*

. "Master of the art of fiction and true
ius—George Pattullo!"—*Central Oregon*
s.

. "No writer, not even the mighty
ling, can paint a word picture with
f the warmth and color of Achmed
dullah. In this respect he stands un-
alled by any author in the history of
glish literature."—Minneapolis *Star.*

5. "Arthur J. Rees has the valued gift possessed by Stevenson and Poe."—New York *Herald-Tribune Books.*

6. ". . . Paul Green is doing for America what Synge has already done for Ireland." —*Ditto.*

7. "Nowhere on Anita Loos' countenance can there be found the faintest trace of that supersophisticated wisdom and cynical knowledge of life and men and women that would have drawn the respect of Rabelais and the envy of Voltaire."—*The Theatre Magazine.*

8. "Only a Dumas could conceive fiction that equaled 'The Rosalie Evans Letters.' " —Gertrude Atherton in the *International Book Review.*

Pathology and Nature.—The war between pathology and nature is vicious and endless, with nature thus far triumphantly astride pathology's stomach and booting it simultaneously in the rear. Pathology arrives as an analysis of and cure for tuberculosis, and nature devises cancer. Pathology gets the better of syphilis, and nature comes back with acute trigeminal neuralgia. Pathology whips smallpox, and nature counters with a valvular heart. Pathology masters the mystery of diabetes insipidus, and nature puts a tack on pathology's chair in the form of the seven years' itch. Pathology wallops the rabies, and nature sidles in with leprosy. Pathology beats typhoid, and nature chalks up Asiatic cholera. Pathology solves beri-beri, and nature invents Pott's disease. Pathology triumphs over bronchopneumonia, pleurisy, gall-stones, mastoiditis, salpingitis, asthma, peritonitis, puerperal hemorrhage and worms, and nature chuckles with locomotor ataxia, epilepsy, aortic insufficiency, chronic endocarditis, apoplexy, paralysis, cerebrospinal meningitis, epithelioma of the liver, exophthalmic goiter, chronic morphinism and baldness.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

You cannot convert a bottle of ginger pop into one of vintage wine simply by pasting a champagne label on it, nor can you, in turn, convert a romantic musical show into a native opera by attaching that designation to it. This is what the Messrs. Hopkins, Harling and Stallings tried to do in the case of "Deep River." If "Deep River" is an opera, native or otherwise, "Die Götterdämmerung" is a drawing-room comedy. What "Deep River" is is merely a libretto with operatic leanings that remains unsupported by a musician. There are melodic interruptions; there is a choral interpretation of one portion of the exhibit; and there are orchestras on the stage and in the pit. But one finds these, as well, in many musical comedies, as one finds also librettos with operatic leanings. "Song of the Flame," for example, with a few slashes at its minor comedy elements, offers no less an operatic book than that which Mr. Stallings has here contributed. And so with "The Waltz Dream." And so with "Countess Maritza." The Stallings libretto, do not mistake me, has its merits; it catches some of the mauve and golden tremors of Louisiana in its day of Creole glory; but it never quite catches the basso profundo passion of opera drammatica. Its emotional content is rather the mezzo soprano of operetta. Its duels and deaths and murders are contrived in the quiet manner of Clare Kummer, and Mr. Hopkins' staging has emphasized that manner doubly. The entire presentation has been directed in the calm and unruffled fashion of such a comedy as "A Successful Calamity" or "Good Gracious Annabelle." Even the second act, made up of a mad voodoo ceremony, has been produced without any more physical movement than a John Drew parlor piece; when t jazz rhythms occupy the orchestra a singers, the stage remains complete static. Neither lyrics nor melodies a dramatized.

As for the Harling contribution, the is not much to say. The ghost of Pucci unmistakably sat with the gentlema during the period of his *accouchemen* Where he has not laid hold of tradition and recognizable native themes and strain and legitimately enough, he has gone f inspiration to the candy-shop preside over by the confectioner of "Butterfly, "Fanciulla del West" and "Bohême. His jazz itself is not authentic; it is a me syncopation of alien melodies. It is n native—if I may be allowed the adjectiv it is more in line with the species of thin that one hears in England and on the Co tinent when foreign music-mechanic attempting the American negro rhythm simply take a local popular tune an syncopate it. A measure of Harling's ja is no more American than a jazz version "Valencia" is Spanish.

On this question of jazz rhythms applie to opera, objection has been raised b certain critical voices. It has been main tained that it is at once anachronistic an absurd to interpret the spirit of the Louis ana of the 1830's in terms of relativel modern jazz. Such criticism is purel academic and technically idiotic. It migh be argued analogously that it is at one equally anachronistic and absurd to inte pret the spirit of the court of Herod 183 odd years earlier in terms of Richar Strauss' Twentieth Century orchestral in novations. Criticism of this kind is wors than superficial; it gives a monkey-sho at the expense of intelligence. The tru objection to an association of jazz an

ı goes considerably deeper. Jazz is a cheap and shallow musical medium voke, convey and further any save p and shallow emotions. The passions ve and hate, of exaltation and pro- d grief can no more be interpreted by than they can be interpreted by a r-whistle. Jazz is an artificial musical ulant, designed primarily for dancers, ers and men with the emotional equip- t of chorus girls. It is to music what ll-room floor is to the bed-rock of the ding itself. No more can an opera— opera in anything but name—be ioned out of it than a battle song can nade out of a music show moon tune. re was hint, at least, of rapture in the droon Louisiana of "Deep River"; all Harling's jazz made of it was a casual on between a Harlem saxophone er and a hoofer wench at the Cotton .

II

ile the drama may be many miles ad of Jim Tully, I doubt that the atre has yet caught up to him. He is too l, too forthright and too raw for an itution that, for all its progress, is yet many of its phases, by virtue of its ocratic nature, still an ante-chamber he kindergarten. Tully goes down into sewers of American life for his fiction dramatic materials, and out of those ers he fetches forth characters dripping newhat too odoriferously for the pleas- of the native æsthetic tenderfoot. en his "Beggars of Life," as fine a book ts kind as has been written in our day, lifted over onto the stage, it was nd necessary, after the initial perform- e, to doctor up the element of incest t the weak stomachs of theatre audi- es might not gag at it. The novel rnegan" contains stuff that has out- ed many; certain of its phrases would ke Petronius himself rush for the smel- g salts. And now we find, in "Black y," still further indications that the t thing in the world that the stage can do is to hold the mirror up to nature and get away with it.

This "Black Boy" is, in its technical phases, a play as crudely wrought as is "Jarnegan" a novel. Tully misses all sense of form; he has no more finish, in the accepted sense of the word, than a medicine show; he grabs all the blinding scarlets of the palette in his fist and, with one smash, smears them flat against the wall, from which they proceed to drip in ugly splotches. As I say, form is lacking, but if there is a writer in America today who can lay hold of mean people and mean lives and tear their mean hearts out with more appalling realism, his work is unknown to me. This Tully is the Weyler in modern American literature. Even his casual journalistic interviews, the best interviews that you will find in the present public prints, have the flavor of the king's utterances in scene 2 of the third act of "Richard II." The simplest chronicle of a movie queen's rise to eminence is not complete for Tully save it include an account of the way her illegitimate Hungarian uncle bit off her mother's ear in a fit of delirium tremens, of the attempt made by the vice-presidents of the six largest moving picture companies to lure her into white slavery on behalf of the presidents, of the three or four directors who were mysteriously shot by other directors for trying to force their wicked wills upon her, of incredible machinations on the part of Jewish purveyors of Swedish bathing beauties to destroy her prestige by spreading innuendoes concerning her and a San Francisco Chinaman, and of the manner in which the proud beauty was cured of an Oriental disease only after years of mixing mercury with her gin. His stories of hoboes, yeggs, harlots, jailbirds, niggers, of all the riff-raff of humanity, crawl among the vermin in the cellar beneath the cellar of Gorki's "Night Refuge." Their lusts and oaths and miserable bravery sound in a bar-room bacchanale. For when Tully approaches a character, he approaches that character's soul

only after he has first ripped off the last shred of his undershirt, torn off his trousers and given him a contemptuously critical boot in the rear. The fellow has about as much delicacy as an iron-riveter. But, when his job is finished, no one can say that he hasn't got the smashing effect that he has gone after. And what is more—and this is the important point—that he hasn't got that effect legitimately. He is often cheaply melodramatic; he is sometimes so loud that he is unintelligible; but, when the roar of battle has died down, he has got his man.

"Black Boy," as it comes to us in the theatre with the name of Frank Dazey, author of the gimcrack, "Peter Weston," significantly added to Tully's on the playbill, is surely not the play that Tully originally wrote. The play that Tully wrote, if I am any judge of him, estimating him from his antecedent work, certainly made no such compromises with an audience's tender feelings and prejudices. I point to a single example. The play tells the story of a humble Negro's dream of grandeur that lies in the title of heavyweight champion of the world, in the attendant wealth and power and in the love of a white woman. And it tells then the story in gradual diminuendo of the toll of vainglory and dissipation and of the final vanishing of the last wisps of that dream in the discovery that, like all other illusions of this world, the white woman, whose arms hold in them the fellow's unreal Heaven, is only a high yaller. Or, at any rate, that was the story, unless I am in error, that Tully's play once told. But when that play came traveling into the timid theatre, things happened to it. An audience would resent the spectacle of a big Negro—and the rôle was to be played by an actual Negro—indulging in amorous contacts with a white woman, or one who it was persuaded to believe was white. Did not, forsooth, such resentment show itself when the theme of O'Neill's "All God's Chillun" was announced? It would be unwise to take chances. And so the script was dul altered to include two "plants" assurir the audience in the earlier portions of tl play that the woman, for all her appea ance, had colored blood. Obviously, tl whole point of the play was thus got r of at one swoop, and the eventual di illusionment of the central character d leted of all dramatic force. A number other such changes are as clearly eviden all contributing to a weakening of Tully original. Yet, weakened or not, and wi all its crudity, this "Black Boy" is yet living, breathing thing. It has mo vitality, more kinship with actuality an more reality of character than nine-tenth of the artfully tailored plays we get in round of a theatrical year.

Paul Robeson, out of the cast of th O'Neill play alluded to, though he pe mitted himself an occasional concert pla form manner, brought a picturesque pe formance to the leading rôle. In the rô of the high yellow inamorata, a gi named Freddy Washington, drafted out a colored cabaret, was, despite the fa that she couldn't act at all, enormously effective. Although there is, of cours considerable buncombe in the so-calle playing one's self idea, this was one occ sion when the theory worked beautifully

III

Bourdet's "La Prisonnière," or "The Ca tive" in its local baptism, impresses me being the most finely wrought drama sex that has come out of France sinc Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse." Surely n other French drama dealing with th alarms and excursions of biology and pro duced in the interval has been so unde standingly fashioned, so penetrating i detail, so profoundly moving in its intell gent emotionalism or so ably and search ingly manœuvered. The thing has a veri able majesty; it moves upward on i course with something of the splendor c tragedy of old. Every touch and phase c character and action are polished with

ncing sympathy and a complete, l grasp. Not the slightest compromise the drama's contour; the author has of his materials a play that encom- es them with an unimpeachable sty.

e theme is doubtless familiar enough its cabled rehearsal from the Conti- and from its chronicle in the American s—the story of a young woman tor- l by perverted inclinations and of her and tragic fight to master them. nly enough, such a theme has not been rely to the taste of a certain arm of l criticism and the admirable drama been confronted in various quarters n the time-honored species of appraisal confuses morals and art. The very lemen who are content to regard dipus Rex," for all its perversion, as na pure and simple, have been indis- d to grant the Bourdet work a like rous consideration. Time hallows the of drama, it would seem, as it hallows adjective *unpleasant*. Even the lowest practising criticism would hesitate lub as unpleasant the "Ecclesiazusæ," ugh the venerated papas do not hesitate to bestow the adjective on "Ghosts," dgeist," "The God of Vengeance" and Prisonnière." To expect a dramatist ake an unpleasant subject and by some eric magic make it pleasant is to de- nd of him that he be a charlatan. That is not for artists, but for quacks. rdet has laid hold of a Lesbian and has l her story forthrightly and without rvations. There is no vestige of sensa- nalism, no trace of theatrical exploita- n, however. He proceeds with dignity, h meditation, and with an uncommon nprehension. A dozen episodes show only an able dramatist at work, but an e and experienced mind as well. The tomy of love and physical passion has dom been so piercingly approached in drama of the present day. The scene ween the errant girl's husband and the sband of her temptress, the second ne between the husband and his former mistress, the final scene of confrontation between the girl and the man she has married in an attempt to cure herself of her sexual aberration, the scene of the girl's early alarms over the way that she seems destined to go—these constitute the stuff of first-rate drama.

Bourdet's particular virtue lies in the fact that never once during the progress of the drama is he guilty of the sin of pleading. He throws his materials, adeptly fashioned, upon the stage and permits them calmly to tell their tale. There is no hint of propaganda, of lecturing, of pointing a moral. It is easy to surmise what such a fellow countryman as Brieux, say, would have done with the same materials. Act II would not have gone half its distance before the leading male character would have stepped to the footlights and, as in the case of Cosmo Hamilton's "Danger"—a play on the same subject—delivered a statistical speech descanting upon the woe that threatened the world if such conditions were permitted to go on. Bourdet, to the contrary, is no more personal or indignant over his theme than the author of "Abie's Irish Rose." His one concern has been to write sound drama, and he has duly written it.

The Miller production, direction and acting of the play are extraordinarily good.

IV

It is a convention of criticism that melodrama, even at its best, is somehow peculiarly one of the dramatic sub-arts and that it must accordingly be treated with proper condescension. If this is true, the reason for its truth eludes me. The only way in which I can figure out the senseless prejudice is to recall the persistent custom of affixing definite labels to everything and, once they are duly affixed, of basing criticism upon the labels instead of upon what is in the bottles. The word *melodrama* has fallen into disrepute simply because the English critics, abandoning its exact meaning, began carelessly to employ it

some forty-odd years ago to designate any play that they liked but felt they shouldn't like. Today, the word is never used with literal accuracy, but is used indiscriminately to describe any theatrical exhibit that doesn't fall with a ready click into one or another of the standard pigeonholes. A drama in which a revolver is fired thus automatically becomes a melodrama. So does a genre study in which one of the characters steals money, is caught in the act by a policeman and avoids arrest by jumping out of the first-floor window and breaking the pane. So does a comedy that contains a safe hidden in the wall. So does a tragedy in which a railroad express train is even casually mentioned. The monkeyshines performed with the label are endless.

The detractors of melodrama—still using the word as it is currently employed—apparently never stop to think that their derogatory designation fits many of the classics quite as closely as it fits the modern plays upon which they slap it. If a melodrama is a play in which action is more important than character, in which a character is influenced from without rather than from within, and in which emotions are played fortissimo, then "Electra" and "Seven Before Thebes" are melodramas. If a melodrama is a play in which lust, murder, revenge and physical action predominate, then "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" are melodramas. If a melodrama is a play in which a man bent upon evil disguises himself, enters a house, commits a murder, is confronted by a woman with an axe, jumps at her with his bloody sword and, upon her running away from him, chases her around until he catches up with her and runs her through the gizzard, then the "Choephoræ" of Aeschylus is a melodrama. If a melodrama is a play in which a woman of criminal impulses meditates a Grand Guignol revenge and slowly puts it into execution, then the "Medea" of Euripides is a melodrama. And if a melodrama is a play in which high emotion dominates and controls rational thought, then the "Antigone" Sophocles is ten times the melodrama th "Sherlock Holmes" is.

The play called "Broadway," by t Messrs. Dunning and Abbott, while un formly hailed for its interest, has n avoided the stigma of the old melodr matic sticker. As a matter of fact, thoug it contains certain of the external elemen of melodrama, this "Broadway" is act ally no more melodramatic in essence th such a play as "The Show-Off" or "T County Chairman." The confusion brought about by confounding the i trinsic melodramatic nature of its cha acters and scene with the treatment th authors have accorded them. What "Broa way" is is rather a sharply photograph study of that portion of New York's sewe life that swirls around the bootleggin night clubs set into a frame of broad br observantly puncturing humor. Not sin Helen Green's memorable transcription of Broadway fauna and Broadway ling have we had a more honestly amusin picture of Rialto rats than this play pr vides. To my mind, it contributes the mo faithful, pitiable and laughable documen on its subject matter that either America literature or the American stage has thu far given us. It has a deceptively cheap a that throws the unthinking critic off h guard until he stops short and remembe that the cheapness is intrinsic to the dra matic materials, and at once completel relevant, natural and necessary. It has, too an air of loudness and flashiness that con trives to dismay the fastidious critic unt again he ponders its thorough integrity The characterizations are, every one o them, excellent. The slight exaggeratio for dramatic purposes has been accom plished so dexterously that one can barel detect it. The cabaret dancing girl, th cocky hoofer, the bootleggers, the woo restaurant proprietor, the gunmen—the are all of them as real, in look, speech thought and conduct, as dramatic art lay ing its hands upon life can make them These are no mere melodrama puppets, fo

heir revolvers and oaths and what not, authentic portraits. And here, once n, we have production, direction and ng that get the last drop of juice out of manuscript.

V

the dramatization of Dreiser's "An erican Tragedy," Patrick Kearney has everything but the novel's importance. has managed with considerable theat- skill to compress the four pounds of ature within the relatively meagre e of the proscenium arch; he has lifted characters adroitly from the printed onto the stage; he has been strictly dient to that text and refrained from e than a trivial interpolation or two is own; he has allowed the story to old itself quite as Dreiser allowed it Yet all that his play comes to is an odox melodrama relieved but inter- ently by little flashes of the quality make the novel what it is. The bare es are there, but the cloak of under- ding, meticulous detail and ploughing, h-upturning pity and sympathy with ch Dreiser covered them is missing.

is a practise of criticism to observe the canvas of the stage is too small n which to duplicate the tones and ors and crowded occurrences of a novel ncompassingly bulky as this one. One rs the plaint when any novel of un- al length is turned into a play, when ckeray, Dostoievski or even David ham Phillips is set within the frame he theatre. The job, on such occasions, surely not an easy one, but I doubt, ietheless, that the critical viewpoint is nd. The difficulty lies not with the vas of the stage but with the dramatizer the novel. He keeps the reader of the el forever in his consciousness and resses himself to that reader instead of the auditor. Fearful of offending the der, already familiar with the materials, leaving out of the play any number of ngs that are wholly unessential to a dramatic interpretation of the novel, he produces a hybrid that is neither novel nor drama. The stage is amply capable of harboring the dramatization of any novel, however hefty, but it is not capable of harboring an unwieldy novel made into a play that aims to satisfy, at one clip, a spectator who is at once half-reader and half-auditor. In this way, Kearney's stage version of the Dreiser book fails of its purpose. It attempts to jounce the theatre auditorium and synchronously to placate the library.

Where the playwright has kept the spectator uppermost in his mind and has carefully remembered that he is a dramatist named Kearney and not a novelist named Dreiser, his stage work gets its effects nicely as, for example, in the scene in Roberta Alden's room and in the scene outside of and inside Doctor Glenn's house. But on many more occasions one feels the novel squirming uneasily and self-consciously in its grease-paint. It is not that Kearney has not preserved the integrity of the characters, for he has. It is not, further, the fault of the performers, for Morgan Farley, Katherine Wilson and Miriam Hopkins are excellent as Clyde, Roberta and Sondra. It is simply that the playwright is obviously nervous in the novel's presence and solicitous over the drama's encroachment upon it. He gives one the feeling of being afraid of being momentarily called down by the novelist and patting him conciliatingly on the back.

Dreiser's "American Tragedy" is a tale sounded by a hippodrome orchestra. A hundred fiddlers, a hundred trombone players and a hundred drummers perform its emotions. Kearney's "American Tragedy" plays the same melody, but on a piano and with one finger. The motif is there, but it is relatively faint. Dreiser took a more or less obvious murder melodrama and made it literature; Kearney has taken it and merely left it a more or less obvious murder melodrama.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Wells Redivivus

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD: *a Novel at a New Angle*, by H. G. Wells. $5. 7⅞ x 5⅛; 2 vols.; 797 pp. New York: *The George H. Doran Company.*

Long ago, as time runs in literary science —to wit, in December, 1918—I printed a melancholy article upon the engulfing of H. G. Wells the novelist by H. G. Wells the publicist and seer. The former, I argued, was a charming fellow, full of spicy observation and waggish reflection; the latter was only a bore. The title of that article was "The Late Mr. Wells," and it was later reprinted in a book. All I can say now, re-reading it in the light of "The World of William Clissold," is that it seems to have been a bit premature, not to say injudicious. For I overlooked completely the probable effect of the fats, carbohydrates and proteids of Wells the novelist upon the metabolism of the cannibalistic Wells the seer. I assumed that the latter, as in "The Future in America" and "God the Invisible King," would go on being a bore.

This assumption, as connoisseurs will recall, was given a severe blow in 1920, by the publication of "An Outline of History." It is now completely blown up by "The World of William Clissold." In this book the novelist and the seer finish their process of mutual digestion. They become one and indivisible, as a Christian and a holy wafer become one and indivisible. And they become, likewise, extraordinarily meritorious. It is not only a good book; it is an amazing book, and I confess that I have read it from cover to cover with eager and constantly rising interest. There are, to be sure, weak spots in it, as there are in Holy Writ, but taken as a whole it is unquestionably a sound and brilliant performanc I can imagine no other English novelis writing anything comparable to it, and n American of any sort. It is at once the cor fession and the defiance of one of the mos remarkable men of our time. Summing u at sixty, he puts the world as he has see it in its place.

In a longish preface, printed before th title-page, Wells protests somewhat vio lently against the common critical erro of confusing him as an individual wit the characters in his books, and in th pages that follow he is at pains to mak this distinction clear, sometimes by th naïve device of having Clissold discus and attack the known ideas of Wells His sensitiveness on the point, I suspec has its rise in the notorious tendency o certain literary gossips to concern them selves with his private affairs, and espec ally with his affairs of amour. He credited by these gossips with a grea enterprise in that department, and n doubt they will seek, as usual, to identif the prototypes of the ladies loved b William Clissold. But that inquiry nee not concern us here. As he says himself, novelist, in the last analysis, must alway dredge most of his material out of his ow experience: he needs imagination, obvi ously, but it is useless without observa tion.

If Wells, in his journey through thi world, has ever actually had dealings wit such women as Sirrie Evans, the Hele whose surname I disremember, and Clem entina Campbell, then I can only offe him my respectful felicitations. For the must have been extremely amusing an instructive gals, and out of his conference with them has come a series of characte studies of the first rank. There is little o

normalcy in Sirrie, Helen and Clemra. They are all, as the Victorians to say, handsful. They fetch Clissold heir striking and often abominable geness. But Wells somehow reduces to the natural order of femininity. become laboratory animals in an rate and immensely illuminating ingation of the ways of their sex. It is however, their specially sexual char- that is under scrutiny. There is little ex, indeed, in the ordinary sense, in book: Clissold is a psychologist rather a lover, though he once describes self grandly as a rake. The lights are ays upon their ways and means as ons, individuals, units of human ety. I can recall no more penetrating ussion of sex in general, nor of its al implications, including marriage. he book, thank God, has no plot: sold simply lives and dies. Nor is there visible hortatory purpose in it, despite constant concern with grave matters ocial organization, statecraft, educa-, morals, and human destiny. Clissold he intelligent modern of Wells' old ration—the fellow who has had a nd grounding in exact knowledge, but branched out into the regions of culation. The type is admirable, and ntially new in the world. The Greeks, all their intellectual adventurousness, er produced it, nor even, indeed, came ny suspicion that it could exist. They d to formulate history without staics, science without experiment, and ics without psychology. The modern is something quite different. If he cs the daring of the Greeks, then he least has vastly more information. No lege professor of today is so stupid that doesn't know more than Aristotle. No ool-boy can read even Thucydides hout occasionally coughing behind hand. This increase of sheer enlightennt, in Wells' view, is gradually proing a type of man who is at once a losopher and a man of the world—a t of super-Goethe, purged of romantic illusion, and capable of visioning progress over long periods and against all imaginable obstacles, even the obstacle of human imbecility.

Wells himself is obviously a shining example of that type, or, at all events, of its forerunner. He is thoroughly the modern man. Certain vestiges of Victorian sentimentality, to be sure, are still in him. There are moments when his concept of progress becomes merely metaphysical, mystical, maudlin. He glimpses tantalizing visions of a perfected humanity that is scarcely to be distinguished from the pre-Darwinian God. But that is only now and then. In the main he sticks to facts—and his store of them is so immensely greater than that of any other contemporary novelist that he stands in a class all his own. Having imagined something, he is able to prove it. The proving, as I long ago contended, sometimes hobbles him as artist—but an artist pure and simple could not have written such a book as "The World of William Clissold." We must be content to take the bitter with the sweet. In order to get the Wells of that extraordinary work, and of "The Outline of History," we must make some sacrifice of the Wells of "Mr. Polly" and "Tono-Bungay."

Taking the man as he stands, it must be manifest that he is one of the most remarkable personages in the England of today. There is a stimulating and abounding aliveness about him. He has his finger in a multitude of pies. His fancy is bold and original. He is the complete antithesis of the stolid, unimaginative, muddling Briton of tradition. It seems to me that his speculations, even when a touch of extravagance gets into them, have a solid value—that in the midst of his most daring imaginings he often comes very close to the ultimate truth. Read, in "The World of William Clissold," his chapter on sex. Read his several interpolated essays on money. Read what he has to say about government, marriage, education—especially education. There is here a profoundly enterprising,

competent and original mind, and I believe that it will put its marks upon the thought of the next generation. I have, in my time, damned Wells as much as most. I formally damn him again. But I see no way for the human race to escape him.

The Effects of Alcohol.

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY, by Raymond Pearl. $3.50. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 273 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf*.

Dr. Pearl is director of the Institute of Biological Research at the Johns Hopkins, editor of the *Quarterly Review of Biology*, and a scientist of the first eminence. I mention these facts sadly, thinking of the burdens they throw upon the syndics of the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. For these worthy Christian men, with his book confronting them, face the dreadful task of proving that he is, like Senator Reed and President Nicholas Murray Butler, in the pay of the Whiskey Trust, and hence a trashy and dubious fellow. Their proofs, you may be sure, will be forthcoming. They will blossom in all the State editions of the *American Issue*, in all the *Christian Advocates*, and in all the other journals of Christian Moronia. They will be vomited forth to the tune of loud hosannas from a hundred thousand Methodist and Baptist pulpits. They will be bawled up and down the land by Upshaw, Hobson and the rest of the prehensile saints. But not many rational Americans, I am convinced, will give them any credit. Their sole effect will be to propagate the news, already generally bruited about, that the principal Prohibitionist windjammers, clerical and lay, are not only fools but also liars.

Their lying, though he remains scientifically aloof and never specifically mentions it, is really the main theme of Dr. Pearl's book. What he essays to demonstrate is that many of the common notions of the effects of alcohol upon the human organism, now widespread in the world as a result of the Prohibition propaganda, a quite without any basis in scientific fa To that end he undertakes a highly co plicated but none the less beautifully cle analysis of the mortality in a large gro of typical American working men a their families—a group divided, like t rest of us, into the three classes of tot abstainers, moderate drinkers and drun ards. He shows instantly that the deat rate among the drunkards is higher th that among the other two groups—a fa long supported by everyday human e perience. But when he comes to a co parative examination of the teetotal and the moderate drinkers he departs ve widely from the current Christian teac ing. What he discovers, in brief, is th the moderate drinkers, taking one wi another, actually live longer than the te totalers. To be sure, it is not *much* long but nevertheless it is clearly longer. H proofs are massive and overwhelming. is impossible, at least to an ordinary ma to imagine refuting them without r sorting to metaphysics. But the Methodi bishops and their allies do not need met physics. They will fall back upon the standard charge, that Dr. Pearl has be bought by the Whiskey Trust, and I doubt they will add, as usual, that a goo part of the gold needed to buy him can from the Bolsheviki. Such is Christia controversy in this great free Republic.

Meanwhile, the enlightened reader wi find his book extremely interesting and i structive reading. His analysis of th evidence before him causes him to reso more than once to mathematical formula and his argument is interspersed with multitude of statistical tables, many them very formidable, but he someho manages to keep that argument simp and clear. What he achieves, in fact, is really remarkable feat of lucid exposition it is meticulously scientific, but it is a the same time magnificently plain. Mor he not only presents his own evidence he also examines at length the evidenc of all previous inquirers, whether of th

mp, the wet camp, or the scientific Man's Land between. In particular, dertakes an elaborate and devastating sis of the so-called experience of the nce companies, and in his hands it ly goes to pieces. Theoretically, as one knows, the insurance companies eavy drinkers altogether. But actu- he finds, a great many heavy drinkers in. Thus the insurance returns do how, as the Prohibitionists have long tained, that teetotalers live longer moderate drinkers; they simply show teetotalers live longer than the mixed p of moderate drinkers and drunkards. heavy death-rate among the drunk- pulls down the general death-rate for drinkers, moderate and heavy, and difference is set forth upon wall-cards displayed in every school-house in the . But, as Dr. Pearl shows, it is not inaccurate, but downright non- ical. Its effect is to propagate a lie: to that moderate drinkers have shorter than teetotalers. The truth is the t opposite: that moderate drinkers longer. Not *much* longer, I add again, still longer—long enough, at worst, a few more drinks.

s I hint, there is bad news in all this the Wesleyan brethren who now essay run the United States, and they will oubtedly undertake to refute it in their tomary manner—that is, by indulging mselves in furious denunciations of Dr. rl. Unluckily for them it is highly robable that their philippics will ke his equanimity, and I believe that will be wholly impossible for them to pose of his facts. As strange as it may m, his book reports the first study ever de of the effects of alcohol upon a large up of actual human beings, representa- e of the general population. In the past such investigations have been based on indirect evidences. The biologists ve experimented with the lower animals, l the Prohibitionists have contented mselves with theology and invective. t Pearl has turned to *Homo sapiens*. A fortunate chance threw a large mass of impeccable evidence into his hands, and he has spent years analyzing it. His conclusions are so overwhelmingly convincing that it is hard to imagine enlightened men challenging them. He presents them calmly, clearly, and without irrelevant moralizing. He is not trying to establish anything save the inescapable facts before him. But the net effect of those facts, once they soak in, will be to greatly advance the fatal illness of Prohibition.

Notables

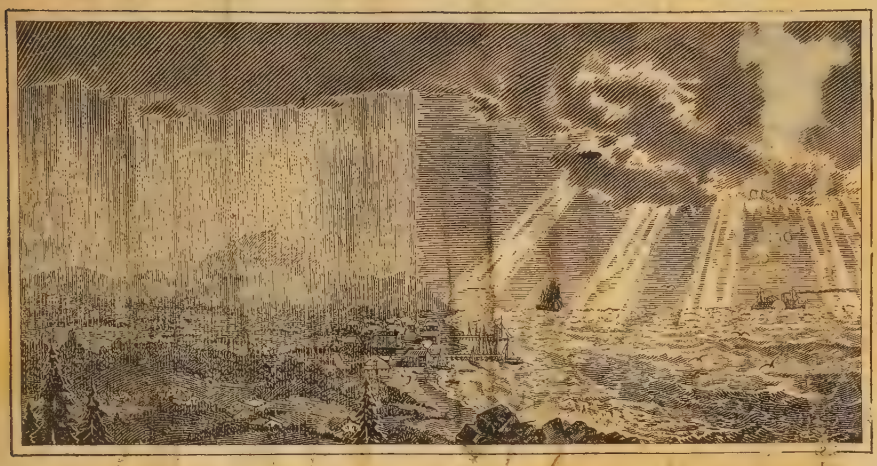
WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. $8.50. 9 x 7; 2270 pp. Chicago: *The A. N. Marquis Company*.

This, the fourteenth edition of "Who's Who in America," comes out in a new format. The biographies are arranged in three columns instead of the familiar two, the page is increased in size from seven and a half by five and a half inches to nine by seven, and the number of pages is reduced by nearly a half. There is another innovation: in the case of notables who have achieved the reward of viable offspring, the Christian names of their children are given. One learns, with polite surprise, that Congressman Balderdash has four sons, Theodore R., G. Dewey, Winfield and Orestes. One learns with even more surprise that Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the birth controller, has two. Altogether, there are 26,915 names listed, 1558 more than in the last volume. Among them I note that of Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla, alias Valentino, lamentably deceased since the work went to press. But, as usual, many other notables are strangely missing. Where is Jack Dempsey? Where is John S. Sumner, the successor to Comstock? Where is Captain Hartley, of the *Leviathan*? Where is the Hon. Horace J. Donnelly, the Comstock of the Postoffice? Where is Roger N. Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union? His wife is there, under her

maiden name, but Roger himself is *non est*. Henry Ford is present to the extent of 31 lines, but not Edsel. Can it be that Edsel is under suspicion of Red leanings?

"Who's Who in America" seems to be very inhospitable to the brethren of that faculty. I can't find Alexander Berkman, or William Z. Foster, or Bill Haywood, or Ettor, or J. T. Rutherford, head of the International Bible Students' Association, and there is nothing about Max Eastman save a curt reference to the edition for 1916–17. Emma Goldman is also missing, and so is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, and so is Freda Kirchwey, managing editor of the *Nation*, though her father is admitted. But there are other omissions that are even stranger. All sorts of provincial dramatic editors, bad poets and literary clergymen are given space, but there is none for Edward Sapir, the philologian and anthropologist, and none for Dr. Isaac Goldberg, and none for Dr. John C. French, of the Johns Hopkins, and none for Lewis Mumford, and none for Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, of the American Medical Association, or Lewis S. Gannett. Irita Van Doren is listed, but with the incredible statement that she was born in 1981. Will Rogers has got in at last, but Frank Craven is still missing. Fatty Arbuckle lingers as a three-line note, but there is no mention of Pauline Lord, or Anita Loos, or Katherine Cornell, or Marilyn Miller. I find the Talmadge girls, but not Doris Stevens. Tilden, the tennis player, is there, disguised as an "author," but I can't find Willie Hoppe, nor Babe Ruth, nor Walter Hagen, nor Bobby Jones, though Robert Elijah Jones, D.D., LL.D., a Methodist bishop, has thirty-four lines.

But go plow into the fat red volume for yourself. You will find it immensely interesting. And you will unearth some of the queerest notables you ever heard of—authors of books that no one ever reads, founders of movements that have vanished into thin air, pastors of remote Little Bethels in the Bible and No-Mo Scrub-Bulls Belt, obscure and hig dubious Congressmen, judges of hea courts, presidents of ninth-rate corpo tions. "Who's Who in America," it see to me, is extraordinarily hospitable gentlemen of the sacred calling; it lists least four times as many of them as all its foreign contemporaries combined. A Baptist preacher who has edited a nominational *Käseblatt* and written a f pious pamphlets seems to be eligible, a so are all the more decorous kinds of u lifters. A prefatory article, reprinted fr the 1924–25 edition, shows that the sc of clergymen run far ahead of all oth Americans in the qualities which ma for eminence—that is, as the editor "Who's Who" defines it. I should like see these figures analyzed by a compet statistician, preferably a heathen o I incline to believe that investigati would show that they prove nothing all. But go study them for yourself. A then take a browse through "Wh Who." It is full of surprising and structive things—for example, that Artl Hopkins' middle name is Melancton, th Hermann Hagedorn, the patriot-poet, both a member of the National Institu of Arts and Letters and a Moose, and th it takes seventy-one lines to describe t life and heroic deeds of James K. Hacke the actor, exactly four and eleven-fifteent times as many as it takes to tell all abo Dr. Alexis Carrel. One also learns th the Hon. Herbert Hoover has twent eight learned degrees, that Gloria Swa son's actual maiden name was Swanso and that the Hon. John Garibaldi Sarge LL.D., Attorney-General of the Unit States, is a member of Zeta Psi. Finall one learns that Ethel Barrymore is a bra woman as well as a charming one, for s gives the exact date of her birth, bold and with obvious accuracy, thus separa ing herself in yet one more way from t vast majority of her sisters of the stage.



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The magazine was begun very modes The print order for the first issue was 10,000 copies. These were sold out once, and the magazine was put back the press. The 3,000 additional copies t printed were also sold at once, and su quently 2500 more were run off. This issue, despite the two reprintings, been long out of print, and copies brin premium today. So do copies of the sec issue. The subsequent issues, however, all still obtainable—all, that is, with exception of those for June and Septemb 1924, July and August, 1925, and Ap 1926. The last-named was the issue th the Watch and Ward Society of Bosto and after that the Post Office, endeavo to suppress. When these efforts were feated orders for copies of it flowed in the thousand. But it was not reprinted.

When the publication of the magazi was first announced, in August, 192 persons interested were given an oppo

Continued on page lxviii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxvii

tunity to subscribe in advance. The sponses numbered 3,033 by January 1924. Some of these Founder Subscribe have since died, and a few have dropp off the list, but the rest remain. In ad tion, many other annual subscribers ha come in, and the number at this writi (October 30, 1926) is more than 22,8 The rest of the circulation of the magazi is made up of sales on news-stands and book-shops. The proportion of read who are annual subscribers shows a ten ency to rise steadily. The number increas by 3048 during 1926.

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Idaho	1	0
Illinois	18	13
Indiana	7	2
Iowa	9	1
Kansas	7	4
Kentucky	5	0
Louisiana	2	1
Maine	4	1
Maryland	7	8
Massachusetts	17	16
Michigan	9	5
Minnesota	5	3
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Continued on page lxx

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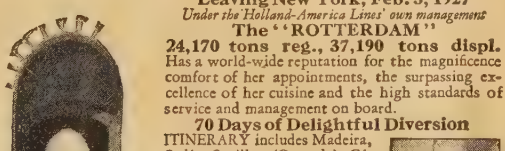

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City.....

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxviii

	Born in	*Living*
New Jersey	7	4
New Mexico	2	3
New York City	10	113
New York Rest of State	41	33
North Carolina	5	1
North Dakota	0	0
Ohio	18	6
Oklahoma	7	11
Oregon	5	14
Pennsylvania	22	10
Rhode Island	3	2
South Carolina	4	1
South Dakota	2	0
Tennessee	0	0
Texas	8	6
Utah	1	0
Vermont	3	0
Virginia	9	6
Washington	1	2
West Virginia	0	0
Wisconsin	1	0
Wyoming	0	0
Philippines	1	1
Porto Rico	1	0
Austria	3	1
Belgium	1	0
Canada	6	3
Chile	1	0
Czecho-Slovakia	1	0
Denmark	1	0
England	14	4
France	3	15
Germany	7	3
Holland	1	0
Ireland	4	0
Italy	1	1
Japan	1	0
Norway	1	0
Rumania	1	0
Russia	9	0
Scotland	1	0
Sweden	1	0

As will be noted, THE AMERICAN MERCURY has printed contributions by natives of every American State save Colorado, Nevada, North Dakota, Tennessee, West Virginia and Wyoming, and residents of every State save Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Kentucky, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, W

Continued on page lxxii

ANNOUNCEMENT

Hotel Charlotte Harbor, a delightful hostelry, in an unexploited natural beauty spot 40 hours from N. Y. and 45 hours from Chicago by through pullman, opens Saturday, January 1st, 1927.

The Hotel is located at the intersection of the Tamiami Trail and the Dixie Highway on the Florida West Coast and contains 200 rooms each with a bath and facing Charlotte Harbor. Good, hard surface, automobile roads spread in all directions. There are fireproof garage accommodations for motorists.

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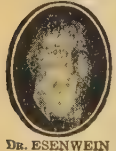

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxx

Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming, contributors have included fifty-eight tives of foreign countries and two na of the insular possessions of the Un States.

The foregoing table, like those that foll shows a few unavoidable omissions has been impossible, in all cases, to es lish the nativity of contributors, an some even their present places of resid are uncertain. Since January 1, 1924, one is known to have died. In the foll ing table the occupations of contribu are given:

Anthropologists	
Architects	
Army officers	
Assessor	
Bacteriologist	
Barber	
Biologist	
Botanist	
Business men	
Chemists	
Clergymen	
Dentist	
Editors	
Ethnologists	
Explorer	
Farmers	
Genealogist	
Historian	
Hobo	
Housewives	
Journalists	
Lawyers	
Librarians	
Meteorologist	
Miner	
Music critics	
Naval officer	
Physicians	
Playwrights	
Professors	
Sanitarian	
Secretary to Congressman	
Senator	
Social workers	
Teachers	
Writers	17

Continued on page lxxiv

ANNOUNCEMENT

To our friends and patrons:

Useppa Inn, the island winter resort, will open Monday, January 3rd, 1927.

The Inn and cottages will continue to be run along the lines of a well-managed club catering to a carefully selected clientele. Golf, tennis, swimming, boating and fishing are featured.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxii

The preponderance of editors, jou ists and other professional writers wi noted. But it will also be noted tha contributors to the magazine during past three years have likewise incl sixteen business men, eight lawyers, tw medical men, and thirty-five profes The specialties professed by the profe are given in the following table:

Anthropology	
Biology	
Chemistry	
Economics	
English	
History	
Law	
Mathematics	
Music	
Philosophy	
Sociology	

In addition there has been one ar by a university dean. The occupation the sixty-one women who have contrib to the magazine follow:

Business women	
Ethnologist	
Housewives	
Librarian	
Writers	
Newspaper women	
Physician	
Professor	
Social workers	

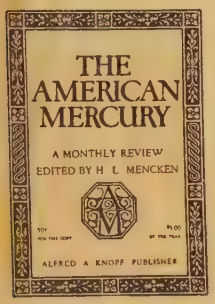
In Mr. de Rochemont's article, " Tabloids," printed in October, was following:

> The future of the tabloid press in America a matter of dispute. It has been predicted r cently by Carr V. Van Anda, of the New Yor *Times*, that in a few years all the daily new papers will be forced to adopt the tabloid form

Mr. Van Anda writes in to say that ascription of this prophecy to him an error. He says:

> I have never held or expressed such an opinion nor do I know of any standard newspaper tha

Continued on page lxxvi



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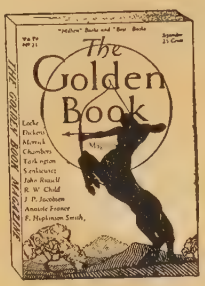

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Each magazine is the complement of the other. THE AMERICAN MERCURY is chiefly critical; THE GOLDEN BOOK is fictional. THE AMERICAN MERCURY is concerned primarily with the present; THE GOLDEN BOOK with the past. Both, however, make their appeal to the enlightened reader who is desirous of the best literature—criticism or fiction, of the present or of the past.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxiv

fears any such result from tabloid competitio
As an illustration of the confidence of tabloi
newspapers in their future I may add that I a
at this moment taking part in an inspection
a paper-making enterprise one such newspap
is engaged in, which comprehends operatio
over a tract of 5,000 square miles of woodlan
operations that are designed soon to produ
more than twice the quantity of paper it is no
using.

A leading merchant and high officia
the Chamber of Commerce in his to
sends in this interesting note, which
suggest an article to some reader:

The professional sociologists and politic
pathologists of a hundred years hence wi
probably notice it in retrospect, but all wh
have eyes can easily see that there is arising
new social phenomenon in our midst which
of the utmost significance. I refer to th
slickum-haired, wide-trousered and white
gloved ushers who officiate at the movi
palaces. They are multiplying like rabbits, an
I understand that there is a move on foot t
organize them into a guild, or mystic lodge
They do not perform merely in the metro
politan scenario temples. They can be foun
even in the little shows of the jerk-towns o
Arkansas, of Wyoming—everywhere. N
movie-house operator, indeed, however small
would think of getting along without them.

It is true that the seats of their pants ar
invariably dirty. But the business geniuses
will take care of that. It is true that they do
not always exude very pleasant odors. Bu
Service Engineers will surely put their great
minds to that, and before long it will be al
right. The important point is that they ar
here, and that they are here to stay.

It seems to me that they are possible only in
a democracy such as ours, wherein the common
man, who in his own heart knows different,
is always exalted and told that the world is
his. His actual condition, his utter slavery, is
too dreadful for him to contemplate. The
chasm between his paper rights and his real
possessions is appalling. As usual in such
situations, opiates arise. The gospel of Service
is one of them. Dr. Frank Craneism is another.
And I suggest that these slick movie ushers

Continued on page lxxviii

A Biological View of Prohibition

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY

By Raymond Pearl

Director of the Institute for Biological Research, Johns Hopkins University

Questions:

1. What is the effect upon the duration of human life of (a) the consumption of moderate amounts of alcohol, and (b) the consumption of large amounts of this substance, as compared with (c) total abstinence from it?

2. What is the effect of alcohol upon the race? Does it lead to deterioration or degeneration? Or, on the other hand, is it beneficial in its effect upon the race? And, in either event, what is the probable explanation?

Method of Investigation:

Life tables are presented for persons known to have been respectively total abstainers, moderate drinkers, and heavy drinkers. These statistics were collected especially for Dr. Pearl's investigation, by trained statisticians, and calculated exactly as by life insurance companies.

Results:

By means of these life tables it is shown that there are definitely deleterious effects of heavy drinking upon longevity, but the life tables for moderate drinkers are not greatly different from those for total abstainers. What difference there is points to slightly greater longevity in the moderate drinkers than in the abstainers. Dr. Pearl further demonstrates that moderate use of alcohol has a beneficial effect upon the race, probably due to elimination by alcohol of weak and defective reproductive cells.

In view of the extreme interest of the subject and the multitude of popular misconceptions, ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY *is indispensable to an educated American's library. It cannot be neglected by the economist, the sociologist, the psychologist, the publicist, or the man of affairs who wishes to keep in touch with the latest developments regarding this important question.*

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxvi

are a third. It is no small matter for a corn- groceryman and his shiny-faced spouse, wi- her hair still wet, to be escorted to their fou- bits' seats by a smiling and courtesying lacke- Such things do more for the peace of a natio- than a million McNary-Haughen bills or Sherm- anti-trust laws.

The following gloss on Mr. Ched Crowell's article, "A Glance at the Pu- Schools," in the August issue, comes f- a young reader in Brooklyn:

I am a bit over sixteen and go to one of th- Brooklyn high-schools. The greatest trouble, seems to me, lies with the teachers, most of them sound enough when it comes to ordinar- routine teaching, but absolutely ignorant of psychology. In opinions most of them (save fo- a few daring young things, just out of the coll- ters) are full twenty-five years behind the time.

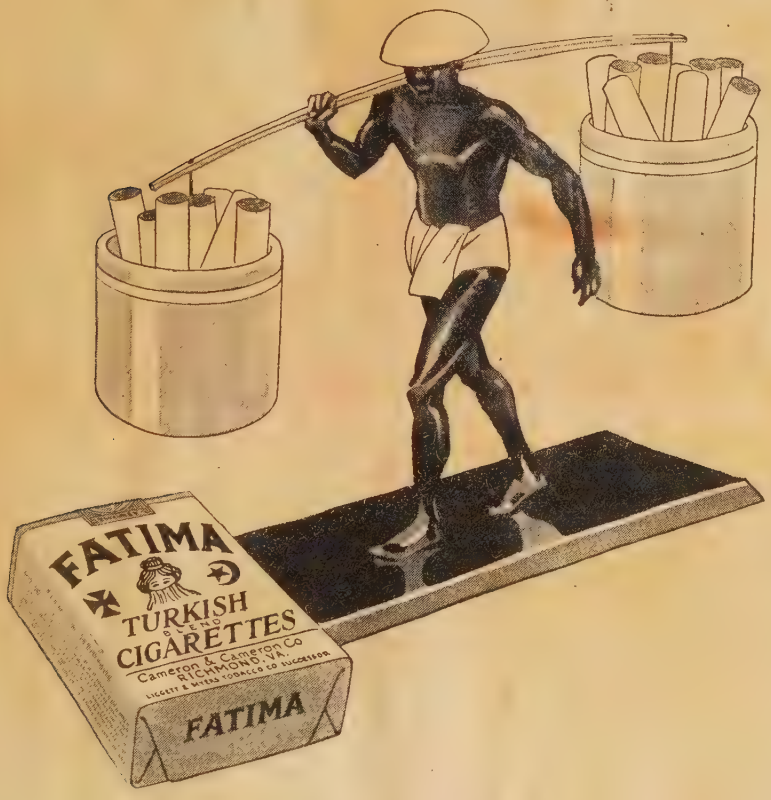
There is a lady in my school who is the so- called "faculty adviser" of the school paper. I tried my hand at a few namby-pamby book reviews for two terms; I covered a varied lis- Van Vechten's "Firecrackers," Firbank's "Vainglory," "Manhattan Transfer," Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Arthur Machen- Sherwood Anderson, "Gentlemen Prefe- Blondes," and as many other new books as i- could get. Well, except for a few pleas for on- review a week with a long outline of the story —"You know, you're not addressing peopl- who usually read book reviews. You must writ- for your audience of boys and girls," or words to that effect—nothing whatever was said to me by the adviser . . . until a few weeks ago.

Then Miss W— gave me a twenty minute- lecture on Good Literature, as represented in her eyes by James Lane Allen: "I have all his books." Among other choice things I learned: (1) that Dreiser is not American; (2) that Heywood Broun is a moral pervert—she gave up reading the *World* because he is on the staff, and burned one of his books; (3) that Good Literature is necessarily pure, unadulterated, and 100% American; (4) that my criticism (what- there was of it) was not worth two red cents because it was destructive for the most part, and Good Criticism is always constructive and nothing else; and (5) variation on No. 3. We do not read Dreiser, Anderson, Hecht and the rest of the realists, it appears, for pleasure.

Continued on page lxxx

Don't you think?

IT IS by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't



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BORZOI BOOKS

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxxviii

"When we go out for an automobile ride, we ride in the sewers, in the slums, among the waste and garbage? NO!" That was the lady's dictum. When I answered "Anything and everything" to her question about my reading she started anew; that was just what I should not do. I should read all the good *old* books. "'Tom Jones'?" I asked, for it is a restricted book in the Brooklyn Public Library and up to that time it had not reached me. The good woman was horrified. "No! That's just the sort of book you *shouldn't* read!" She was certainly emphatic about it. Naturally I've read Fielding since—and why he should shock her or be restricted I can't see. Those faintly purple passages! . . . Good Lord! Poor Miss W—!

A reader, temporarily residing in Pittsburgh, the home town of Andy Mellon, the modern Hamilton and one of the greatest financial geniuses and public servants of all time, has of late been somewhat disturbed over a certain problem in militant theology:

> I am at a loss to know—though some may wonder at my perplexity—who is the "Son of God" in the oft-sung Christian hymn:
>
> The Son of God goes forth to war
> A kingly crown to gain.
>
> I find this battle cry included in my old hymnal—but why?
>
> His blood red banner streams afar . . .
> Who follows in his train . . .?

or words to that effect. We are thus exhorted to follow one alleged to be the Son of God, but one who is obviously not the Christ known to us through the New Testament. The spectacle of Jesus Christ on the war-path is grotesque. Who, then, is this war-lord whom we are exhorted to follow? Conceivably he is the same as the one followed by the churches in the late war. Certainly the sentiment of the hymn is consistent with the attitude of the organized Protestant Churches in that uplifting conflict. But it should be apparent to all who are in any way familiar with the life of Jesus Christ that He, the Son of God, was anything but a warrior. The idea of His posing as a sort of divine field marshal is absurd. Who, I repeat, is the pretender? I suspect that his followers outnumber those of the true Son.

The BORZOI *Broadside*

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DECEMBER, 1926 — VOL. VIII. No. 6.

CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

A Memorable Season

THE Borzoi list has never before included, in one season, so many American books of permanent vitality—books which are widely read at the time of publication, and which will continue to be widely read many years hence.

Ten years ago, there was an immitigable cleavage, in American literature, between literary value and popular appeal. The two elements were not known to exist between the covers of one book; and the national letters were vociferously deplored by a rising group of critics. Then, in the autumn of 1917, *Alfred A. Knopf* published a novel by *Joseph Hergesheimer* called THE THREE BLACK PENNYS. It was recognized at the time by readers of discernment as a work of enduring merit: what is more, its celebrity spread. Hundreds of copies are still sold every year, and THE THREE BLACK PENNYS remains a landmark in American literature.

Elinor Wylie

There have been other landmarks, between the publication of THE THREE BLACK PENNYS and that of *Mr. Hergesheimer's* latest novel, TAMPICO, too numerous to mention. *Willa Cather's* ONE OF OURS, the Pulitzer Prize novel for 1922; *Carl Van Vechten's* delicious, original PETER WHIFFLE; *James Stevens's* American epics, PAUL BUNYAN and BRAWNYMAN; such books as *Katharine Anthony's* biography of CATHERINE THE GREAT (which has just entered its seventh large printing), *Joseph Wood Krutch's* EDGAR ALLAN POE, and *Thomas Beer's* THE MAUVE DECADE, flourishing throughout the United States—these are a few of the American landmarks which bear the Borzoi imprint.

Four of America's foremost novelists—*Willa Cather*, *Elinor Wylie*, *Joseph Hergesheimer*, and *Carl Van Vechten*—are represented on the Borzoi list for this fall, with novels which in each instance stand among the author's best.

TAMPICO is *Joseph Hergesheimer's* greatest novel in years—a thrilling story of the Mexican oil-fields, an American business man, and his subordinate's wife. Thus far, CYTHEREA has been the most popular of *Joseph Herges-*

(*Continued on page lxxxv*)

BORZOI BOOKS

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

The Season's Greetings

INTELLIGENT Christmas shoppers realize more and more that the season's greetings can most easily and most satisfactorily be accomplished with books; and the Borzoi is anxious to give, with his own season's greetings, suggestions to his friends who contemplate doing their Christmas shopping in the bookstores. No one can read all the interesting books, yet to give books that one has not read is taking a chance. One man's meat may be another's poison, in books as elsewhere; and your friends who are reading one of the subtler successes, like THE MAUVE DECADE, may not be interested in the novel of the month, or even in the worthiest book on politics or economics. Apart from a few books that will be welcome everywhere—MY MORTAL ENEMY by *Willa Cather*, TAMPICO by *Joseph Hergesheimer*, NIGGER HEAVEN by *Carl Van Vechten*, THE ORPHAN ANGEL by *Elinor Wylie*—it is more satisfactory to make the book fit the reader.

For example, the man who has borrowed your copy of *The American Mercury* will presumably enjoy NOTES ON DEMOCRACY by *H. L. Mencken*. This is one of *Mr. Mencken's* most important books. He has been at work on it for ten years and has produced something even more devastating and illuminating than his books customarily are. Every one who reads *The American Mercury* will also like *Herbert Asbury's* autobiographical description of religious intolerance in a small town called UP FROM METHODISM.

For your literary friends whose taste runs to the unusual, the perfectly written book, there is KYRA KYRALINA by *Panait Istrati*, a book of connected stories combining the adventurous material of a modern Arabian Night with the subtleties and psychological insight of the most sophisticated French raconteur. *Georg Brandes*, the dean of European

Herbert Asbury

critics, says that *Istrati* has long been his fa among European writers.

Two splendid bedside books are *Mr. Men* new series of PREJUDICES, the Fifth, and A CANA, 1926, the latter gleanings from the fa department of *The American Mercury*. The fiv umes of PREJUDICES can now be had in a Edition, boxed, and bound in Borzoi Batik.

Your musical friends will be delighted with *Newman's* edition of THIRTY YEARS' MUS RECOLLECTIONS by *Henry Chorley*, who was cal critic for *The Athenæum* from 1830 to 1860 anecdotes of the music and musicians of that eration will be of the highest interest for the co or opera goer today. Recollections of *Verdi*, *D zetti*, *Wagner*, and *Jenny Lind* abound, and his as *Ernest Newman* says, "contains many a sob lesson for the musical criticism of this or any ti time."

All husbands, brothers, or friends who are Ma will be glad to have THE SECRET TRADITION ALCHEMY by *Arthur Edward Waite*, a scien investigation of the spiritual and symbolical sig cance of "the one branch so far unexplored of which has claimed to constitute theosophy in Chr

For your mechanically minded friends there is only up-to-date biography of the greatest invento all time, THOMAS A. EDISON. His biograph *George S. Bryan*, has given a completely intelligi account of *Edison's* achievements, as well as unforgettable picture of the man.

For those who appreciate the interesting curi ties of history there are two books in particul THE LIFE OF ALONSO DE CONTRERAS, writt by himself in the sixteenth century, and A HISTO OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY by *M tague Summers*. The subject of witchcraft has seldo if ever, been examined, except in the antiquarian a romantic reports which drew untrustworthy p tures. *Mr. Summers* has examined the evidence show the witch as she really was: a member of

secret organization hostile to church and
Alonso de Contreras was a man of multifarious
and apparently universal ability. He was
is times a valet, a soldier, a sailor, an execu-
pirate, a judge, a governor, and a hermit;
memoirs give the best picture of Oriental
re in the sixteenth century, a thing which has
been too much overshadowed by contempo-
stern conquest.

are four books for the playgoer. The first of
THE MEMOIRS OF CARLO GOLDONI, the
t among Italian dramatists, whose life prac-
covered the entire eighteenth century and
nemoirs depict not only the stage of the time
o the highest diplomatic and social circles
. DAVID by *D. H. Lawrence* retells the Bib-
ory of *David* and *Saul*. CAKE by *Witter Bynner*,
orgeous piece of satire, involving a restless
and her attempts to have a satisfactory
ure. THE HOUSE OF SATAN is the title
George Jean Nathan gives both to the theatre
new book of characteristic essays in general
m.

the poetry lover there is THE GHOST IN THE
by *George S. Bryan*, which is equally for those
ve the New England countryside and under-
the New England rural character; FLYING
by *Grace Hazard Conkling;* and *Emory Hollo-*
life of WHITMAN. For those whose taste in
inclines to the East there is a new book of
isms by *Kahlil Gibran*, SAND AND FOAM, and
edition of his most popular book, THE
HET, set by hand, with illustrations in col-
.

bright children an abridged, illustrated edition
OBY DICK has just been published. This will
erve excellently for grown persons who have
ded all their lives to read *Herman Melville's*
rpiece and never got around to it.

those who travel, in fact or in imagination,
PERAMBULATOR IN EDINBURGH is par-
rly designed. A year ago *James Bone* wrote THE
DON PERAMBULATOR, which interpreted the
sphere of London as charmingly as it described
ndmarks. *Mr. Bone* has done the same thing
ear for the heart of Midlothian. To travelers
prefer sunnier countries and warmer climates
Juta's CONCERNING CORSICA will be wel-
, with its eight full-color illustrations by *Jan Juta.*

return nearer home, any member of your
Council should read *Claude Bragdon's* ARCHI-
TURE AND DEMOCRACY, which is being re-
d in a special edition for the Reading-with-a-
ose Series of the American Library Association.

From THE PERAMBULATOR IN EDINBURGH

Anyone on the point of building a house, and all who are interested in decoration, will find stimulation in *Joseph Hergesheimer's* FROM AN OLD HOUSE, a record of his Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, built in 1721 and finished in 1924.

For golfers, who can think of nothing else during the winter but the return of spring and the chance to improve their score, THE FIFTH ESTATE by *James R. Crowell* and *Jerome D. Travers* will provide entertainment. This book tells the story of golf in America from 1886 to this day. Other sportsmen, particularly riders to hounds, will appreciate LEICESTERSHIRE AND ITS HUNTS and NIMROD'S HUNTING TOURS. These books will be distinguished additions to any sportsman's library.

To the social worker *William H. Smyth's* CONCERNING IRASCIBLE STRONG will give data on the evolution of human nature in a humorous, unconventional manner, and will show how the simplest traits of our earliest ancestors have elaborated themselves into the qualities that cause discontent and unsatisfactory conditions today.

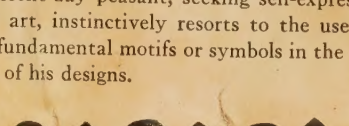
An eminent doctor's book which should be read by every one who has ever had a cold, or a toothache, is WHY INFECTIONS? by *Nicholas Kopeloff*, describing the conditions that determine the need for operation in teeth, tonsils, and other organs.

For the business man *Herbert F. Fraser's* book, FOREIGN TRADE AND WORLD POLITICS, will be a valuable study of the international foundations of prosperity. And for the editorial writer and rising politician *James K. Pollock's* PARTY CAMPAIGN FUNDS will clarify one of the most serious issues of domestic politics, the issue of campaign expenditure.

Don't forget yourself! A valuable addition to your own library will be THE COLLECTED NOVELS AND STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT, edited by *Ernest Boyd*, complete in eighteen volumes. Critics have left no doubt that this is the best edition of *De Maupassant* available in English. GUY DE MAUPASSANT, a biography by *Ernest Boyd*, tops off the series and tells the story of the man whose own stories have held countless readers the world over.

The Spiral, the Circle, et al.

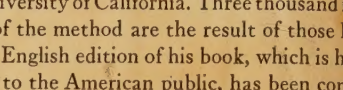
ABOUT fifteen years ago, *Adolfo Best-Maugard*, a young Mexican artist, was engaged by *Professor Franz Boas*, at that time excavating among the ancient Indian ruins of Mexico, to make drawings of the findings. The artist made the drawings—2000 of them—and then made a discovery of his own which the archaeologist had missed. He noticed that in all his drawings he was using never more than seven fundamental lines. Further inspection of the originals revealed the fact that the ancient Aztecs, Toltecs and Mayans had used no more in the creation of their designs and sculptures. Here, plainly, was a lead that might repay investigation. He found that the popular arts of present-day Mexico are equally parsimonious in their use of motifs and, in their own way, of an equally surprising beauty in design. The new explorer of uncharted seas plunged intrepidly on through a seemingly interminable study of primitive arts—Greek, Egyptian, Persian, Indian, Chinese, African, American Indian, Scandinavian, Russian—as well as of modern popular arts all over the world. The net result of his findings confirmed his original suspicion—that primitive man or the present-day peasant, seeking self-expression in plastic art, instinctively resorts to the use of the seven fundamental motifs or symbols in the compositions of his designs.



From A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN

Here was no dull fact to add to the accumulated store of archaeological knowledge, but a psychological truth of the greatest importance in the development of art. From this point on, the way was clear. If primitive man could create beautiful and significant paintings and sculptures with the seven motifs, why should not children today be taught the art of design in the same manner? Why, in fact, should not any one? Finding no reasonable objection, *Best-Maugard* evolved his method. He wrote a book. That book was printed by the Mexican Government and a special department in the Ministry of Education was created for the author to demonstrate the practicability of his system. Under his supervision, the teaching of design in all the Mexican schools was completely revolutionized and half a million students in that country have since studied under the new method. The author was invited to lecture at the University of California. Three thousand new students of the method are the result of those lectures.

The English edition of his book, which is here presented to the American public, has been completely revised, re-written and in large part expanded.



From A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN

first part of the book is purely expository and deals exclusively with the actual method. The second part consists of a discussion of the main theories underlying and justifying the method. Together, they form a complete manual of instruction for the student and the teacher and an unfailing source of entertainment for any one who enjoys playing with pencil and paper.

A METHOD FOR CREATIVE DESIGN. *By* ADOLFO BEST MAUGARD. *Illustrated.* $2.50 *net.*

For Winter Reading

EVERY one knows what summer novels are. They should be short, rapid, and not too profound—capable of being absorbed by a wandering attention. There are likewise books made for winter—books which absorb for hours at a time the interest of the reader who, in any case, wants to sit out a long evening without moving. These books take him to another, and a complete world; introduce him to crowds of interesting new people, who share with him several years of their lives.

Such a book is *G. B. Stern's* new novel, A DEPUTY WAS KING. *The London Times* says of it:

"*Miss G. B. Stern* has now got a firm grip on the Rakonitz family; and while she is chronicling the lives of the post-war generation in A DEPUTY WAS KING she moves readily backwards in time to adorn her tale with illustrations and parallels from the earlier history of the vast cosmopolitan tribe. They are a fascinating family to read about . . . *Miss Stern* can produce picture after picture richly characteristic of the race and the family she is describing; a tumultuous, complicated, enormous group is now known to her in such intimate detail that her difficulty must be to discard from her wealth of material. She keeps admirable control, and she has never written more vividly.

"Crowds of people come into the story, each one distinct, but the outstanding figures are Toni Rako-

G. B. Stern

: successful business woman, proprietor of
in Hanover-square, where smart frocks are
and Loraine, her cousin, equally brilliant,
ar on a most magnificent scale. . . . In a
it is packed closely with careful and relevant
ne cannot fairly outline the plot; it demands
l reading."

EPUTY WAS KING. *By* G.
STERN, *author of "The Matriarch," "Tumbling Storm," "The Room," etc.* $2.50

A Memorable Season

(*Continued from page lxxxi*)

novels, principally because its setting is
porary and its theme modern. TAMPICO
these advantages, and tells an unusual story
uest and passion.

or NIGGER HEAVEN, as soon as everyone
er his surprise that *Carl Van Vechten* had
a tragic novel, commendations began to
. *James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Anita*
. *Scott Fitzgerald* and *Ellen Glasgow* all agree
IGGER HEAVEN is *Carl Van Vechten's* best
Several years ago, when Negro spirituals and
art first became widely known, it was pre-
that a novel should be written to interpret
mazing, inscrutable field of Negro life.
ER HEAVEN is that novel; and every reader
nthusiast.

a Cather's new book, MY MORTAL ENEMY,
concise story of a woman's life and the as-
ng study of her heart. More in the mood of A
LADY than of any other among her novels,
IORTAL ENEMY will be called *Miss Cather's*
ory by many readers for its picture of nine-
-century New York, its subtle revelation of a
ge, and the direct, unforgettable manner of
ing. MY MORTAL ENEMY is published in a
ful edition, designed by *W. A. Dwiggins* and
d under the supervision of the Pynson
rs.

Elinor Wylie, author of JENNIFER LORN and THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW, has surpassed herself in THE ORPHAN ANGEL, a book of charm and fantasy, which supposes that a great English literary genius who was reported dead a century ago eluded his actual fate and came to America. The identity of the central character is going to be the subject of widespread and absorbing speculation, and the story, imaginative, humorous, and wise, will be a delight to many generations of readers.

And don't overlook two new and significant American biographies, a definitive life of WHITMAN, and a life of EDISON, which is unique in

From MY MORTAL ENEMY

that it brings the subject to date. *Professor Emory Holloway* has written a narrative embodying all the known facts of Whitman's life from his first flights as Editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* to the last, tragic days at Camden. He shows the facts of the poet's life to be even more interesting than the romantic fictions which have been woven around him.

EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK, by *George S. Bryan*, is a full-length portrait and a fascinating, intelligible record of the inventions which have done more to change western living than the achievements of any other living individual. *Mr. Bryan* has made ample use of rare and unpublished materials to fill with dignity and seeming permanence a place taken by nothing else on the subject.

These are books that will be in the library of every American who follows the development of his own literature. Not one of them is ephemeral. Each of them has done something that has never been done before: the romance of American commercial imperialism, the interpretation of metropolitan Negro life, the complete, definitive lives of two of America's greatest men.

TAMPICO. *By* JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, *author of "The Three Black Pennys," "Cytherea," "Java Head," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

The BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* DECEMBER 1926

NIGGER HEAVEN. *By* CARL VAN VECHTEN, *author of "Firecrackers," "The Tattooed Countess," "Peter Whiffle," etc.* $2.50 net.

MY MORTAL ENEMY. *By* WILLA CATHER, *author of "Youth and the Bright Medusa," "The Professor's House," "One of Ours," "A Lost Lady," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

THE ORPHAN ANGEL. *By* ELINOR WYLIE, *author of "Jennifer Lorn," "The Venetian Glass Nephew," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

WHITMAN: AN INTERPRETATION IN NARRATIVE. *By* EMORY HOLLOWAY. $5.00 *net.*

EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. *By* GEORGE S. BRYAN, *author of "The Ghost in the Attic," etc.* $4.00 *net.*

The BORZOI *Barometer*

ONE of the measures of a book's success is the numb... of its editions. On the Borzoi fall list, new editions are frequent. SORRELL AND SON by *Warwick Deeping* has just gone into its fourteenth printing; THE MAUVE DECADE by *Th... Beer*, into its seventh; HOT SATURDAY by *H... Fergusson*, into the third; *Katharine Anthony's* graphy of CATHERINE THE GREAT, into the... enth; THE PROPHET by *Kahlil Gibran*, into... ninth; STEPHEN CRANE by *Thomas Beer*, the fourth; NIGGER HEAVEN by *Carl Vechten*, into the sixth; and MY MOR... ENEMY, *Willa Cather's* new book, went into... third edition before publication.

SEX IN MAN AND ANIMALS, by *John R. Ba...* has just been published. The author is a mem... of the Department of Zoology and Compara... Anatomy of the University Museum, Oxford, his book gives an up-to-date account of the m... facts and theories of sexual reproduction, its de... mination and artificial control. *Professor Jul... Huxley* says in his preface: "I welcome this li... book and wish it many readers. It is written in ... simplest language and presented in the most straig... forward way."

James Stevens, author of PAUL BUNYAN a... BRAWNYMAN, has recently passed through N... York, bringing the manuscript of his new bo... MATTOCK, which will be published in the Spri... MATTOCK tells of a young man brought up... Methodist and his experiences with the A. E. F.

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